

# THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JULY, 1920

## FAMILIAR LETTERS OF WILLIAM JAMES. I

EDITED BY HIS SON, HENRY JAMES

[WILLIAM JAMES corresponded with many people of many sorts. Sometimes he communicated by post-cards, or short notes; at others he wrote copious letters. Whether he was compressing his correspondence into the briefest messages, or allowing it to expand into letters of friendly badinage and extended comment, he was incapable of writing a half page that was not characteristic, free, and vivid. But in the short space available here it will be impossible to do more than give a few letters, and accordingly a small number which illustrate different traits of his character and correspondence have been selected.

A brief preliminary reminder of certain biographical facts will help the reader to follow them.

William James was born in 1842, had an irregular education in New York, Newport, and Europe, and entered the Lawrence Scientific School in Cambridge in 1861. His tastes and inclinations defined themselves but slowly, and during the ten years that followed he was frequently compelled to interrupt or abandon his work on account of illness. He studied chemistry for a while, and then comparative anatomy under Jeffries Wyman; entered the Harvard Medical School; broke off to go to

Brazil with Louis Agassiz's expedition; went to Germany for a year and a half in pursuit of physiology and health without making much progress in either pursuit; returned to Cambridge and, after taking his medical degree at Harvard, spent three years under his father's roof without any definite occupation. He passed through distressing periods of mental depression during these years of frustration. This first phase of his manhood may be considered to have lasted until his appointment to teach physiology at Harvard in 1872.

During the next seven years he had regular and stimulating responsibilities. His health improved, his powers of work developed; he 'found himself.' He turned definitely to psychology as his immediate chief interest, and started the first psychological laboratory in America.

His life, during the thirteen years between 1878 and 1891, was laborious and productive. It was during these years that he prepared the chapters of the *Principles of Psychology* and published them in *Mind* and other journals. Toward the end of the 'eighties (which is also the end of the time covered by the letters selected for this number of the *Atlantic*) he had not only attained to a position of influence in the Harvard

world, but was known on both sides of the Atlantic as a brilliant and original contributor to psychological science.

The student days and the following period of uncertainty and enforced idleness in which there was more time for sociability than there ever was later, may first be illustrated by four letters.]

*To his Mother*

CAMBRIDGE [circa September, 1863.]

MY DEAREST MOTHER, —

To answer the weighty questions which you propound: I am glad to leave Newport because I am tired of the place itself, and because of the reason which you have very well expressed in your letter, the necessity of the whole family being near the arena of the future activity of us young men. I recommend Cambridge on account of its own pleasantness (though I don't wish to be invidious towards Brookline, Longwood, and other places), and because of its economy if I or Harry continue to study here much longer. . . . I feel very much the importance of making soon a final choice of my business in life. I stand now at the place where the road forks. One branch leads to material comfort, the flesh-pots, but it seems a kind of selling of one's soul. The other to mental dignity and independence, combined, however, with physical penury.

If I myself were the only one concerned, I should not hesitate an instant in my choice. But it seems hard on Mrs. W. J., 'that not impossible she,' to ask her to share an empty purse and a cold hearth. On one side is *science*, upon the other *business* (the honorable, honored and productive business of printing seems most attractive), with *medicine*, which partakes of [the] advantages of both between them, but which has drawbacks of its own.

I confess I hesitate. I fancy there is a fond maternal cowardice which would make you and every other mother contemplate with complacency the worldly fatness of a son, even if obtained by some sacrifice of his 'higher nature.' But I fear there might be some anguish in looking back from the pinnacle of prosperity (*necessarily* reached, if not by eating dirt, at least by renouncing some divine ambrosia) over the life you might have led in the pure pursuit of truth. It seems as if one *could* not afford to give that up for any bribe, however great. Still, I am undecided. The medical term opens to-morrow, and between this and the end of the term here, I shall have an opportunity of seeing a little into medical business. I shall confer with Wyman about the prospects of a naturalist and finally decide.

I want you to become familiar with the notion that I *may* stick to science, however, and drain away at your property for a few years more. If I can get into Agassiz's museum I think it not improbable I may receive a salary of \$400 to \$500 in a couple of years. I know some stupider than I who have done so. You see in that case how desirable it would be to have a home in Cambridge. Anyhow I am convinced that *somewhere* in this neighborhood is the place for us to rest. These matters have been a good deal on my mind lately, and I am very glad to get this chance of pouring them into yours. As for the other boys, I don't know. And that idle and useless young female, Alice, too, whom we shall have to feed and clothe! Cambridge is all right for business in Boston. Living in Boston or Brookline, etc., would be as expensive as Newport, if Harry or I stayed here, for we could not easily go home every day.

Give my warmest love to Aunt Kate, Father, who I hope will not tumble

again, and all of them over the way. Recess in three weeks, till then, my dearest and best of old mothers, good-bye.

Your loving son,

W. J.

Give my best love to Kitty and give *cette petite* humbug of a Minny<sup>1</sup> a hint about writing to me. I hope you liked your shawl.

*To his sister Alice*

CAMBRIDGE, Nov. 14, 1866.

*Chérie de Jeune Balle, —*

I am just in from town in the keen, cold and eke beauteous moonlight, which by the above qualities makes me think of thee, to whom, nor to whose aunt, have I (not) yet written. (I don't understand the grammar of the not.) Your first question is, 'where have I been?' 'To C. S. Peirce's lecture, which I could not understand a word of but rather enjoyed the sensation of listening to for an hour. I then turned to O. W. Holmes's,<sup>2</sup> and wrangled with him for another hour. You may thank your stars that you are not in a place where you have to ride in such full horse-cars as these. I rode half way out with my 'form' entirely out of the car overhanging the road, my feet alone being on the same vertical line as any part of the car, there being just room for them on the step. Aunt Kate may and probably *will* have shoot through her prolific mind the supposish: 'How wrong in him to do sich! for if, while in that posish, he should have a sudden stroke of paralysis, or faint, his nerveless fingers relaxing their grasp of the rail, he would fall prostrate to the ground and bust.' To which I reply that when I go so far as to have a stroke of paralysis, I shall not mind going a step farther and getting bruised.

<sup>1</sup> His cousin Katherine Temple, later Mrs. Richard Emmet, and her younger sister.

<sup>2</sup> O. W. Holmes, Jr., now Mr. Justice Holmes.

Your next question probably is *how* are and *where* are father and mother? . . . I think father seems more lively for a few days past and cracks jokes with Harry, etc. Mother is recovering from one of her indispositions, which she bears like an angel, doing any amount of work at the same time, putting up cornices and raking out the garret room like a little buffalo.

Your next question is, wherever is Harry? I answer: 'He is to Ashburner's, to a tea-squall in favor of Miss Haggerty.' I declined. He is well; we have had nothing but invitations — six in three or four days. One, a painted one, from 'Mrs. L——,' whoever she may be. I replied that domestic affliction prevented me from going, but I would take a pecuniary equivalent instead, *viz.*, To 1 oyster stew — 30 cts.; 1 chicken salad — 0.50; 1 roll — 0.02; 3 ice creams at 20 cts. — 0.60; 6 small cakes at 0.05 — 0.30; 1 pear — \$1.50; 1 lb. confectionery — 0.50.

|                                                                                     |               |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------|
| 6 glasses hock at 0.50                                                              | \$3.00        |
| 3 glasses sherry at .30                                                             | 0.90          |
| Salad spilt on floor                                                                | 5.00          |
| Dish of do., broken                                                                 | 3.00          |
| Damage to carpet & Miss L——'s dress frm. do.                                        | 75.00         |
| 3 glasses broken                                                                    | 1.20          |
| Curtains set fire to in dressing-room                                               | 40.00         |
| Other injury frm. fire in room                                                      | 250.00        |
| Injury to house frm. water pumped upon it by steam fire engine come to put out fire | 5000.00       |
| Miscellaneous                                                                       | 0.35          |
|                                                                                     | <hr/> 5300.00 |

I expect momentarily her reply with a check, and when it comes will take you and Aunt Kate on a tour in Europe and have you examined by the leading physicians and surgeons of that country.

M—— L—— came out here and dined with us yesterday of her own ac-

cord. I no longer doubt what I always suspected, her *penchant* for me, and I don't blame her for it. Elly Temple stayed here two days, too. She scratched, smote, beat, and kicked me so that I shall dread to meet her again. What an awful time Bob & Co. must have had at sea! and how anxious you must have been about them! With best love to Aunt Kate and yourself, believe me  
Your af. bro.

WM. JAMES.

To O. W. Holmes, Jr.

[BERLIN] *Jany.* 3, 1868.

MY DEAR WENDLE, —

Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten, dass ich so traurig bin, to-night. The ghosts of the past all start from their unquiet graves and keep dancing a senseless whirlingig around me, so that, after trying in vain to read three books, to sleep or to think, I clutch the pen and ink and resolve to work off the fit by a few lines to one of the most obtrusive ghosts of all — namely the tall and lank one of Charles Street. Good golly! how I would prefer to have about twenty-four hours talk with you up in that whitely lit-up room — without the sun rising or the firmament revolving so as to put the gas out, without sleep, food, clothing or shelter except your whiskey bottle — of which or the like of which I have not partaken since I have been in these longitudes! I should like to have you opposite me in any mood, whether the facetiously ex-cursive, the metaphysically discursive, the personally confidential, or the jadedly *cursive* and argumentative — so that the oyster-shells which enclose my being might slowly turn open on their rigid hinges under the radiation, and the critter within loll out his dried-up gills into the circumfused ichor of life, till they grow so fat as not to know themselves again. I feel as if a talk

with you of any kind could not fail to set me on my legs again for three weeks at least. I have been chewing on two or three dried-up old cuds of ideas I brought from America with me, till they have disappeared, and the nudity of the cosmos has got beyond anything I have as yet experienced. I have not succeeded in finding any companion yet and I feel the want of some outward stimulus to my Soul. There is a man named Grimm<sup>1</sup> here, whom my soul loves, but in the way Emerson speaks of, *i.e.*, like those people we meet on staircases, etc., and who always ignore our feelings towards them. I don't think we shall ever be able to establish a straight line of communication between us.

I don't know how it is I am able to take so little interest in reading this winter. I marked out a number of books when I first came here, to finish. What with their heaviness, and the damnable slowness with which the Dutch still goes, they weigh on me like a haystack. I loathe the thought of them; and yet they have poisoned my slave of a conscience so that I can't enjoy anything else. I have reached an age when practical work of some kind clamors to be done — and I must still wait!

There! Having worked off that pent-up gall of six weeks' accumulation I feel more genial. I wish I could have some news of you — now that the postage is lowered to such a ridiculous figure (and no letter is double) there remains no *shadow* of an excuse for not writing — but still I don't expect anything from you. I suppose you are sinking ever deeper into the sloughs of the law — yet I ween the Eternal Mystery still from time to time gives her goad an-

<sup>1</sup> Hermann Grimm, a son of the younger of the universally beloved brothers of the Fairy Tales, a philologist and Professor of the History of Art in Berlin.



other turn in the raw she once established between your ribs. Don't let it heal over yet. When I get home let's establish a philosophical society to have regular meetings and discuss none but the very tallest and broadest questions — to be composed of none but the very topmost cream of Boston manhood. It will give each one a chance to air his own opinion in a grammatical form, and to sneer and chuckle when he goes home at what damned fools all the other members are — and may grow into something very important after a sufficient number of years.

The German character is without mountains or valleys; its favorite food is roast veal; and in other lines it prefers whatever may be the analogue thereof — all which gives life here a certain flatness to the high-tuned American taste. I don't think any one need care much about coming here unless he wants to dig very deeply into some exclusive specialty. I have been reading nothing of any interest but some chapters of physiology. There has a good deal been doing here of late on the physiology of the senses, overlapping perception, and consequently, in a measure, the psychological field. I am wading my way towards it, and if in course of time I strike on anything exhilarating, I'll let you know.

I'll now pull up. I don't know whether you take it as a compliment that I should only write to you when in the dimmest of dumps — perhaps you ought to — you, the one emergent peak to which I cling when all the rest of the world has sunk beneath the wave. Believe me, my Wendly boy, what poor possibility of friendship abides in the crazy frame of W. J. meanders about thy neighborhood. Good-bye! Keep the same bold front as ever to the Common Enemy — and don't forget your ally.

W. J.

That is, after all, all I wanted to write you and it may float the rest of the letter. Pray give my warm regards to your father, mother and sister; and my love to the honest Gray and to Jim Higginson.

[*Written on the outside of the envelope.*]

Jan. 4. By a strange coincidence, after writing this last night, I received yours this morning. Not to sacrifice the postage-stamps which are already on the envelope (Economical W.!) I don't reopen it. But I will write you again soon. Meanwhile, bless your heart! thank you! Vide Shakespeare: sonnet XXXIX.

To O. W. Holmes, Jr., and J. C. Gray, Jr.

[*Winter of 1868-69.*]

Gents! entry-thieves — chevaliers d'industrie — well-dressed swindlers — confidence men — wolves in sheep's clothing — asses in lions' skin — gentlemanly pickpockets — beware! The hand of the law is already on your throats and waits but a wink to be tightened. All the resources of the immensely powerful corporation of Harvard University have been set in motion, and concealment of your miserable selves or of the almost equally miserable (though not *as such* miserable) goloshes which you stole from our entry on Sunday night is as impossible as would be the concealment of the State House. The motive of your precipitate departure from the house became immediately evident to the remaining guests. But they resolved to *ignore* the matter provided the overshoes were replaced within a week; if not, no *considerations whatever* will prevent Messrs. Gurney & Perry<sup>1</sup> from proceeding to treat you with the utmost severity of the law. It is high time that some of these genteel ad-

<sup>1</sup> Ephraim W. Gurney and T. S. Perry.

venturers should be made an example of, and your offense just comes in time to make the cup of public and private forbearance overflow. My father and self have pledged our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor to see the thing through with Gurney and Perry, as the credit of our house is involved and we might ourselves have been losers, not only from you but from the aforesaid G. and P., who have been heard to go about openly declaring that 'if they had known the party was going to be *that* kind of an affair, d——d if they would not have started off earlier themselves with some of those aristocratic James overcoats, hats, gloves and canes!'

So let me as a friend advise you to send the swag back. No questions will be asked — Mum's the word.

WM. JAMES.

[The next four letters may be taken from the late 'seventies and early 'eighties — after James had become absorbed in teaching and while he was at work upon his Psychology and upon his first philosophic papers. It should be explained with reference to two of them, that he then considered Charles Renouvier and Shadworth Hodgson to be the most important contributors to contemporary philosophic discussion. They were both somewhat older men than himself, Renouvier being, in fact, twenty-seven years older, and Hodgson his senior by ten years. He had exchanged letters with Renouvier as early as 1872. In 1881–82 he met and became warmly attached to both men during a winter that he then spent in visiting European universities and in making the acquaintance of a number of the British and Continental colleagues whose writings had interested him.

Before he made this particular European trip James had undoubtedly been in a very modest frame of mind

about his own equipment for teaching philosophy and psychology, and had also been uncomfortably conscious of the inadequate way in which those subjects were then dealt with in most American colleges. But closer contact with men and methods on the other side of the Atlantic, far from discouraging him or confirming his misgivings, led him, as will appear in the next letter but one, to certain comforting conclusions and confirmed him in his fondness for the liberal atmosphere of Cambridge, and for his place in the brilliant little group who were then building up the Harvard philosophical department.]

*To Charles Renouvier*

CAMBRIDGE, July 29, 1876.

MY DEAR SIR, —

I am quite overcome by your appreciation of my poor little article in the *Nation*. It gratifies me extremely to hear from your own lips that my apprehension of your thoughts is accurate. In so despicably brief a space as that which a newspaper affords, I could hardly hope to attain any other quality than that, and perhaps clearness. I had written another paragraph of pure eulogy of your powers, which the editor suppressed, to my great regret, for want of room. I need not repeat to you again how grateful I feel to you for all I have learned from your admirable writings.

I do what lies in my feeble power to assist the propagation of your works here; but *students* of philosophy are rare here as everywhere. It astonishes me nevertheless that you have had to wait so long for general recognition. Only a few months ago I had the pleasure of introducing to your *Essais* two *professors* of philosophy, able and learned men, who hardly knew your name!! But I am perfectly convinced that it is a

mere affair of time, and that you will take your place in the general History of Speculation as the classical and finished representative of the tendency which was begun by Hume, and to which writers before you had made only fragmentary contributions, whilst you have fused the whole matter into a solid, elegant and definitive system, perfectly consistent, and capable, by reason of its moral vitality, of becoming popular, so far as that is permitted to philosophic systems. After your Essays, it seems to me that the only important question is the deepest one of all, the one between the principle of contradiction, and the *Sein und Nichts*.<sup>1</sup> You have brought it to that clear issue; and extremely as I value your logical attitude, it would be uncandid of me (after what I have said) not to confess that there are certain psychological and moral facts, which make me, as I stand to-day, unable wholly to commit myself to your position, to burn my ships behind me, and proclaim the belief in the *one* and the many to be the Original Sin of the mind.

I long for leisure to study up these questions. I have been teaching anatomy and physiology in Harvard College here. Next year, I add a course of physiological psychology, using, for certain practical reasons, Spencer's *Psychology* as a textbook. My health is not strong, I find that laboratory work and study too are more than I can attend to. It is therefore not impossible that I may in 1877-8 be transferred to the philosophical department, in which there is likely to be a vacancy. If so, you may depend upon it that the name of Renouvier will be as familiar as that of Descartes to the Bachelors of Arts who leave these walls. Believe me with the greatest respect and gratitude,

Faithfully yours,  
WM. JAMES.

<sup>1</sup> Being and non-being.

I must add a *vivat* to your *Critique Philosophique*, which keeps up so ably and bravely. And although it is probably an entirely superfluous recommendation, I cannot refrain from calling your attention to the most robust of English philosophic writers, Hodgson, whose *Time and Space* was published in 1865 by Longmans, and whose *Theory of Practice* in two volumes followed it in 1870.

To Henry James

PARIS, Nov. 22, 1882.

DEAR H.,—

Found at Hottinguer's this A.M. your letter with all the enclosures — and a wail you had sent to Berlin. Also six letters from my wife and seven or eight others, not counting papers and magazines. I will mail you back yours and Father's letter to me. Alice speaks of Father's indubitable improvement in strength, but our sister Alice apparently is somewhat run down. Paris looks delicious. I shall try to get settled as soon as possible, and meanwhile feel as if the confusion of life was recommending. I saw in Germany all the men I cared to see and talked with most of them. With three or four I had a really nutritious time. The trip has amply paid for itself. I found 3rd class '*Nicht-raucher*' almost always empty and perfectly comfortable. The great use of such experiences is less the definite information you gain from any one, than a sort of solidification of your own foothold on life. Nowhere did I see a university which seems to do for *all* its students anything like what Harvard does. Our methods throughout are better. It is only in the select '*Seminaria*' (private classes) that a few German students, making researches with the professor, gain something from him personally which his genius alone can give. I certainly got a most distinct impression of

my own *information* in regard to *modern* philosophic matters being broader than that of any one I met, and of our Harvard post of observation being more cosmopolitan. Delbœuf in Liège was an angel and much the best teacher I've seen. . . .

The *Century*, with your very good portrait, etc., was at Hottinguer's this A.M., sent by my wife. I shall read it presently. I'm off now to see if I can get your leather trunk, sent from London, arrested by inundations and ordered to be returned to Paris. I never needed its contents a second. And in your little American valise, and my flabby black hand-bag and shawl-straps and a small satchel, I carried not only everything I used, but collected a whole library of books in Leipsig, some pieces of Venetian glass in their balky bolsters of seaweed, a quart bottle of eau de Cologne, and a lot of other acquisitions. I feel remarkably tough now and fairly ravenous for my psychologic work. Address Hottinguer's.

W. J.

*To Shadworth Hodgson*

NEWPORT, Dec. 30, 1885.

MY DEAR HODGSON, —

I have just read your 'Philosophy and Experience' address, and re-read with much care your 'Dialogue on Free Will' in the last *Mind*. I thank you kindly for the address. But is n't philosophy a sad mistress, estranging the more intimately those who in all other respects are most intimately united — although 't is true she unites them afresh by their very estrangement! I feel for the first time now, after these readings, as if I might be catching sight of your foundations. Always hitherto has there been something elusive, a sense that what I caught could not be *all*. Now I feel as if it might be all, and yet for me 't is not enough. Your

'method' (which surely after *this* needs no additional expository touch) I seem at last to understand, but it shrinks in the understanding. . . .

As for the Free Will article, I have very little to say; for it leaves entirely untouched what seems to me the only living issue involved. The paper is an exquisite piece of literary goldsmith's work, — nothing like it in that respect since Berkeley, — but it hangs in the air of speculation and touches not the earth of life, and the beautiful distinctions it keeps making gratify only the understanding which has no end in view but to exercise its eyes by the way. The distinctions between *vis impressa* and *vis insita*, and compulsion and 'reaction' mean nothing in a monistic world; and any world is a monism in which the parts to come are, as they are in your world, absolutely involved and presupposed in the parts that are already given. Were such a monism a palpable optimism, no man would be so foolish as to care whether it was predetermined or not, or to ask whether he was or was not what you call a 'real agent.' He would acquiesce in the flow and drift of things, of which he found himself a part, and rejoice that it was such a whole. The question of free will owes its entire being to a difficulty you disdain to notice, namely that we *cannot* rejoice in such a whole, for it is *not* a palpable optimism, and yet, if it be predetermined, we *must treat* it as a whole. Indeterminism is the only way to *break* the world into good parts and into bad, and to stand by the former as against the latter.

I can understand the determinism of the mere mechanical intellect which will not hear of a moral dimension to existence. I can understand that of mystical monism, shutting its eyes on the concretes of life for the sake of its abstract rapture. I can understand that of mental defeat and despair say-

ing, 'It's all a muddle, and here I go, along with it.' I can *not* understand a determinism like yours, which rejoices in clearness and distinctions, and which is at the same time alive to moral ones — unless it be that the latter are purely speculative for it, and have little to do with its real feeling of the way life *is* made up.

For life *is* evil. Two souls are in my breast; I see the better, and in the very act of seeing it I do the worse. To say that the molecules of the nebula implied this and *shall have implied it* to all eternity, so often as it recurs, is to condemn me to that 'dilemma' of pessimism or subjectivism of which I once wrote, and which seems to have so little urgency to you, and to which all talk about abstractions erected into entities, and compulsion *vs.* 'freedom' is simply irrelevant. What living man cares for such niceties when the real problem stares him in the face, of how practically to meet a world foredone, with no possibilities left in it?

What a mockery then seems your distinction between determination and compulsion, between passivity and an 'activity' every minutest feature of which is preappointed, both as to its whatness and as to its thatness, by what went before? What an insignificant difference then the difference between 'impediments from within' and 'impediments from without!' — between being fated to do the thing *willingly* or not! The point is not as to how it is done, but as to its being done at all. It seems a wrong complement to the rest of life, which rest of life (according to your precious 'free-will determinism,' as to any other fatalism), whilst shrieking aloud at its *whatness*, nevertheless exacts rigorously its *thatness* then and there. Is that a reasonable world from the moral point of view? And is it made more reasonable by the fact that when I brought about the

*thatness* of the evil *whatness* decreed to come by the thatness of all else beside, I did so consentingly and aware of no 'impediments outside of my own nature'? With what can I *side* in such a world as this? this monstrous indifferentism which brings forth everything *eodem jure*? Our nature demands something *objective* to take sides with. If the world is a Unit of this sort there *are* no sides — there's the moral rub! And you don't see it!

Ah, Hodgson! Hodgson *mio!* from whom I hoped so much! Most spirited, most clean, most thoroughbred of philosophers! *Perchè di tanto inganni i figlii tuoi?* If you want to reconcile us rationally to Determinism, write a Theodicy, reconcile us to *Evil*, but don't talk of the distinction between impediments from within and without when the within and the without of which you speak are both within that *Whole* which is the only real agent in your philosophy. There is no such superstition as the idolatry of the *Whole*.

I originally finished this letter on sheet number one; but it occurred to me afterwards that the end was too short, so I scratched out the first lines of the crossed writing, and refer you now to what follows them. — [*Lines from sheet number 1*] It makes me sick at heart, this discord among the only men who ought to agree. I am the more sick this moment as I must write to your ancient foe (at least the stimulus to an old *Mind* article of yours), one F. E. Abbot, who recently gave me his little book *Scientific Theism* — the burden of his life — which makes me groan that I cannot digest a word of it. Farewell! Heaven bless you all the same, and enable you to forgive me. We are well and I hope you are the same.

Ever faithfully yours,

W. J.

[*From the final sheet.*] Let me add a wish for a happy New Year and the



expression of my undying regard. You are tenfold more precious to me now that I have braved you thus! Adieu!

[Professor Carl Stumpf of Prague and later of Berlin, to whom the following letter was addressed, will be recognized by all readers of psychology. James had met both him and Professor Wundt in 1881-82, had established the most cordial relations with Stumpf, and always cherished a warm regard for him.]

*To Carl Stumpf*

CAMBRIDGE, Feb. 6, 1887.

MY DEAR STUMPF, —

Your two letters, from Rügen of Sept. 8th, and from Halle of Jan. 2, came duly, and I can assure you that their contents were most heartily appreciated, and not by me alone. I fairly squealed with pleasure over the first one and its rich combination of good counsel and humorous commentary, and read the greater part of it to my friend Royce, assistant professor of philosophy here, who enjoyed it almost as much as I. There is a heartiness and solidity about your letters which is truly German, and makes them as nutritious as they are refreshing to receive.

Your *Kater-Gefühl*, however, in your second letter, about your *Auslassungen*<sup>1</sup> on the subject of Wundt, amused me by its speedy evolution into *Auslassungen* more animated still. I can well understand why Wundt should make his compatriots impatient. Foreigners can afford to be indifferent, for he does n't crowd them so much. He aims at being a sort of Napoleon of the intellectual world. Unfortunately he will never have a Waterloo, for he is a Napoleon without genius and with no central idea

<sup>1</sup> The state of irritation described by *Kater-Gefühl* cannot be justly rendered by any English word. 'Outbursts' approximates the meaning of *Auslassungen*.

which, if defeated, brings down the whole fabric in ruin. You remember what Victor Hugo says of Napoleon, in the *Misérables* — 'Il gênait Dieu'; Wundt only *gênés* his *confrères*; and whilst they make mincemeat of some one of his views by their criticism, he is meanwhile writing a book on an entirely different subject. Cut him up like a worm, and each fragment crawls; there is no *nœud vital* in his mental medulla oblongata, so that you can't kill him all at once.

But surely you must admit that, since there must be professors in the world, Wundt is the most praiseworthy and never-too-much-to-be-respected type of the species. He is n't a genius, he is a *professor* — a being whose duty is to know everything, and have his own opinion about everything, connected with his *Fach*.<sup>2</sup> Wundt has the most prodigious faculty of appropriating and preserving knowledge, and as for opinions, he takes *au grand sérieux* his duties there. He says of each possible subject, 'Here I must have an opinion. Let's see! what shall it be? How many possible opinions are there? three? four? Yes! just four! Shall I take one of these? It will seem more original to take a higher position, a sort of *Vermittelungs-ansicht*<sup>3</sup> between them all. *That I will do,*' etc., etc.

So he acquires a complete assortment of opinions of his own; and, as his memory is so good, he seldom forgets which they are. But this is not reprehensible; it is admirable — from the professorial point of view. To be sure, one gets tired of that point of view after a while. But was there ever, since Christian Wolff's time, such a model of the German Professor? He has utilized to the uttermost fibre every gift that Heaven endowed him with at his birth, and made of it all that mortal pertinacity

<sup>2</sup> Field.

<sup>3</sup> Mediating attitude.



could make. He is the finished example of how much mere *education* can do for a man. Beside him, Spencer is an ignoramus as well as a charlatan. I admit that Spencer is occasionally more *amusing* than Wundt. His *Data of Ethics* seems to me incomparably his best book, because it is a more or less frank expression of the man's personal *ideal of living* — which has of course little to do with science, and which, in Spencer's case, is full of definiteness and vigor. Wundt's *Ethics* I have not yet seen, and probably shall not 'tackle' it for a good while to come.

I was much entertained by your account of F——, of whom you have seen much more than I have. I am eager to see him, to hear about his visit to Halle, and to get his account of you. But [F——'s place of abode] and Boston are ten hours asunder by rail, and I never go there and he never comes here. He seems a very promising fellow, with a good deal of independence of character; and if you knew the conditions of education in this country, and of preparation to fill chairs of philosophy in colleges, you would not express any surprise at his, or mine, or any other American's, small amount of 'Information über die Philosophische Literatur.' Times are mending, however, and within the past six or eight years it has been possible, in three or four of our colleges, to get really educated for philosophy as a profession.

The most promising man we have in this country is, in my opinion, the above-mentioned Royce, a young Californian of thirty, who is really built for a metaphysician, and who is besides that a very complete human being, alive at every point. He wrote a novel last summer, which is now going through the press, and which I am very curious to see. He has just been in here, interrupting this letter, and I have told him he must send a copy of

his book, the *Religious Aspect of Philosophy*, to you, promising to urge you to read it when you had time. The first half is ethical, and very readable and full of profound and witty details, but to my mind not of vast importance philosophically. The second half is a new argument for monistic idealism, an argument based on the possibility of truth and error in knowledge, subtle in itself, and rather lengthily expounded, but seeming to me to be one of the few big original suggestions of recent philosophical writing. I have vainly tried to escape from it, I still suspect it of inconclusiveness, but I frankly confess that I am *unable* to overthrow it. Since you too are an anti-idealist, I wish very much you would try your critical teeth upon it. I can assure you that, if you come to close quarters with it, you will say its author belongs to the genuine philosophic breed.

I am myself doing very well this year, rather light work, etc., but still troubled with bad sleep so as to advance very slowly with private study and writing. However, few days without a line at least. I found to my surprise and pleasure that Robertson was willing to print my chapter on Space, in *Mind*, even though it should run through all four numbers of the year. So I sent it to him. Most of it was written six or even seven years ago. To tell the truth, I am *off* of Space now, and can probably carry my little private ingenuity concerning it no farther than I have already done in this essay; and fearing that some evil fiend might put it into Helmholtz's mind to correct all his errors and tell the full truth in the new edition of his *Optics*, I felt it was high time that what I had written should see the light and not be lost. It is dry stuff to read, and I hardly dare to recommend it to you; but if you do read it, there is no one whose favorable opinion I should more rejoice to hear;

for, as you know, you seem to me, of all writers on Space, the one who, on the whole, has thought out the subject most *philosophically*. Of course, the experimental patience, and skill and freshness of observation of the Helmholtzes and Herings are altogether admirable, and perhaps at bottom *worth* more than philosophic ability. Space is really a direfully difficult subject! The third dimension bothers me very much still. . . .

[During the very hard-working period of the 'eighties James had little time for long letters, but the short notes and the post-cards which he threw off daily were perhaps the more vivid for that fact. He was almost certain to respond with a word of comment to whatever interested him, and a book which he had enjoyed often called forth what Mr. Howells once called 'a whoop of blessing' to its author.]

To W. D. Howells

JAFFEY, N.H., July 21, 1886.

MY DEAR HOWELLS, —

I 'snatch' a moment from the limitless vacation peace and leisure in which I lie embedded and which does n't leave me 'time' for anything, to tell you that I have been reading your *Indian Summer*, and that it has given me about as exquisite a kind of delight as anything I ever read in my life, in the line to which it belongs. How you tread the narrow line of nature's truth so infallibly is more than I can understand. Then the profanity, the humor, the humanity, the morality — the everything! In short, 't is cubical, and set it up any way you please, 't will stand. That blessed young female made me squeal at every page. How *can* you have got back to the conversations of your prime?

But I won't discriminate or analyze.

This is only meant for an inarticulate cry of *viva Howells*. I repeat it: long live Howells! God grant you may do as good things again! I don't believe you can do better.

With warmest congratulations to Mrs. Howells that you *and* she were born, I am ever yours,

WM. JAMES.

To Miss Grace Norton

[Post-card] [CHOCORUA], Aug. 12, '88.

It would take G[uy] de M[aupassant] himself to just fill a post-card chock-full, and yet leave naught to be desired, with an account of *Pierre et Jean*. It is a little cube of bronze; or, like the body of the Capitaine Beausire, 'plein comme un œuf, dur comme une balle' — *dur surtout!* Fifteen years ago, I might have been *enthused* by such art; but I'm growing weak-minded, and the charm of this admirable precision and adequacy of art to subject leaves me too cold. It is like these modern tools and instruments, so admirably compact, and strong, and reduced to their fighting weight — one of those little metallic pumps, *e.g.*, so oily & powerful, with a handle about two feet long, which will throw a column of water about 4 inches thick 100 feet. Unfortunately G. de M.'s pump only throws dirty water — and I am *beginning* to be old foggy eno' to like even an old, shackly, wooden pump-handle, if the water it fetches only carries all the sweetness of the mountain-side. Yrs. ever, W. J.

The dying fish on p[in]s stick most in my memory. Is that right in a novel of human life?

To W. D. Howells

CAMBRIDGE, June 12, 1891.

MY DEAR HOWELLS, —

You are a sublime and immortal genius! I have just read *Silas Lapham* and

*Lemuel Barker*, — strange that I should not have read them before, after hearing my wife rave about them so, — and of all the perfect works of fiction they are the perfectest. The truth, in gross and in detail; the concreteness and solidity; the geniality, humanity, and unflagging humor; the steady way in which it keeps up without a dead paragraph; and especially the fidelity with which you stick to the ways of human nature, with the ideal and the unideal inseparably beaten up together so that you never give them 'clear' — all make them a feast of delight, which, if I mistake not, will last for all future time, or as long as novels *can* last. Silas is the bigger total success because it deals with a more important story. I think you ought to have made young Corey *angrier* about Irene's mistake and its consequences, but the *work* on the much obstructed Lemuel surely was never surpassed. I hope his later life was happy!

Altogether *you* ought to be happy — you can fold your arms and write no more if you like. I've just got your *Criticism and Fiction*, which shall speedily be read. And whilst in the midst of this note have received from the postman your clipping from Kate Field's *Washington*, the author of which I can't divine, but she's a blessed creature whoever she is. Yours ever,

WM. JAMES.

[No picture of James's life would be fair which ignored its domestic side. He married in 1878, and his marriage was happy in the fullest sense. By 1891, the date which these letters have reached, four children were growing up; he had built himself a house in Cambridge, and had also acquired a little place at Chocorua, where he spent most of each summer with his family. This bundle of letters may fittingly close with three which were addressed

to his sister and his two little boys. It need only be explained that the sister was living in England and had consequently never seen the Chocorua place. 'Mrs. Gibbens' and 'Margaret' were his mother-in-law and sister-in-law.]

*To his sister, Alice James*

CAMBRIDGE, Feb. 5, 1887.

. . . We are getting along very well, on the whole, I keeping very continuously occupied, but not seeming to get ahead much, *for the days grow so short* with each advancing year. A day is now about a minute — hardly time to turn round in. Mrs. Gibbens arrived from Chicago last night, and in ten days she and Margaret will start, with our little Billy, for Aiken, S.C., to be gone till May. B. is asthmatic, she is glad to go south for her own sake, and the open-air life all day long will be much better for him than our arduous winter and spring. He is the most utterly charming little piece of human nature you ever saw, so packed with life, impatience, and feeling, that I think father must have been just like him at his age. . . .

I have been paying ten or eleven visits to a mind-cure doctress, a sterling creature, resembling the Venus of Medicine, Mrs Lydia E. Pinkham, made solid and veracious-looking. I sit down beside her and presently drop asleep, whilst she disentangles the snarls out of my mind. She says she never saw a mind with so many, so agitated, so restless, etc. She said my *eyes*, mentally speaking, kept revolving like wheels in front of each other and in front of my face, and it was four or five sittings ere she could get them *fixed*. I am now, *unconsciously to myself*, much better than when I first went, etc. I thought it might please you to hear an opinion of my mind so similar to your own. Meanwhile what

boots it to be made unconsciously better, yet all the while consciously to lie awake o' nights as I still do? —

Lectures are temporarily stopped and examinations begun. I seized the opportunity to go to my Chocorua place and see just what was needed to make it habitable for the summer. It is a goodly little spot, but we may not, after all, fit up the buildings till we have spent a summer in the place and 'studied' the problem a little more closely. The snow was between two and three feet deep on a level, in spite of the recent thaws. The day after I arrived was one of the most crystalline purity, and the mountain simply exquisite in gradations of tint. I have a tenant in the house, one Sanborn, who owes me a dollar and a half a month, but can't pay it, being of a poetic and contemplative rather than of an active nature, and consequently excessively poor. He has a sign out, 'Attorney and Pension Agent,' and writes and talks like one of the greatest of men. He was working the sewing-machine when I was there, and talking of his share in the war, and why he did n't go to live in Boston, etc., — namely that he was n't known, — and my heart was heavy in my breast that so rich a nature, fitted to inhabit a tropical dreamland, should have nothing but that furnitureless cabin within and snow and sky without to live upon. For, however spotlessly pure and daz- zlingly lustrous snow may be, pure snow, always snow, and naught but snow, for four months on end, is, it must be confessed, a rather lean diet for the human soul — deficient in variety, chiaroscuro, and oleaginous and mediæval elements. I felt as I was returning home that some intellectual inferiority *ought* to accrue to all populations whose environment for many months in the year consisted of pure snow. You are better off, — better off than you know, — in that great, black-

earthed dunghill of an England. I say naught of politics, wars, strikes, railroad accidents or public events, unless the departure of C. W. Eliot and his wife for a year in Europe, be a public event. . . .

[The next year the children were taken to Aiken for the worst months of the winter and spring by Mrs. James. A pet dog remained in Cambridge and will be recognized under the name 'Jap.']

*To his son Henry (ætat 8)*

CAMBRIDGE, Mar. 1, 1888.

BELOVED HEINRICH, —

You lazy old scoundrel, why don't you write a letter to your old Dad? Tell me how you enjoy your riding on horseback, what Billy does for a living, and which things you like best of all the new kinds of things you have to do with in Aiken. How do you like the darkeys being so numerous? Everything goes on quietly here. The house so still that you can hear a pin drop, and so clean that everything makes a mark on it. All because there are no brats and kids around. Jap is my only companion, and he sneezes all over me whenever I pick him up. Mrs. Hildreth and the children are gone to Florida. The Emmets seem very happy. I will close with a fable. A donkey felt badly because he was not so great a favorite as a lap-dog. He said, I must act like the lap-dog, and then my mistress will like me. So he came into the house and began to lick his mistress, and put his paws on her, and tried to get into her lap. Instead of kissing him for this, she screamed for the servants, who beat him and put him out of the house. Moral: It's no use to try to be anything but a donkey if you are one. But neither you nor Billy are one. Good-night! you blessed boy. Stick to your three R's and your riding, so as to get on *fast*.

The ancient Persians only taught their boys to ride, to shoot the bow and to tell the truth. Good-night!

Kiss your dear old Mammy and that belly-ache of a Billy, and little Margaret Mary for her Dad. Good-night.

YOUR FATHER.

*To his son William (ætat 5)*

18 Garden Street,  
Apr. 29, 1888, 9:30 A.M.

BELOVED WILLIAMSON, —

This is Sunday, the sabbath of the Lord, and it has been very hot for two days. I think of you and Harry with such longing, and of that infant whom I know so little, that I cannot help writing you some words. Your Mammy writes me that she can't get *you to work* much, though Harry works. You *must* work a little this summer in our own place. How nice it will be! I have wished that both you and Harry were by my side in some amusements which I have had lately. First, the learned seals in a big tank of water in Boston. The loveliest beasts, with big black eyes, poking their heads up and down in the water, and then scrambling out on their bellies like boys tied up in bags. They play the guitar and banjo and organ, and one of them saves the life of a child who tumbles in the water, catching him by the collar with its teeth, and swimming him ashore. They are both, child and seal, trained to do it. When they have done well, their master gives them a lot of fish. They eat an awful lot,—scales, and fins, and bones and all, without chewing. That is the worst thing about them. He says he never beats them. They are full of curiosity—

more so than a dog for far-off things; for when a man went round the room with a pole pulling down the windows at the top, all their heads bobbed out of the water and followed him about with their eyes *aus lauter* curiosity. Dogs would hardly have noticed him, I think.

Now, speaking of dogs, Jap was *nau-seated* two days ago. I thought, from his licking his nose, that he was going to be sick, and got him out of doors just in time. He vomited most awfully on the grass. He then acted as if he thought I was going to punish him, poor thing. He can't discriminate between sickness and sin. He leads a dull life, without you and Margaret Mary. I tell him if it lasts much longer, he'll grow into a common beast; he hates to be a beast, but unless he has human companionship, he will sink to the level of one. So you must hasten back and make much of him.

I also went to the panorama of the battle of Bunker Hill, which is as good as that of Gettysburg. I wished Harry had been there because he knows the story of it. You and he shall go soon after your return. It makes you feel just as if you lived there.

Well, I will now stop. On Monday morning the 14th, or Sunday night the 13th of May, I will take you into my arms; that is, I will meet you with a carriage on the wharf, when the boat comes in. And I tell you I shall be glad to see the whole lot of you come roaring home. Give my love to your Mammy, to Aunt Margaret, to Fraülein, to Harry, to Margaret Mary, and to yourself.

Your loving Dad,

WM. JAMES.

*(To be continued)*



## THE DEVIL: A MODERN VIEW OF HIM

### I

I WRITE this statement, not as a scientist or a theologian, but as a human being who has experienced one of the visitations which our mediæval forefathers called the Devil. There would be no excuse for my confession unless I thought it could help others, but this I do believe. And I address myself, humbly, because I write from no pedestal of official knowledge or special training, but very earnestly, because I describe *real* events, to the doctors and alienists who deal with 'sick souls,' and to the sick souls themselves, to those who have known, as I have, the abysses of spiritual despair.

I am a woman, not yet forty, happily married. I have several children. In the past I have had more or less illness, but I am, I think, a healthy person.

I believe in God — not tamely, as one believes in a proposition that cannot be disproved, but actively and ardently. God, and especially God as revealed to us by Jesus Christ, I know to be the central reality apart from whom all other realities are myths and mistiness.

So much creed is a necessary preface to my statement that, despite all the conditions for happiness in my private life, and despite a deep religious conviction, I am often attacked by extreme melancholy.

This is not a novelty. Over a period of many years I have been familiar with varied forms of severe depression; and familiarity alone has not made them easy to bear. This depression is not a mild general *malaise*: it is an acute horror and distaste for life, often an

acute desire for death. Sometimes the term of the depression is short; usually it lasts more or less continuously for weeks. There have been moments when I did not dare turn over in bed because 'The Thing' waited for me near the wall. Recently I have experienced depression to a rather violent degree, and under conditions of particular happiness and well-being. And in the meditation necessary to cope with this absurd misery, I decided that it was not enough to fight the Devil in myself: I must, if I could, help other people to fight him. For it seems clear to me that depression, melancholy, recurrent despair, and neurasthenia, are a sort of devil's work, and must be met as such.

Is there a Devil at all? Not in a philosophic sense, of course. The world cannot be a fundamental dualism. And on the question of good and bad angels hovering between the Creator and the human souls He created, ready to aid or to maim, I am an agnostic, though I have been strongly tempted to believe in good ones! But the Devil that I do recognize, and wish to illustrate here, is that tendency in human nature to split, or incomplete, forms of consciousness in which the less desirable group of passions claims control of the whole machine. That is a commonplace but not inaccurate description of sin, and I believe that causeless unhappiness of the soul-swamping kind has the same make-up.

In my own case it has been, perhaps, peculiarly easy to recognize the nature of this trouble, because my depression,

my Devil, has never succeeded in making me suppose that anyone else, or any particular circumstances, were responsible for my distress. So far my intellect has stayed clear. It has been clouded sometimes on the matter of self-reproach. I have had a tendency to exaggerated and futile remorse for rather slight offenses, but almost always with a half-humorous realization that 'it war n't so.' Again, my depression has often been clearly personified, which, although startling, has helped me to know it for an alien thing. Yesterday I was sitting by my husband, motoring through beautiful country. Apart from my own slight fatigue, every condition of the day and hour was delightful. Suddenly a voice inside me, the voice of my entire self, it seemed, repeated, 'I do not want to live. I do not want to live.' Now that was a lie and I knew it to be a lie. I went on talking to my husband, cursed the Devil inside me, and said some silent prayers; and after a while the voice ceased.

At other things and for other people, the Devil's ways are subtler. But in every case of depression as apart from sorrow (and though we dignify many trivial moods under that name, true sorrow is a rare and holy thing), there is, according to my thesis, a like process. The Devil, the partial mood, the lesser self, claims to speak as the 'whole man.' And the frequent success of the imposture lies in the fact that the 'whole man' may be for the time a lost ideal. As doctors and the mothers of naughty children know, you often cannot find and address the true self. 'The good little boy has gone away.'

So far I have said nothing new, and I suppose many psychiatrists would accept this bungling statement of their problem. But what I now wish to add, though not new either, is too little prac-

tised. I believe that, in either medicine or friendship, *if depression is caused by the Devil, it must be cured by the Presence of God!* And the value of this rather crudely mediæval nomenclature is that it suggests, by so naming the adversary, the only possible ally who can triumph against him. Perhaps also the doctor or friend who will accept my terms may find that they shed illumination on the always difficult question of an outsider's relation to a sick and despairing soul.

People suffering from neurotic melancholy are apt to be tormented by one of several forms of false self-consciousness in regard to other people; or they sometimes alternate from one of these moods to another. Either the sufferer believes that no one can understand his pain, and so has a feeling of nervous hostility toward those about him who pretend to sympathize, but who are really, as he believes, half indifferent; or he is ashamed of his misery, afraid others will guess and try to share it, and so locks himself away from intimate contacts. (I have often experienced the latter mood.) In either case the invalid is separated from his kind: an isolation is set up, and the soul, walled off from free human intercourse, becomes more and more the prey of its controlling disease, its demon of unhappiness.

There is a third false relation possible between the sick soul and its would-be adviser, which is perhaps more disastrous than either of these — that in which the afflicted spirit tries to sustain himself by the mortal bread of human sympathy. This attempt, in the spiritual realm, is akin to sex unchastity. It is an effort to use what should be a symbol, a signal, and an inspiration, as if it were a possession and a mere gratification. The doctor or friend who permits himself to be made a substitute for God will meet catastrophe, unless the sick soul, finding itself ill nourished

and ill contented, rescues itself from false dependence.

In recognizing, however, the absolute limits of human sympathy in the cure of neurasthenic melancholy, I do not at all wish to disallow what the helper may indeed accomplish. To say to a tormented spirit, 'I am incapable of saving you,' may not be encouraging; but to continue by saying, 'I know Who can and will save you,' — to say this with such ardor and authority that the sick soul is convinced, — that is indeed to act as a priest. And the service so rendered may be the greatest which doctor or friend shall ever render.

You cannot give what you have not got. The doctor or friend who does not believe in the Lord's active and jealous love for every created soul, cannot exorcise the Devil by any formal shibboleth. I speak, not to the total disbelievers, of whom, even among doctors, there are few, but to the average human being — to the majority, who really believe in God, but who are a little afraid to trust Him in so serious a business.

I am not a Christian Scientist; I deny neither sin nor suffering; I am not skeptical of experienced and detailed care in relation to mental disease. Indeed, I believe more heartily in a physical regimen as applied to neurotic states than do many of the physicians I have known. Order in daily living, an order applied from outside for young, tired, or puzzled people, is sanifying and useful. Accurate intellectual work, regular hours for food and sleep (possibly fasting, carefully practised), sunlight, exercise in the fresh air, — especially exercise that induces violent sweat, — swimming, mountain-climbing, gardening, housework, all these things seem to me to have their place in the complex task of reassembling and reeducating split and disordered natures. But these forms of action

deal with the periphery of disturbance. Some message may travel back from them to the centre, and they may all be tried as secondary measures of help, with a good-tempered interest in their result. But if it is the centre which is disturbed, it is the centre, first of all, which must be reestablished. And to re-create a shattered soul, only large measures will suffice.

We talk of split personality, of an unbalanced nature, of partial and moody people, as if a fused personality, a balanced nature, a unified and orbic character were a common phenomenon. There is nothing rarer. Being a whole soul, having all one's memories, faculties, and powers in full play, is equivalent to genius. The man whose slightest action proceeds from the deep places of his central faith is always a leader among men, and most lives are attended by an inner chorus of such reflexions as 'But I knew better.' 'Why did n't I think of that?' 'I was n't quite all there that time.' So feebly do most of us fulfill that mystery we are sent here to perform, the mystery of being ourselves!

Most honest people — if they have any gift of self-analysis — will confess that but a few times during their whole lives have they been lifted on a flood of love, grief, or personal danger, to the exhilarating sense of unity. And at its best this is not a mere sensation of increased vitality. It is a metaphysical reality, a synthesis and fusion of all the too-often scattered aspects of personality, a genuine 'wholeness.' Alas, the absence of this wholeness is far commoner than its presence, and the neurotic, melancholy, or desperately depressed people are not, it must be remembered, the only 'split personalities.' They are merely a group who, perhaps for largely physical reasons, suffer more than their fellows from this division.

## II

What is the remedy? 'To get fat and take things more easily' is the usual advice of those who, though incomplete themselves, live comfortably and do good work. And there is common sense in that view, if it will work! Life, after all, often tends to swing the timid or disorganized spirit into pleasant or dangerous and stimulating situations, where his troubles cure themselves. A visit from a fascinating sister, or a play of Bernard Shaw's, even a timely household crisis, demanding unselfish action, may be of more use than much taking of pains. But, at the very last, the thing is not a joking matter; and great souls as well as little ones have suffered intensely, and often been paralyzed for their life's work, by that uncaused anguish which is harder to bear than grief. No one can read the story of mediæval saints (or of modern ones, like Tolstoi) without recognizing in their 'night of the soul,' their aridities, and their 'abandonments,' the counterpart of our modern melancholies. The long literature of mysticism is scattered with canny knowledge about bitter mental states, and the Devil's use of them to tempt us away from sane living; knowledge that would shame some of our alienists. And it was One, long ago, who said of a sick soul whom He was about to deliver, 'This kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting.'

Fasting is something we at present understand little. It certainly has its uses in producing mental states at once intense and simplified, and I cannot think Christ's fasting was accidental or unimportant. No generation interested in the discipline of the soul ought to ignore this subject. My own conclusions beyond this, however, are not worth offering.

As to prayer, it is the single greatest need of man; and though its neglect

may to all appearance go unpunished in many instances (think of our unselfish public characters in America — doctors, writers, and social workers — who never to our knowledge use formal worship), yet this is not the case with sick souls.

'But how is prayer possible to anyone so tormented and darkened as I, and whose faith is after all so weak?' the sick soul cries out. The answer must be in terms, not of possibility, but of necessity. It is never possible to pray as we ought to pray. Our mere weakness of body, our more humiliating weakness of purpose, make almost all human prayers a travesty on that intense and extended communion with God which is the goal of our frail desires. But the wise doctor, to whom a sick soul says, 'I do not know how to pray,' will no more stop to argue that question than he would if a tired invalid said, 'I do not know how to eat well.'

'You do not know how, but you must,' he would retort to the dyspeptic; and to the sick soul he must answer, 'You do not know how to pray, but you can. You do not need any art or wisdom. You must simply turn to God. You say you do not know Him, but I say He knows you. There is no credible God except the God whom Jesus Christ proclaimed, who has counted every hair of your head and every tear from your eyes. All your pain is his pain. Offer it to Him, then. If for the moment you have no talent, no joy, no vision, no virtue, to offer your Father, offer Him your suffering and offer it completely. Cast away all reserves and all courage. Let your whole trouble be poured out, like water on the ground.'

Such advice, such a command, is, I hold, the physician's duty and the friend's privilege to give, whenever the spectacle of a spirit twisted with causeless pain is presented to them. Prayer is varied and infinite as the manifesta-

tions of man's life on earth, and no formula for it, not even Christ's spoken words, can predetermine the shape and habit which any individual's prayer should assume. But if our diagnosis of the sick soul is correct, if such a nature is a spirit community in which the members know not each other, and where an alien spirit or trivial mood controls, unity can and must first be achieved in any sort of immediate and sincere confession to God. And in such a first abandonment, profound, instinctive, and helpless as a child's sobbing, there is healing beyond expression. The process demands no effort, hardly an intention, perhaps not even hope; for those who suffer above a certain degree do not live in the future: the moment's ordeal is all that consciousness can hold. The only duty, the only necessity, for spirits, if the demon of melancholy has brought them to that experience, is to share it absolutely, unreservedly with God.

But this confession must indeed be to God and not to man, and to God with no man hearing it, if a real cure is to be assured. And here at once is the physician's dilemma and his deliverance. He must in some way speak with authority as an accredited priest, demanding this supreme sacrifice of every inhibition and restraint. And he must also make himself of no account and take himself away, out of the mind of the sick spirit altogether. He must leave the sufferer alone with the Lord.

For both friends and doctors this is sometimes a difficult deed. We trust God so feebly. We tend, if our affections are once stirred, so to overestimate the value of those little talents apart from that Stern Husbandman who lent them to us. But the sick soul is a burden which no other soul on earth can bear alone. And the doctor or friend who believes that the sufferer has really gone from his presence into

the comfort of a divine interview, will know a rare and perfect happiness.

Moreover, there is still work for the ministering friend or medical expert. Conversion for the depressed soul in a single prayer is indeed possible. And in the habit of prayer that may at once be set up if the first attempt has reality, the invalid will soon learn to cure himself, and dismiss or exhort his helpers. Yet the later prayers will change their form. This immense burden of pain once delivered over to God, the Devil abolished, the quondam sick soul then asks orders for a new life. At the moment of extreme depression, he could not believe that the world offered him any further opportunity for usefulness.

And may I say here, that I do not think it wise always to try to pierce such depression with a description of the sources needed from the sick soul? The 'work-cure' type of treatment for neurasthenia will always fail, I think, in the deeper-seated cases of depression, because it tries to enlist the enthusiasm of a partial being. Three quarters of a soul may be stirred to get up and behave like a real person, and occasionally (here is the strength of the work-cure theory) does become one in action. If, however, there is a part of him forever unconvinced, waiting apart in chains of affliction and iron, that rebel will some day break loose and destroy the whole artificially ordered programme. But the soul that has once become whole in abandonment to God, that has been delivered from the control of its 'malicious minority,' its Devil, that soul can truly begin a new life. Such a nature may, indeed, because of its new reliance on its Creator, be capable of such labors, as before its 'fall' into despair it never dared dream of. And a doctor or friend may help during the stages of the soul's reëducation, not so much by practical advice or superior wisdom, as by a reinforcing faith in his chosen path.



When he looks back to them for guidance or comment, they can repeat, out of the fulness of this belief, 'Blessed be the name of the Lord.'

May I now be allowed to add to these rather loose remarks, some distinctly personal ones?

For my own case I have talked with four doctors. Each of them gave me kindness and sympathy. All except one took pains to assure me that my depression was not alarming, that I was not 'abnormal.' That assurance, by the way, reminds me of a friend of mine, a famous painter, one of whose pictures was lost on a railway journey. The picture was an important one. The United States government was interested in finding it, and a young government clerk, trying to soothe my irate and not at all plaintive friend, explained that the delay was not unusual. 'There is really no need to worry.' — 'Silly boy,' the painter commented to me; 'he did n't understand at all. I don't in the least mind worrying so long as I get my picture.' And I might honestly have told the three kind doctors that I did n't a bit care whether I was normal or insane, if only it would please stop! The fourth doctor was agnostic on that point, but he minded my suffering too much to give me any comfort. I spoke with him only a few times (once each with the others), because, though at first I got the impression that I could shift my pain to him, as soon as I saw any chance of success, I was dismayed: first, by the selfishness of that process,

and second, by its uselessness. For I wanted not to share the evil thing or shift it, but to have it taken out of the world.

Among the other doctors was one who was not an alienist but a surgeon. We talked for twenty minutes once when I had been seriously ill. I told him the trouble and said, 'Only religion will help.' He answered, 'That is perfectly true'; and nothing that any doctor said about the depression — very severe at that time — ever helped me so much. He could have said more; but he was shy, and I had already chosen my own way. Nevertheless, I tell the story, unpicturesque as it is, and I am grateful to him.

This article has been written partly while I was suffering from extreme depression and partly while I was perfectly free from it. The faith I express stands firm in both stages. I have often believed that I had, with the Lord's help, conquered the demon melancholy forever. After six months or a year I have, so far, always learned that I was mistaken. At this moment, I cannot tell what the years have in store for me. But it is possible that just my uncertainty may be of use to those I address. For I am perfectly confident about the future — not that this visitation of darkness, this machination of the Devil, is surely exorcised, but that, if it comes, the Lord will be ready to fight on my side, and that I am not afraid of the battle.

# THE BIOGRAPHY OF AN ELDERLY GENTLEMAN

## II. THE BOY AND THE HALF-CROWN

BY JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE

THE old gentleman and I often walk abroad in a rural district where there is a taciturn blacksmith. The old gentleman always maintains an illusion of a chat with this man. 'I'll be having a word with the smith,' he tells me, 'while you wait outside.'

I sit upon a fence near that open door where the tinkle and the clank of the smithy is audible, but never a word from the blacksmith or his guest. Presently out comes the old gentleman, very bland and entirely satisfied with his social adventure. There is nothing so uplifts him as a chat with a blacksmith. And this is because, long ago, when his name was Rubie, he being then about thirteen years of age, the old gentleman worked in a smithy.

This was in a village near Cromarty among the East Highlands of Scotland. It was a kind of three corners of a village full of important houses, and the smithy, at the time Rubie was at work there, was really most important. Everyone used to call upon the blacksmith. This is the origin doubtless of the old gentleman's sense that the least you can do for a smith, if you pass his way, is to call upon him.

The youth of Rubie's day, in making these calls in the village of three corners, invariably hung about and made itself handy, holding horses' feet for the shoeing, or taking a turn at the anvil. And this for the many pleasures of that delicious atmosphere there was in the

smithy — of a deliberate and deft business going forward there, and the blooming and the fading of the flame and of the glowing metal. But Rubie, besides his share in these unparalleled pleasures, received a shilling a day for what he did. And this is what he did: he was salesman, and he took shoes off the horses' feet. He would take the horse's hoof upon his knee, declares the old gentleman, looking at us with eyes in which we seem to see how big was the horse with his hoof on the knee of little Rubie. And he would pry off the shoe. And there was a mate of Rubie's, little like himself, and about the same business of shoeing horses, on whom the horse, growing restless, planted his hoof, and the boy died. This tale, never told us but once, seems to emphasize the enormous size of the horses treated by little Rubie; seems to account for the shadow of their size which is in the old gentleman's eyes when this phase of blacksmithing is dwelt upon. But in the main you feel, in his account of this epoch, the thrilling sense of the dusk of that interior, smitten with the erratic light from the forge and peopled with young visitors.

The shilling, of course, says the old gentleman, was given to his mother. Now there is nothing to us 'of course' in this monotony of deposit. We think, and we say so, that a shilling should have bought his way into other of the important houses in the three corners.

And in a second-hand way, he agrees, it did. There was the grocer's house — he would be sent there for bread and for fruit. Oranges from Spain were there at threepence, nuts were there from Brazil, Zante currants, and sticks of black sugar. 'Boys bought sticks of black sugar, you know, flattened with a seal at one end.' We don't know; we think it very thrilling, and are much disillusioned when we learn that black sugar stamped with a seal is just nothing but licorice. We think it not at all exotic, but the old gentleman thinks as Rubie thought of black sugar.

The grocer, we infer, was nothing much to remember. He was just a creature behind a counter, who took your pennies and gave you in return currants dried in southern suns. The butcher, too, was another featureless man from whom you bought meat twice a week. Fishwives, now, were more real, because you tormented them, for all your mother chid you. They were of another tribe, coming to the village from Cromarty with their creels strapped to their backs, and with a sailor's superstition that, if they were counted, one would be lost. With this dreadful fate hanging about them, they yet walked single file. They were always counted. And they had a fishwives' dialect especially fitted to this crisis. These tormented and violent creatures were important as a kind of foreign spectacle and a diversion — not as fellow humans, certainly not as individuals.

The keeper of the public house was important as an individual. And his house, on the west side of the post road, was important. But Rubie was never, in the whole course of his life, under the roof of the public house, because at the most tender years this little lad became a teetotaler — and this to the great disgust of the more conservative of his relatives, who could not abide a taste so fancy or a will so weak that it

must sign a pledge. Terrible proud it was, to be a teetotaler, a thing of the south entirely, brought up to the Highlands by the Big Beggar Man, as Thomas Guthrie was called in those parts. And Rubie was his victim. Under this taboo he missed all the fine talk of the men from the hills who would be visiting the public house for a dram. Yes, there would be fine talk in that house, which was a kind of exchange for the news of the countryside. The missing of it was a great loss, and is still to be regretted.

As for the publican himself, he could be seen in church — the Free Kirk, that was at the other end of the village from the Established Kirk. Rubie, sucking a peppermint in the pew beside his mother, saw him every Sunday. He was the precentor. He had a wart on the top of his head. There is a high note in the tune of Dundee, and in other lofty tunes, which he could not reach and to which he pointed in the upper air, clearing his own throat and leaving the commoners to climb. Little Rubie saw the wart and the uplifted hand and heard the coincident cough, sitting by his dear, dear mother in the pew, on all the Sundays of his youth.

For nine months of the year he worked on the six week-days from six to six, and in the three winter months he went to school. We worm this out of him. Rubie kneeling under the bellies of horses in the smithy is much to the fore; he crowds little Rubie at school. And yet, now that you mention it, Rubie at school had adventures, too. There was a teacher, of course — you would guess as much; and he was a 'stickit minister,' of course, and you would guess that, too. He wore a white cravat and a silk hat. The boys called him 'Ability.' He was not married. He taught forty or fifty children the three R's, and algebra, history, Latin, and geography — 'all those things, you

know,' says the old gentleman rather casually. And Rubie was never touched by the tawse. That was a five-fingered leathered thong. Once, indeed, he was rapped by the bamboo cane that was always at hand. If you will believe it, that blow was not deserved; the old gentleman says so himself. He claims that he felt on that day his first keen sense of injustice. We are terribly pleased with this tale: it seems to discover for us the origin of certain inhibitions on the part of the old gentleman in his relation to his own children.

In those days, he claims, he had high marks. And dwell upon this, — he drives us to it, — he was a terrible little fighter! Aye, that he was. New boys of his own age must have horribly regretted their rash entry to that school, where the invincible Rubie must be met. Not only with both hands, mark you, but with his left hand tied, yes, or with his right hand tied — with any or all of the classical handicaps, the battle could have but one issue, and — 'Well, they seemed to have a good deal of enthusiasm about me,' says the old gentleman, in whom the enthusiasm obviously survives.

It will never do to let him go in this uplifted mood with his face of false humility, — you see that for yourself, — and we make him tell us about the murder of the witch in the West Highlands. We know the power of that tale to bring him down. For it seems that on a day like another day the teacher rapped upon his desk, and when all those little ruddy faces looked his way, he blanched them with news. He had had a letter from his brother who was a minister in the West Highlands, and in that savage country they had accused a poor body of witchcraft; they had dug a hole in the ground in which they had then buried the poor woman to her neck. She died. It was a dreadful thing, the master had told his children, to have

come about in a Christian country. And little Rubie felt a shadow fall upon him and a tribal shame. And to this day he will urge that such doings were unknown in the East Highlands.

There was in that school a girl called Euphemia. This was her name, her little indestructible name, not worn away or dimmed at all by the sixty-odd years that it has jingled in the pocket of the old gentleman's memory. And she was the first girl ever he kissed. He remembers that, too; it is a brilliant little memory not dimmed. All old gentlemen — don't doubt it — have these bright names and these little bright first kisses perfectly preserved in the vest-pocket of their memories. This first kiss of which I am telling you was stolen, though Rubie thought that he had bought it with a turnip. He gave her a turnip and he took the kiss, thinking it was understood. But no, it was not understood: Euphemia struck him for his daring, with the very turnip, between the shoulders, and he saw stars. We think the fault was in the bribe — that it was inadequate; but the old gentleman says, indeed not. A sweet turnip right out of the field — and they together on the way from school, and hungry, too — was a perfectly adequate bribe. And there was a farmer's boy in school who was competing for a prize that went by vote of the pupils, and he used dried peas for his bribes. He was always bidding for votes with peas, and Rubie voted for him entirely on the basis of peas.

We think this very low of Rubie; but perhaps, we think, it would have been different had the peas been money. Rubie then would have detected the vice of bribery. 'If it had been money,' we ask him, 'how would it have affected you?' and are much relieved when he claims that money must be earned. Peas, he says, are different.

Well, there you have him, and are

prepared for the following tale. From a blacksmith Rubie has become a ticket-agent in a railway station. This is what he was next. And from fourteen or so, he has become sixteen or seventeen. He sits on a high stool, and that is a good way to be taller than you are. And he sells tickets out of an office-window, for the North Shore and Western. Very important. Everybody knows him. And one day the agent, whose character never quite emerges to us, is speaking with a youth of the gentry about a young lady, also gentry, who is seen by them and by Rubie to go into the waiting-room. And the young buck of the gentry then told Rubie that he could win a half-crown if he would kiss that young lady.

'I got immediately off my stool,' says the old gentleman, 'and I went to where she stood, where they could see her as she stood, and I said to her, would she excuse me, but that I had been told that I could win two-and-sixpence if she would permit me to kiss her. Immediately she stooped down,' — Ah, Rubie, that she had to stoop! — 'and she laid her arms about my neck and kissed me. And so I got the two-and-six.'

We gape at the old gentleman with his 'immediately.' It is to us the most bald, incredible tale. How could it be? But it was, says he, and is about to remember her name, when we tell him not to. 'Did you feel hot or anything?' we ask. But he says no, not at all, and that it was for him purely a matter of business, of two-and-sixpence — a half-week's wages!

'How about her,' we ask; 'how could she?'

'Oh, well,' says the old gentleman, 'they all bought their tickets of me, they all knew me!'

The logic of this consequence of habitual ticket-buying is confusing to us, but not to him: he looks at us out of the

old ruddy face that was once the young ruddy face of Rubie, with Rubie's bland calm. It begins to be evident that for a half-crown Rubie might go far. And yet — there is the affair of the penknife.

An important person is known to have offered Rubie the ticket-seller a tip of two-and-six. Rubie refused it. And the important person then asked a favor of Rubie. You know how, when strong characters refuse our favors, we are impelled to lean upon that strength. This important person yielded to that impulse. He gave two-and-six to Rubie, begging him to buy for him a knife which he would claim on his return journey. Rubie bought the knife; he carried it in his pocket as a trust until one day, long after, when he guessed that the knife was his, and that he had been tipped.

There was a reason why it was truly noble of Rubie to have refused a half-crown from whatever source, for he began about this time to be heavily burdened with family cares, having contracted his first family. And this was Alec.

Alec was the first family ever Rubie had, and we know him for that because upon his advent Rubie is beset by financial care. Yes, in the person of that little brother the incubus of family is first settled upon Rubie. And this is to dismiss as not material the family that was established for him in the letter from London. We never entertained that family, though Rubie did. He had paid a half-crown for it, in answer to an advertisement in a long-forgotten newspaper. 'The name and the photograph of your future wife, and the number of your children, revealed for two-and-six.' And there, sure enough, in the first letter Rubie remembers ever to have received, and brought all the way from London in a mail-pouch, the picture of 'Amy' and the sum of three children!



Indeed, he did not at all dismiss them; he was perfectly agreeable to them. But he was resigned to an interval, with the photograph of Amy for solace. And in the interval there was Alec.

This little boy must have stolen very softly upon Rubie, who cannot remember the day that he was born, or anything about him very compelling, until he was a year old or thereabouts. 'Our mother cared for him at first, of course,' says the old gentleman, in excuse of Rubie's long indifference to Alec. But once assumed, how complete was his devotion to his family! It must have been then that Rubie and his two brothers recognized Alec for a minister — nothing less. Yes, there were they, just common bodies altogether, one a farm-hand and one a carpenter's apprentice and one a ticket-seller, who received upon a given day some sure token — and we wonder what it can have been — that little Alec was to be a minister.

With this illumination, began for Jimmie and Murdo and Rubie those financial anxieties which are the true mark of the family state, and for which Rubie had so complete a vocation. 'Between us we were to care for him, to dress him, to teach him and to send him to college,' says the old gentleman, of the only partnership he ever entered. Rubie was to teach him! Oh, the Highland pride of it, to be keeping a minister! And oh, the terrible cost of it, with wages what they were! It just could n't be done in the village of three corners. One of them must just go away! Rubie it was who must go away. He, who could never let his darling out of his sight, must go away. Terrible it was, and thrilling too, to go away. Other boys went away, to America and to Australia. News came back of them that they prospered, but they never came back. They were too young to come back, that was why. An old man

came back after forty years in America. Forty years in America he was, and came back loving to talk and to answer questions. The old gentleman says that he can see him still among a group of lads all asking questions about the Indians, according to Cooper, and about slavery, based upon *Lena Rivers*.

We cannot conceal our surprise at *Lena Rivers*. We are so snobbish that we cannot conceal it. But the old gentleman is ready to retail that story by Mary Holmes with an imperishable appreciation. To evade *Lena Rivers* we have to acknowledge that we have met her before. No need, we say, to repeat the introduction; it is only that we had never thought to meet her here — Egeria to a flock of Highland lads, and pointing them to America.

The three of them, says the old gentleman, of his brothers and himself, turned this way and that to establish the future of their little minister, and Rubie was for running away to enlist. Or it was Rannie Fraser made the plan, for he was a genius; and it was Rubie bought the tickets, this being in his line; and it was Rubie's mother spoked the wheel of Rubie's escape, that being in the maternal line. The way she did it was this, and the way of it was so simple that we are dazzled by it: she took Rubie for a walk. On the very day of the flight, and at the very hour for which Rubie had a ticket, she took him for a walk. They just walked and walked, with never a word to the point, until the train was gone, and the other lads were gone with it. And that is why Rannie Fraser is buried in Egypt, and Rubie is still catching trains.

That was the day of his mother's great success. But she could n't keep it up — you must guess as much, and that one day you will find her putting Rubie's little oddments — terribly quaint they are, too — in a box of his father's making; and that Rubie would be buy-

ing a ticket of himself for a world far wider and far stranger than the world we know.

I understand from the old gentleman that it is an uncanny thing to leave home. There is a day that you need not look for on any kindly calendar. They could never bear to print the date of that day. And there is an hour that is neither morning nor afternoon nor any known hour, and that is the hour they see you off. You had not known that the hour was to be as it is. You wonder what you can have been thinking of, to have contracted on such a day to meet such an hour. But there you are, and you are in the train. You who have sold tickets for so long, thinking light of it, are now bound by a ticket to an unlooked-for adventure — you are to say good-bye.

The family is there and the neighbors are there. They make you little presents. You look at them from the open window of the carriage, and oh, you see them! You begin to bleed internally, and you look at your mother, and you know that a sword has pierced her own soul also. You look at little Alec, and he takes his little white cravat off his neck. He holds it up to you from the platform. He is making you a present. It is his little present to you. And then a curious thing happens: the train begins to move. They all slip away.

And you have Alec's cravat in your hand.

Yes, that was little Alec. We know the sort of child he was. He was of those immortal children who die and who live forever. And nothing will appease them. You may name ships for them and hospitals for them and rescue homes for them and orphanages for them, and still they will be pushing their lovers with their little phantom hands, to climb by ladders of human endeavor to fetch the moon for them. Before they die, they are so tender that you never guess the strength of them; only by some little gesture or an aspect they warn you while they live, of all they mean to drive you to. In their lives they buy you with some unforgettable light grace, and in their deaths they use the thing they have bought. There was Rubie leaning out of a car-window and Alec buying him forever with a little white cravat. And Rubie thinking himself so free and all, going away so brave, so wealthy, with five pounds in his pocket, thinking to meet Indians in a great level forest, never guessing yet that a postman was so soon to trace him along a new way to a new door, and to tell him that Alec was dead and had bought him for the cravat. No, Rubie did not think at all as yet of the wonder and the anguish of letters, or of the feet of postmen.

## IN OUR OWN BEHALF

BY H. C. KITTREDGE

THIS title is a misnomer; it should have been 'Educational Methods in the A.E.F.,' and would have been if schoolmasters were allowed to flirt with theory or to devise educational methods, or were even thought to *know* anything about educational methods. But that is the domain of the theorist, who, hampered by no happy obstacles like boys and classes, can wander along as Fancy dictates, testing his wings on all the tangents in geometry. Such is his privilege. Let us leave him, to do a little soaring on our own account. For there was, first and last, a tremendous amount of education being given in the A.E.F., and whether it seemed so or not, there was usually considerable method connected with it. If, before we finish, we find ourselves in the only semi-respectable domain of educational jingoism, all the better. Why should not the schoolteacher toot his horn as loudly as the fishmonger? Both are dealing in food for brains.

First, then, let us see what there is, of educational value, that we can learn from our army experience, and then glance as leniently as we may at the methods employed by our charming brothers, the French. And be it clearly understood that the statements which follow apply only to war conditions. No one is more ignorant than I of the way things are taught in France in peace-time.

The first glimpse that we had of this Yankee educating was when we were ourselves subjected to it at Fort de Peigney near Langres, where we were

taught about the Chauchat automatic rifle; and the sensation was one of pure joy. The author of the immortal lines,

Backward, turn backward, O Time in your flight!  
Make me a child again, just for to-night,

would have had her prayer answered; for at de Peigney we were schoolboys once more, sitting around a table in a Napoleonic fort and trying to guess right when our Jew sergeant-instructor shoved fantastically shaped bits of metal under our noses and asked whether they were shuttle-roller grooves, or barrel-stop-lever notches. It was really very fine sport. I wonder if we are not sometimes in danger of forgetting what a tremendous lot of fun there *is* for the boy in the mere process of a recitation. It is fun for us teachers, of course, but it is also fun for him, though tradition has made him ashamed to admit it, even to himself. He may cordially dislike a subject; he may (and usually does) sincerely loathe the external aspect of his book; he may heartily begrudge the golden hours spent in dull preparation; yet the recitation itself has some charm for him, if it be only the excitement of gambling. It is fun to be kept awake in a classroom, instead of having to keep yourself awake in a study. It is very amusing to watch the antics and acrobatics of a teacher, who paces about in front of your class, unburdening himself of chemical formulas or ethical datives, or confronting you with queerly shaped bits of metal that require names. There is nothing at all dull in any of this. It is, in fact, quite

the pleasantest part of the operation of being educated.

If some of you feel skeptical about this, listen and be convinced. The other day I asked one of the boys in my class whether he would rather study the subject he most cordially hates, by himself, for an hour, or sit through an hour's recitation in the same subject. He said, without a moment's hesitation, 'I would rather study it by myself for an hour, because then I could put my mind on it and not be annoyed by the teacher!' How true to form our boys are, to be sure.

Now that we are all agreed that recitations are keenly enjoyed by our boys, what a chance we have in our classrooms several times a day! What wonder that we are able to perform miracles on mediocre minds; to strike, with the steel of our opportunity, bright sparks of intelligence from the flinty clay of the commonplace. If we could all of us sit once in a while as pupils in a classroom, and be entertained, instead of always ourselves furnishing the entertainment, we should cease to marvel that our pupils get ninety per cents and sundry scholarships.

Another thing, likewise taught from sitting at the table of the Jew sergeant-instructor, must be mentioned. For it is a great solace to him whose job is the teaching of the intangible languages, instead of the practical and concrete sciences. Not that we poor disseminators of ancient languages, who are ourselves as lifeless as the wares we peddle, intend for a moment to launch an attack against the glittering camp of science; our delving into the mysteries of the second periphrastic has made us too broad-minded for that: and besides, quite frankly, we wonder sometimes, in rare moments of professional candor, whether our envy of the scientists is not due to our own inability to master the intricacies of valences and

atomic weights! So, I repeat, it is not because we wish to take any credit from our scientific brethren, but merely because it is some solace to us, that we mention this second point: namely, the immeasurable advantage of dealing with concrete, physical, tangible subjects when teaching Young America.

We, at Fort de Peigney, could put our fingers on the barrel-stop-lever of the Chauchat auto rifle; we could pick it up, look at it, drop it on the table, and hear it ring when it landed; it was a real, true object, unchangeable and definite; it had substance and weight and size, and, star-gazing disciples of the theoretical that we are, it appealed to us vastly. How much more, then, does it appeal to our boys, and how much more do the definite realities of the laboratory appeal to them, than the elusive, changeable, and colorless paradigms contained between the covers of Allen and Greenough! You see the difficulties under which we struggle, when even we feel the appeal of the concrete — we whose business is the abstract. Could we carve our gerundives from marble, or forge periphrastics in steel, what end or limit would there be to our accomplishments? So let us, as we read in the catalogue that some fifty-five boys in this school are taking Greek, and that a high percentage of passes was recorded last year in French and English, pin a rose in our own buttonholes, and reflect with Longfellow and a cheery smile that things are not what they seem.

All this is by the way. And now that Catullus and Archimedes have shaken hands, each comfortably conscious of his own superiority, let us proceed to take a very brief glance at the way the Americans taught in France, and the way the French did.

It is, of course, inevitable that any nation which, like ourselves, produces such citizens as Hurry-Up Yost and

Speedy Rush, and such settlements as Dynamic Detroit, should regard its education as it regards its lunch, as something to be got through with as quickly as possible.

When we begin, for example, the study of arithmetic, we do not hark back to the beginning of time and trace the history and development of the science of numbers from the time of the Ptolemies to the present. It seems to us, on the whole, more sensible to begin with the multiplication-tables. The former would, no doubt, be the ideal method; but we Americans are the greatest idealists in the world only in certain respects, and continue to believe that time is money.

So when we went to France, we took with us our own style of education. The same methods that had been employed to produce officers in three months were used to produce machine-gunners in as many weeks. Everything hummed. Not an hour was lost. Not an unnecessary detail was taught. The mechanism of the weapon we were studying, its tactical use, and some few days shooting it — those were the essential points to be mastered. Everything else was regarded as unimportant; and I must say that this turned out to be a thoroughly satisfactory method of procedure. But we did not think very highly of it at the time. In fact, the one thing we Americans are sometimes modest about is our method of education. We took it for granted that the French were better at it than we, which is natural enough, for we have somehow got the idea that as a nation we are the worst in the world at teaching our youth. How we sigh for the thoroughness of Eton! And how we are aghast at the rumors afloat in our midst that English lads have read all the Latin in the world, and while away their Sundays with Thucydides. And we supposed that the

French were as far ahead of us as our English brothers.

Come with me, my friends, into a French centre of instruction, and be cheered. For with the French, who spend two hours over their lunch, and a lifetime over their education, business is not always business, and time is certainly not money. We found ourselves — another American and I — sidetracked into one of these French schools, to teach technical American military terms to successive groups of French officers who already knew some English and were destined to become instructors in the art of war to Yankee outfits. But these gentlemen had far more to do than merely to learn our war-time vocabulary — a small matter, after all, which they could easily have absorbed in a week. They came fresh from the lines, where they had been spending anywhere from a month to three years dodging machine-gun bullets, or sending them for Fritz to dodge. Therefore, it was thought proper by the elderly French major in charge to deliver to them lectures concerning the history and development of machine-guns; to trot them two miles in the broiling sun to a range, that they might take a few shots at a lifeless and uninspiring bull's-eye; and in the afternoon to give them a demonstration of the functioning of the gun, by having a sergeant or lieutenant strip and assemble it for their benefit at a sort of bloodless clinic. All this in the interest of thoroughness, and while they were panting to escape from that with which they were as familiar as they were with the palms of their own hands, to that with which they were unfamiliar — the vocabulary that they would need when they should join the Americans.

Many of the lieutenants and nearly all the captains among them had, at one time or another, commanded bat-



talions in action. So they were forced to listen to lectures on the theory of attack for the battalion of the first, second, and third lines — enormously long harangues, delivered on three successive days. All this in the interest of thoroughness!

The youngest among them had repeatedly taken his platoon over the top, and so manœuvres were held in which they were given command of platoons, that they might learn the correct arrangement of their men before jumping off. This, too, in the interest of thoroughness.

A distinguished architect, who was disguised in the uniform of a lieutenant of engineers, arrived one day to give us a lecture on field fortifications, dug-outs, trench-systems, and the like. The essay was a scholarly and masterly one, and lasted for two and a half hours. In it we were led from the cave-man, squatting behind a boulder to avoid a stone hurled at his head by a neighbor, up through the wars of Joshua, sojourning a delightfully long time with Julius Cæsar and his ditches and mounds, through the layout of the Russo-Japanese trench-systems (happily the chap had never heard of Bunker Hill), to August, 1914. Then the lecturer wiped his brow, took three long breaths, moistened his lips, and began on what was really his subject.

Meanwhile, the Germans were pushing the front into ugly salients — the Soissons-Château Thierry-Reims triangle, for example; the Americans were sending soldiers into France at the rate of ten thousand a day; the British were getting ready for their final big attack, and the French were calling for reserves out of one side of their mouths, and lecturing about the development of gunpowder out of the other. It did n't look good to men of the same nationality as Barney Oldfield, and we began to wonder whether,

after all, there was not some virtue in our hurry-up American methods of educating. We were not prepared to quarrel with the French way in peacetime, but it did seem as if the exigencies of the case might warrant the temporary cashiering of their scholastic tradition.

But, you will say, it is not fair to judge a nation's educational methods by the teaching that is done by her army officers. Quite true. So let us take a brief look at the class in English, conducted by a French lieutenant, who had a consummate knowledge of English, and had been, before the war, a teacher of English in a French lycée. We two Americans attended these classes regularly, in the capacities of Umpire and Referee for the continuous series of squabbles that arose between pupils and professor; and we were both kept busy. I give you my word that on one occasion there arose a tremendously heated discussion, quite beyond our united efforts to quell, on the difference in meaning between the English words *brook*, *stream*, and *rivulet*. The argument lasted for fifteen minutes, and the end was due only to the complete exhaustion of all parties concerned.

In the course of an hour's recitation translating the Manual for Leaders of Infantry Platoons from French into English, this professional teacher called on four men to recite, correcting them in the most absurdly meticulous fashion for mistakes like split infinitives; the rest, being quite human, and not very old, watched the flies crawl along the ceiling, or penciled amazingly clever sketches of the instructor on the benches. Such methods, even in peacetime, failed to appeal to us, and in time of war seemed criminal. We were still more strongly persuaded of the excellence of American education; but the crowning tribute came later.

By good luck, this French professor

of English fell sick with a slight attack of influenza. Here was the chance that we had been waiting for, for the major directed us to take charge of this class on alternate days. We embarked upon the enterprise with one idea, — SPEED, — and hustled these amazed gentlemen through a prodigious number of pages, more or less correctly, but, at all events, giving every man a chance to translate during the period. By the end of the hour they were dripping with perspiration, limp from exhaustion, and speechless in their admiration.

They crowded around our desks, and asked whether this was the way we usually taught school in the United States. And we answered, 'Certainly!'

Notice, please, what was happening: a Frenchman was expressing admiration for American education. Perhaps, then, all is not lost. Who knows but that our traditional modesty on this point has been a bit excessive? It may, after all, be as profitable to stride wakefully through the question at hand as to roam dreamily through the whole history of the world.

## THE RAVEN'S NEST

BY SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

### I

AFTER all, the Rosicrucians were an ignorant lot. They spent their days over alembics, cucurbits, and crucibles; yet they grew old. In our days many men — and a few women — have discovered the Elixir of Youth, but never indoors. The prescription is a simple one. Mix a hobby with plenty of sky-air, shake well, and take twice a week. I know a railroad official who retired when he was seventy. 'He'll die soon,' observed his friends kindly. Instead, he began to collect native orchids from all points of the compass. Now he is too busy tramping over mountains and through woods and marshes even to think of dying. At any rate, he will not have time until he has found the ram's head and the crane's-bill orchids and has finished his monograph on the *Habenaria*. He will never grow old.

Neither will that other friend of mine who collects fresh-water pearls, or the one who makes me visit black-snake and rattlesnake dens with him every spring, or those others who spend their time in collecting butterflies, beetles, wasps, and similar bric-à-brac. As for the four abandoned oölogists who have hunted with me for years, they will be young at a hundred. They rank high in their respective callings. Yet from February, when the great horned owl begins its nest, until the goldfinch lays her white eggs in July, the four spend every holiday and vacation hunting bird's nests.

Personally I collect only notes, out-of-door secrets, and little everyday adventures. Bird-songs, flower-fields, and friendships with the wild-folk mean far more to me than cabinets of

pierced eggs, dried flowers, stuffed birds, and tanned skins. Nor am I much of a hunter. When it comes to slaughtering defenseless animals with high-powered guns, I prefer a position in an abattoir. One can kill more animals in a day, and with less exertion. Yet my collecting and sporting friends make allowances for my vagaries, and take me along with them on their journeyings. Wherefore it happened that in early March I received a telegram: 'Raven's nest located. Come if you are man enough.'

Now a middle-aged lawyer and the father of a family has no business ravening along the icy and inaccessible cliffs which that gifted fowl prefers for nursery purposes. I have, however, a maxim of Thoreau which I furbish up for just such occasions. 'A man sits as many risks as he runs,' wrote that wanderer in the woods. Accordingly the next morning found me two hundred miles to the north, plodding through a driving snowstorm toward Seven Mountains, with the only man in recent years who has found the nest of a northern raven in Pennsylvania.

For fifteen freezing miles we clambered over and around three of the Seven. By the middle of the afternoon we reached a cliff hidden behind thickets of rhododendron. In the meantime the snow had changed to a lashing rain, probably the coldest that has ever fallen on the North American continent. As we ploughed through the slush, the black rhododendron stems twisted around us like wet rubber, and the hollow green leaves funneled ice-water down our backs and into our ears.

Breaking through the last of the thickets, we at length reached a little brook which ran along the foot of the cliff. A hundred feet above, out from the middle of the cliff, stretched a long tongue of rock. Over this the cliff arched like a roof, with a space between

which widened toward the tip of the tongue. In a niche above this cleft a dark mass showed dimly through the rain.

'The nest!' muttered the Collector hoarsely, pouring a pint or so of rain-water down my neck from his hat-brim as he bent toward me.

I stared with all my eyes, at last one of the chosen few to see the nest of a Pennsylvania raven. It was made of large sticks. The fresh-broken ends and the droppings on the cliff-side showed that it was a recent one. There were no signs of either of the birds. We solemnly removed our coats and sweaters and prepared for the worst. To me the cliffs looked much like the Matterhorn, only slipperier. The Collector, however, was most reassuring. He told me that the going looked worse than it really was, and that anyway, if I did fall, death would be so nearly instantaneous as to involve little if any suffering.

Thus encouraged, I followed him gruntingly up a path which had evidently been made by a chamois or an ibex. At last I found myself perched on a shelf of stone about the width of my hand. The Collector, who was above me on an even smaller foothold, took this opportunity to tell me that the rare Allegheny cave-rat was found on this cliff, and nearly fell off his perch trying to point out to me a crevice where he had once seen the mass of sticks, stones, leaves, feathers, and bones with which these versatile animals barricade their passageways.

I refused to turn my head. That day I was risking my life for ravens, not rats. Above us was the long, rough tongue of rock. Below, a far hundred feet, the brook wound its way through snow-covered boulders. Again the Collector led the way. Hooking both arms over the tongue of rock above him, he drew himself up until his chest

rested on the edge, and then, sliding toward the precipice, managed to wriggle up in some miraculous way without slipping off. From the top of the tongue he clambered up to the niche where the nest was, calling down to me to follow. Accordingly, I left my shelf and hung sprawlingly on the tongue; but there was no room to push my way up between it and the rock-roof above.

'Throw your legs straight out,' counseled the Collector from above, 'and let yourself slide.'

I tried conscientiously, but it was impossible. My sedentary, unadventurous legs simply would not whirl out into space. At last, under the jeers of my friend, I shut my eyes and, kicking out mightily, found myself sliding toward eternity. Just before I reached it, under the Collector's bellowed instructions, I thrust my left arm up as far as I could — and found a hand-hold on the slippery rock. After getting my breath, I managed to wriggle up through the crevice and lay safe on the top of the tongue. The niche above was not large enough for us both, so the Collector came down while I took his place. I was lashed by a freezing rain, my numb hands were cut and bleeding, and there were ten weary miles still ahead. Yet that moment was worth all that it cost. There is an indescribable fascination and triumph in sharing a secret with the wild-folk, which can be understood only by the initiate. The living naturalists who had looked into the home of the northern raven in Pennsylvania could be counted on the thumb and first three fingers of one hand. At last the little finger belonged to me.

The deep cup of the nest was about one foot in diameter and over a yard across on the outside. It was firmly anchored on the shelf of rock, the structure being built into the crevices, and made entirely of dead oak branches, some of them fully three quarters of an

inch in diameter. It looked from a distance like an enormous crow's nest. The cup itself was some six inches deep, and lined with red and white deer-hair and some long black hairs which were probably those of a skunk. Inside, it had a little damp green moss, while the rim was made of green birch twigs bruised and hackled by the beaks of the builders. On this day, March 9, 1918, there were no eggs, although in a previous year the Collector had found two as early as February 25, when the cliffs were covered with snow; and on March 5 of another year he collected a full set of five fresh ones which I afterwards examined in his collection. The birds had built a nest the year before without laying. This fact, with the absence of eggs this year, convinced the Collector that the birds were sterile from age. During the last years of their long life, which is supposed to approach a century, a pair of ravens will sometimes with pathetic pains build nest after nest which is never occupied by eggs. The Collector promised to show me a set, however, the next day in another nest.

At last, it was time to start down. The Collector, who was waiting on his shelf, warned me that the descent was more difficult than the climb which I had just lived through, as it was necessary to slide some six feet backwards to the shelf from which we started. As I looked down the cliff-side, I decided to remain with the ravens. It was not until the Collector promised most solemnly to catch me, that I at last let go and found myself back on the shelf with him. Then came another wonderful moment. 'Crrruck, crrruck, crrruck,' sounded hoarsely from the valley below — a note like that of a deep-voiced crow with a bad cold.

'Hurry!' urged the Collector, 'it's one of the old birds coming back.'

I claimed to have hurried as much as

any man of my age could be expected to do; but by the time I had reached the path, the wary raven had disappeared. I clambered down the cliff while the Collector reproached me for my senile slowness. We stopped, to rest at the foot of the cliff, and I was just telling him that Cornishmen hate the raven because to their ears he always cries, 'Corpse, corpse,' when suddenly the bird itself came back again. It flew across the valley and alighted on a treetop by the opposite cliff, looking like a monster crow, being about one third longer. One might mistake a crow for a raven, but never a raven for a crow. If there be any doubt about the bird, it is always safe to set it down as a crow.

The flight of the raven, which consisted of two flaps and a soar, and its long tail resembling that of an enormous grackle, were its most evident field-marks.

For long we sat and watched the wary birds, until, chilled through by the driving rain, we started to cover the ten miles that lay between us and the house of Squire McMahon, a mountain friend of the Collector, where we planned to pass the night. On the way the Collector told me that he saw his first raven while wandering through the mountains in the spring of 1909, and how he trailed and hunted and watched, until, in 1910, he found the first nest. Since then he had found twelve. His system was a simple one. Selecting from a gazetteer a list of mountain villages with wild names, such as Bear Creek, Paddy's Mountain, and Panther Run, he would write to the postmasters for the names of noted hunters and woodsmen. From them he would secure more or less accurate information about the haunts of ravens, which usually frequent only the loneliest and most inaccessible parts of the mountains.

The trail led through deep forests and up and across mountains, and was

so covered with ice and snow as to be difficult going. At one point the Collector showed me a place where he had been walking years ago when he became suddenly conscious that he was being followed by something or somebody. At a point where the trail doubled on itself, he ran back swiftly and silently, just in time to see a bay-lynx, which had been trailing him as those big cats sometimes will, dive into a nearby thicket. Anon he cheered the way with snake-stories, for Seven Mountains in summer swarm with rattlesnakes and copperheads.

By the time he had finished it was dark, and I thought with a great longing of food and fire — especially fire. It did not seem possible to be so cold and still live. In the very nick of time, for me at least, we caught sight of the lamplight streaming from the windows of the Squire's house. Dripping, chilled, tired, and starving, we burst into Mrs. McMahon's immaculate kitchen and were treated by the old couple like a pair of long-lost sons. In less than two minutes our waterlogged shoes were off, our wet coats and sogged sweaters spread out to dry, and we sat huddled over a glowing stove while Mrs. McMahon fried fish, made griddle-cakes, and brewed hot tea simultaneously, and with a swiftness that just saved two lives. We ate and ate and ate and ate, and then in a huge feather-bed we slept and slept and slept and slept. Long after I have forgotten the difference between a tort and a contract, or whether A. Edward Newton or Marie Corelli wrote the *Amenities*, that dinner and that sleep will stand out in my memory.

## II

The next morning we started off again in a driving snowstorm, to look at another nest some ten miles farther on. The first bird we met was a prairie



horned-lark flying over the valley with its curious tossing, mounting flight, like a bunch of thistledown. It differs from the more common horned or shore lark by having a white instead of a yellow throat and eye-line; and it nests in the mountain meadows in upper Pennsylvania, while its larger brother breeds in the far north.

Noon found us at a deer-camp. Through the uncurtained windows we could see the mounted body of a golden eagle which, after stalking and destroying one by one a whole flock of wild turkeys, had come to an ignoble end while gorged on the carcass of a dead deer. The man who captured it by throwing his coat over its head thought at first that it was a turkey buzzard, which southern bird, curiously enough, finds its way through the valleys up to these northern mountains. In fact, the Collector once found a buzzard's nest just across a ravine from the nest of a raven.

Beyond the camp, on the other side of a rushing torrent, we found another raven's nest swaying in the gale in the very top of a slender forty-foot white pine, the only raven's nest the Collector had ever found in a tree. It was deserted; and we reached home late that night with frost-bitten faces and ears, nor any sight of the eggs of the northern raven.

The next day we took a train and traveled forty miles down stream, to where, on a cliff overhanging the river, a pair of ravens had nested for the last fifty years. There we found numerous old nests, but never a trace of any that were fresh. There too we found a magnificent wild turkey hanging dead in a little apple tree; it had come to a miserable end by catching the toes of one foot between two twigs in such a way that it could not release itself. The bright red color of its legs distinguished it from a tame turkey. The Collector

confided to me that the ambition of his life was to find the nest of a wild turkey, which is the rarest of all Pennsylvania nests. Next to it from a collecting standpoint come the nests of the northern raven, pileated woodpecker, and Blackburnian warbler, in the order named.

### III

March 12, 1919, found me on another raven-hunt with the Collector. Before sunrise I was dropped from a sleeper at a little mountain station set in a hill-country full of broad fields, swift streams, and leafless trees, flanked with dark belts of pines and hemlocks. Beyond the hills was raven-land, lonely, wind-swept, full of lavender and misty purple mountains, with now and then a gap showing in their ramparts. It was in these gaps that the ravens nested, always on the north side, farthest from the sun.

Near by was Treaster's Valley, which old Dan Treaster won from a pack of black wolves before the Revolution. When he lay a-dying three quarters of a century later, the wailing howl of a wolf-pack sounded outside his cabin, although wolves had been gone from the Valley for fifty years. Old Dan sat up with the death-sweat on his forehead and grinned. 'They've come to see me off,' he whispered, and fell back dead.

They bred hunters in that Valley. Peter Penz the Indian fighter, who celebrated his ninetieth birthday by killing a red bear, came from there. So did Jacob Quiggle, who killed a maned panther one winter night, under the light of a wind-swept moon, with his famous gun, Black Sam. Over on Panther's Run not ten miles away lived Solomon Miller, who shot the last wood-bison, and died at the age of eighty-eight, clapping his hands and shouting the chorus of a hunting-song.

As the light began to show in the eastern sky came the first bird-notes of the day. The caw of a crow, a snatch of song-sparrow melody, the chirp of a robin, the fluted alto notes of a blue-bird, and the squeal of a red-tailed hawk sounded before the sun came up.

A change of trains, and I met the Collector, as enthusiastic as ever. Already that year he had found six ravens' nests with eggs in them; but the one he had promised to show me was the best of the lot. It was located in Poe's Gap, where local tradition hath it that the poet wooed, not unsuccessfully, a mountain girl, and wrote 'The Raven' in her cabin.

On the way to the Gap we heard and saw nineteen different kinds of birds, including siskin, fox-sparrows, and killdeer, and saw a buzzard sail on black-fringed wings over the peaks. On a farmer's barn we saw a goshawk nailed, its blue-gray back and finely penciled breast unmistakable even after the winter storms.

As we entered the Gap, patches of snow showed here and there, and a mad mountain-brook of foaming gray water came frothing and raging to meet us. When we were full two hundred and fifty yards away from the nest, the female raven flapped and soared away. The nest itself was only thirty feet from the ground, on a shelf protected by a protruding ledge, some ten feet down from the top of the cliffs. Rigging a rope to a tree, I managed to swarm up and look at last on the eggs of a northern raven. They were three in number, a full clutch. The number ranges from three to five, very rarely six. The eggs themselves were half as large again as those of a crow and all different in coloration. One was light blue flecked and speckled with brown and lavender; another was heavily marked with lavender and greenish-brown; while

the last was of a solid greenish-brown color.

The nest itself faced the Gap, and from it one could look clear across the forest to the settled country beyond, while behind the cliff stretched a range of low, unexplored mountains. The nest itself was made of smaller sticks than the one I had seen over at Seven Mountains, and had a double lining of brown and white deer-hair, a fresh lining having been laid over that of the year before. As we climbed to the nest the ravens soared near, giving only the hoarse 'Crruck.' They have also a soft love-note, which cannot be heard fifty yards away and sounds something like the syllables 'Ga-gl-gli-gli.' As they soared near us, their plumage shone like black glass, and we could see the long tapered feathers of the neck swell whenever either of them croaked. They had a peculiar trick of gliding side by side and suddenly touching wings, overlapping each other for an instant.

While we watched them, a red-tailed hawk unwarily approached the Gap. In an instant the male raven was upon him, and there was a sharp fight. The Buteo was not to be driven away easily, but made brave play with beak and talons; but he never had a chance. The raven glided round and round him with wonderful speed and smoothness, driving in blow after blow with his heavy, punishing beak, until the hawk was glad to escape.

For long and long I watched the dark, wise mysterious birds circle through the blue sky. As I sat in their eyrie, I could look far, far across the forests and the ranges of hills, to where the ploughed fields began. Perhaps the poet had looked from that same raven-cliff before he went back to break his heart among the tame folk, and wished that he could stay in wild-folk land, where he belonged.

## A SPRING POEM

BY THE JAPANESE EMPEROR GÖSENJŌ

THE lingering hours of the dark are passing,  
And in the fire of incense Spring is born,  
For in the dawn it is burning in a censer.  
I know that the Spring is near  
For the Spring mist spreads her heavenly sleeves,  
And the range of the Yoshino Mountains is dim,  
Though still they are white with snow.  
The Spring, stealing along the boughs,  
Makes the eyes of the willow tree blue.  
The Spring sends first the mild winds as her herald,  
And the singing birds follow to preach her doctrine.  
The blossoms of the southern boughs  
Differ in their season of bloom  
From those of the northern boughs.  
The shadowy haze and the languor of the snake-root  
Make the soul of man peaceful.  
Under the blue and shining sky the cold reeds are thin.  
The breeze strokes the young hair of the willow,  
And the warm ripples that melt the ice  
Wash the dry curls of the moss.  
The Spring is coming — is coming!  
The snake-root is budding on the rocks  
Where the water of Spring is dripping.  
The first flower of Spring is the white foam of water  
That rushes forth when the ice melts beneath the mountain wind.  
See the high range of Hira, where the ancient snow has vanished,  
And the fields prepare for our snake-root harvest!

# O YOU XENOPHON!

BY S. H. KEMPER

THE car was swooping along the white causeway, across limitless bright-green marshes. Ahead, miles and miles away, the faint blue line of the sea began to show against the paler blue of the sky. The lusty wind strode past, inconceivably clean and keen and free. The motor sang a sturdy and resolute song.

Goodall sat slumped low and comfortable beside the colored gentleman who drove his car. Under the low-drawn visor of his cap his eyes were drowsily half closed. But his jaw was set, and, as always during these Saturday afternoon runs down to the shore, while his body relaxed into soothed inertia, his mind perked up and pursued with fresh nimbleness and persistence the plans and efforts that had filled the business week. His thought never really left the office. He would be vaguely aware of the physical refreshment of the cool sea air, just as he was vaguely aware of the luxurious ease of the car, conscious of the capable, benevolent, unobtrusive human presence beside him.

At the house there would be the bright clatter of greeting. The Saturday evening and the long summer Sunday would be filled with a gay coming and going. The house was lively with his half-grown children and their friends: vigorous, sunburned youths and maidens, white-clad, white-shod, with a flashing of brilliant sweaters. And Mat, his wife, handsome and youthful and beautifully dressed, would occupy herself ceaselessly, her activ-

ities aided and abetted by other handsome, youthful, and beautifully dressed women. But Goodall himself always sat and lounged apart, silent, abstracted, his teeth set on his cigar, and planned and figured out deals; and they all said, 'Don't disturb dad; he's resting.'

On this particular afternoon somehow the first faint glimpse of the sea caught his attention. It stirred an indistinct memory of a brave dramatic climax to some long effort coming with the sight of the sea. He seemed to remember — Oh, yes: it was that fellow Xenophon, with the ten thousand Greeks. Goodness! How many years had passed since he thought of Xenophon; and once that frank Attic spirit had been his constant companion. With the *Anabasis* he had walked straight into Xenophon's mind and looked out through its windows across a mighty interesting foreign country. The main events of the narrative were all blurred now, but he remembered that incident, their first sight of the sea, their enthusiasm and joy. Reaching the coast, they felt that their troubles were over.

Back in Goodall's bookish boyhood the sea had meant a great deal to him. He recalled now an endless day-dream in which he, an inland lad, used to live. It was a dream made largely of the stuff of *The Wrecker*. He was crazy about the sea then. And he still liked it. Yes, by George! it meant a lot to him; only he had been so busy all these years, that he had had no time to think about it. He breathed deep, opened his

eyes wide, and stared at the far blue rim of the ocean.

'When you would shout with the Ten Thousand, "*Thalassa! Thalassa!*" again!'

The words formed themselves in his mind to the steady song of the engine. That was sort of like poetry, he thought. Only he wanted another line somewhere with a rhyme to 'again.' In a minute he had it. It was as if someone had dictated it to him; as easy as that.

The restless and mighty sea-longing, the love of the unquiet main:

And always the ancient deep shall call to the deeps of your spirit,

'When you would shout with the Ten Thousand —'

Goodall sat up straight, thrilled with a keen excitement. It was poetry, or something. And he had never written a line of verse in his life. It had been years and years since he had even read any poetry, except occasionally Uncle Walt's. Where did these long and somewhat limber lines come from, emerging almost complete into his mind, rhymed and more or less footed? They seemed charming to him. He felt that they were truly related to the clear afternoon, the sky, the lusty wind, the sea that showed always a stronger and deeper blue, stretching north and south as far as the eye could reach, bending with the solemn great curve of the planet.

There came more lines, a beginning.

How did you see it again, after long times that detained you

Inland and far from the sight, from the sound and the scent of the sea?

How was it with you, shaking off all the poor landward cares that had chained you

With the thrill of a primal emotion, the leap of the spirit made free?

It went on with an astonishing facility, till he had three complete stanzas in his mind. Then somehow they failed. He wanted another stanza to come in before that final one, the

one that had come to him first of all. Mentally he pawed around, at first excitedly confident that he would have it in a minute; but he found nothing. Then he began to be afraid that he would forget the stanzas he already had.

'I say, Jim,' he said to the chauffeur, 'please stop the car for a few minutes, will you? I want to write down some notes.'

(Mat wanted him to call the chauffeur James, but when she was not along he was likely to forget, and nothing could be more remote from the traditional, 'Home, James,' than his cheerful, chummy, 'All right, Jim; let's go!')

With his fountain-pen he scribbled the verses in his pocket memorandum-book. Seeing the words written out gave him a fresh thrill. It was real poetry. He would say it was! How on earth had he done it! Contemplating the written words, he fell into a fatuous absorption of delight, till Jim stirred slightly, settling his cap, moving his gloved hand on the wheel as if he expected the word to start.

'All right, Jim; let's go!' Goodall said hastily, feeling a little abashed, and slipping his memorandum-book back into his pocket.

The car surged forward with massive smoothness, gathering momentum.

Goodall, staring at the sea, wondered to think how dull he had been all these years, how little he had cared about the ocean. He had built the summer home when he was able to do it, at the resort that Mat selected. Mat had managed everything. And always he had looked at the sea with uninterested eyes. It was an adjunct of the place. It satisfied Mat, just as all the summer city's environment satisfied her.

He had n't thought about the ocean at all, or really enjoyed it. He had n't really thought about anything but his work all these years and years. He



had always felt a species of contempt for men of his age and general way of life, who deliberately cultivated some obsession as a relaxation from their work — golf or picture-collecting, and all that sort of rot. But maybe there was something after all in having some interest on the side. Look at Mat. She had made her share of their big partnership, the children and the house, her one thought through all the lean years. But as soon as they could afford diversion, she had hurled herself joyously into many things — society, charities, clubs, suffrage, war-work. She was always after something with head down and heels in the air. Maybe the number and variety of her interests had helped to keep her so amazingly youthful. She might easily be mistaken for his daughter, and there was a difference of only six years between his age and hers.

The big car sweeping into its stride, the steady, purposeful song of the engine, the rush of the air, brought back the exhilaration and the creative excitement of catching and arranging the lines of his stanzas. But the poem remained incomplete. He must have one more stanza to make it sort of symmetrical. But somehow he could not get it. It was as if somewhere in his mind a door had shut. Oh, well: if it would n't come to him like the others, he would make it up by main strength and awkwardness.

That evening Mat thought Goodall seemed more preoccupied than usual. She divined some obscure surcharge of excitement in him. There was a gleam in his profoundly meditative eye. Next day she did not, as was her custom, make him go to church with her. He cuddled down in his pet angle of the verandah immediately after breakfast, and she went off to church without him. Then, after luncheon and all through the afternoon, she shooed the children

and their friends away from his corner. Benevolently regarding him where he sat in his deep reed chair, with his feet on the railing and a dead cigar clamped between his teeth, Mat noted that it was his fighting face that he kept so steadfastly fixed toward the glittering edge of the world. It meant business, she reflected. It might mean a new limousine in the winter, or it might mean very much more than that.

Goodall had not moved when the blazing splendor of the summer afternoon had cooled and freshened into evening, the hot blue of the sky turned to faint rose and purple, arching the violet sea. Twilight was flowing over the world when he stirred and sighed and stretched, as if just waking. He had done the extra stanza by sheer determination and concentration, and it seemed to him nearly as good as the others.

Or in a strange city at noonday, in thunderous ways where you drifted,  
You saw, where the smoke-blackened sky came down at the end of the street,  
Tall spars and the intricate, orderly mazes of rigging uplifted,  
With stir of a splendid excitement, with quickening of pulses and feet.

This was to be the third stanza, to come in just before that final one, the one that had come to him first of all. It matched the others pretty well, he thought. The lines had about the same length, seemed to hump along in the same way, and rhymed at the ends. He wrote it out with the others in his memorandum-book, sitting there alone in the cool evening. The house was silent and deserted. He wondered where everybody had gone. He contemplated his poetry with complete satisfaction. Four stanzas — sixteen long lines; real poetry, and not a single word about flowers or brooks or falling in love. No, there was nothing sissy in his poem. It had hair on its chest. He would say it had.

At dinner that evening he ate with a better appetite than he had had for years. He felt spent, but elated, as if he had exerted himself physically to the limit of strength, but healthily, with enjoyment and success. He took little part in the talk and laughter round the table, but he listened, pleased and amiably attentive. Mat decided that he must have solved some complicated business problem very much to his own satisfaction. She did not know when she had seen him look so cheerful and animated, so young. As a matter of fact the problem under which Goodall's mind had been bending when he got into the car beside Jim on Saturday afternoon had, so far as Goodall himself was concerned, fallen off the edge of the world. That Sunday night he fell asleep as soon as he was in bed, and slept like a stone knight on a tomb.

On Monday morning he snapped back to his work with what felt like a brand-new mind. He had had a perfect holiday, a great deal of intensive recreation. He had been refreshed by the very dews of Parnassus. He wondered whether those golf-playing and picture-collecting chaps derived anything like as much benefit from their diversions as he had from his. He guessed not, because no human being could possibly get so completely absorbed in a silly game or a lot of messed-up canvas as he had got in his poem. There were better ways to rest and relax your mind than by walking yourself off your legs after a rotten little ball, or by throwing good money away on pictures that for the most part could never be called pretty even by their best friends. Of course, it took a mind of a certain quality to find relaxation in what was really a creative effort!

To-day the question whether or not he should go along with those Middle Western people on their startling proposition no longer staggered him. It

was big business, certainly, and might mean almost anything; but when the pompous Middle Western representative called, he found a different Goodall from the worn-out and worried individual to whom on Saturday he had announced terms of treaty and league. This Monday morning Goodall was clear-eyed, decided, and incisive, humorous and commanding. He pointed smilingly to the one nigger innocently camouflaged in the Middle Western woodpile, and finally sent the awed representative away with impressive counter-proposals.

Goodall remained at the office when all his people were gone, and with his two forefingers laboriously picked out his poem on his secretary's typewriter. He became completely absorbed. He was entirely happy. He made a great many copies before he succeeded in producing one that had not a single error, that satisfied him in every way. The stanzas presented a fascinating appearance in the business-like neatness and deftness of the typewritten copy. It gave them a certain dignity. They looked like something real. When he had fairly satisfied himself with contemplation of their clean-cut symmetry, their serious, authoritative aspect, he placed them in an envelope, inclosing with them a stamped envelope addressed to himself. With innocent confidence he addressed his manuscript to a leading magazine, the first one of which he happened to think. He carefully gathered up all the unsuccessful copies he had made. He would take them to the house, he thought, planning like a sagacious criminal destroying evidence, and burn them in the grate in his bedroom. A measureless bashfulness possessed him.

It was on Monday morning a week later. Goodall always looked over the early mail while eating his lonely

breakfast there in the dim and silent town house, where he lived alone during the summer, with only the cook to care for him. It was a very polite envelope, square and creamily thick and white, and the name of the magazine was engraved in small letters on the flap; but to Goodall's inexperience these facts carried no significance. He did not know till he had opened it and was reading the letter.

'... appreciate the poetic power shown in your verses, "The Sea-Lover." ... Accept with pleasure. ... Shall be pleased to consider other contributions from you as you may care to submit them.' The words danced dizzily before Goodall's excited eyes.

'Gad!' he said to himself; 'what do you know about that? And a check for thirty bucks!'

He was prodigiously elated, but not surprised. He had always considered his verses bully. He had a robust respect for them. Any magazine ought to be glad to have them, he thought.

It was only with a great effort that Goodall was able to buckle down to work that day. A high and happy excitement sang through his heart and mind; yet in spite of his honest pride in his exploit, he shrank coyly from telling anyone what he had done. Weeks passed, and on several occasions he came near telling Mat; but at the minute, the big jump his heart gave always checked him and bashfulness submerged him. The fact of his having dallied with the muse remained a secret.

It was at the end of the summer. In a few days Mat and the children would be coming home from the shore. In Goodall's morning mail there were two copies of the magazine wrapped up together. He enjoyed fresh thrills. He had not thought of this. They must have a custom, then, of sending copies of the magazine to contributors as their

work appeared. It was uncommonly polite of them, he thought.

That day was perhaps the greatest day of all. Goodall's spirit soared. His bashfulness fell from him. He was smugly confident, anxious to tell everybody and to show off. He carried the magazine to the office with him. He would tell his secretary first. He had had a warm impulse to take the cook into his confidence when she came into the dining-room with a fresh relay of cakes; but a sudden fastidiousness warned him that poetry meant nothing in her life. She was too fat. Now Miss Jones, the secretary, was thin as anything — spirituelle. It was not that he was shy again — he was only a little particular.

The day's business began to get under way. When Goodall felt that the moment had come, he took the magazine from the desk where he had laid it and swung round in his chair beginning breezily, 'By the way, Miss Jones' — And then the alert, steady, efficient prose of Miss Jones's spectacles overcame him. 'Oh — er — uh — nothing!' he stuttered, drowned in hot blushes. 'That is — er — uh — never mind!'

He replaced the magazine on his desk and feverishly covered it with business papers. He thought as he wiped his forehead, that this thing of writing a poem, the way it got you worked up and flustered, was more like falling in love than anything he knew.

That evening he furtively carried the magazine home without having shown it to anyone.

By Saturday, however, he was established in the determination to make a clean breast to Mat. He certainly would tell the girl, he thought, and show her the poem so beautifully printed, bearing his name.

The cares of the week fell off the edge of the world as he got into the car

beside Jim. The magazine was in the pocket of his motor-coat: he felt it solid and precious against him. It was a fine high-spirited afternoon, with a tonic feeling of autumn in the air. Weaving through the handsome and animated city, crossing the ferry, sweeping into the powerful car's long, unflagging rush toward the coast, Goodall dramatized to himself the disclosure of his literary achievement to Mat. He went over it again and again: what he would say, what she would say, her incredulous delight, her sweet applause.

It was when hills and tall woods were left behind and the land was flattening and baring itself toward the sea, that a horrid thought struck icily through his glowing content.

Suppose Mat should make him read his poem before one of her clubs!

Mat's clubs continually hunted poets and other writers, and had them read their own stuff out loud. Goodall had an old habit of teasing Mat by making fun of the complaisant intellectuals. Mat's goat was not generally an easily accessible goat, but Goodall had found that he could always capture the little animal by fleering at the lions who performed before her clubs. In this connection an incident of perhaps sinister significance now rose in his mind. During the preceding winter a Hindu poet-philosopher had infested the United States of America, obtaining great wealth and renown. Mat roped him for one of her clubs. She also gave a distinguished luncheon in honor of Sir Abdallahbhoy Lal, for such was the pundit's unusual name; and before the event Goodall remarked with assumed innocence that he supposed Sir Abdallahbhoy would eat with Jim. Then,

while Mat fervently explained just how exalted Sir Abdallahbhoy's social standing was, Goodall, pretending to listen respectfully, began to whistle under his breath, 'All coons look alike to me.'

Mat was much embittered. What if the incident still rankled? What if she should make him read his poem, not only because it was the proper thing to do, but as a punitive measure?

Never do to take a risk like that. Not in this world. No, the delicious scandal of his flirtation with the lyric muse must never be exposed! There was no danger of Mat's coming across the poem and his name accidentally, because Goodall knew she never had time to glance at a literary magazine. No, as long as he kept his mouth shut he was pretty safe.

He shuddered as he contemplated the hideous peril into which a fatuous ambition to show off had nearly led him. He took off his cap and wiped the sweat from his forehead.

'Jim,' he said with a kind of exhausted sigh, 'did you ever write any poetry?'

Jim turned on his friend and employer lenient eyes and a superb dental display.

'Who, me? Naw, suh!' he said.

'Well, you just try it, Jim, if you like excitement in your life. If you like a good deal of excitement in your life, just turn to and write a little poetry!'

Jim looked rather puzzled for a moment, but affected to consider the suggestion with respectful seriousness. Then, racially and ineradicably amiable and acquiescent, he said, —

'Well, suh, I'll do it. I'll cert'nly do it soon as I git time!'

# THE EDUCATION OF JOHN MARSHALL

BY S. E. MORISON

A man is bound to be parochial in his practice — to give his life, and if necessary his death, for the place where he has had his roots. But his thinking should be cosmopolitan and detached.  
—MR. JUSTICE HOLMES.

HISTORICAL biography is a form of literature in which Americans have never excelled. Not because of failure to cultivate the field. A comprehensive collection of American historical biography will outbulk that of any other country, and the curve of production is steadily rising.

Politicians have discovered that a good biography is the easiest step into history. Two generations later one's vices will be forgotten, but one's virtues will live in the printed page. A wise statesman picks his biographer as carefully as he makes a will; and the burial of a politician follows rather than precedes the announcement of a definitive Life and Letters.

Publishers have discovered that the dear public will read history only in the form of biography. A new life of Napoleon is snapped up, while a sound and readable History of France, 1795–1815, clogs the counters. The young Ph.D. who submits his thesis on the 'History of the Loco-foco Movement in Alabama' is requested to rewrite it as 'The Public Career of the Hon. Jefferson Scattering Batkins, American.' The history of any state in the Union for the last fifty years must be picked out from several dozen political biographies. American historical biography is no declining industry.

Quality is not up to quantity. We

have a fair number of excellent brief biographies and *genre* portraits, such as Paul Leicester Ford's *Many-sided Franklin*, Owen Wister's *Grant*, and Barrett Wendell's *Cotton Mather*. But even this class is headed by Lord Charnwood's *Lincoln*. Our conspicuous deficiency is in comprehensive biographies of both historical and literary value: works such as Morley's *Gladstone*, Carlyle's *Fredrick*, and Trevelyan's trilogy on Charles James Fox. Few will deny membership in this class to Irving's *Washington*, and Nicolay and Hay's *Lincoln*. But the eligible list is practically exhausted after mentioning Henry Adams's *Gallatin*, John Spencer Bassett's *Jackson*, and Carl Schurz's *Clay*. Definitive biographies of Hamilton, Jefferson, Madison, and Calhoun are still lacking.

One outstanding figure among the 'fathers' has received his full due. Ten years ago, James Bradley Thayer wrote one of the most brilliant of our biographical essays — a diminutive life of John Marshall. Ex-Senator Albert J. Beveridge of Indiana has now completed a monumental life of the great Chief Justice, that will rank with the best historical biographies of American statesmen.<sup>1</sup>

## I

No American save Washington and Lincoln has been more universally appreciated than John Marshall. To the bench and the bar he has become a

<sup>1</sup> *The Life of John Marshall*, by ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE, Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1919. Four volumes. Illustrated.



patron saint. 'Every schoolboy' must learn at least the titles of his great constitutional decisions — of *Marbury vs. Madison*, *McCulloch vs. Maryland*, *Cohens vs. Virginia*, and the Dartmouth College case. He is rightly taught that, but for these decisions, American nationalism must have succumbed to sectionalism and state rights, before a sword could be drawn in its defense. Yet to the rank and file of laymen, Marshall has remained rather a wooden figure. His new biographer, without neglecting the solid aspects of his subject, has given us a complete picture of Marshall the frontiersman, revolutionary soldier, and struggling lawyer; Marshall the jovial host of a thousand diners, the champion of the Richmond Quoit club, and the tender husband of an invalid wife.

Beveridge's *Marshall* is not preëminent for literary quality. The author has hidden himself too modestly behind his subject. In his anxiety to be sound and accurate he has sacrificed smooth narrative to quotation and excerpt. But the book is sound, honest, and readable. The author has exhausted the sources, sifted the evidence with the meticulous care of a professional historian, and culled with the experience of one who knows men and women and politicians. He has not hesitated to sacrifice his dearest prepossessions in face of the facts. His descriptions of persons and incidents are lively, incisive, and just, throughout the four volumes.

John Marshall was not predestined to Federalism, like an Otis of Boston or a Pinckney of Charleston. He was a child of the frontier. But his mind was not a mirror of this frontier, like Jackson's or Benton's. No American statesman of that generation knew his people so intimately; few trusted them less; none was so utterly devoid of local prejudice. Marshall began his educa-

tion in the Virginia forest, and his political training in the Virginia capital; but he grew out of and beyond his environment. The surging tides of history were his teachers. The War of Independence, the period of debt and disillusion, the struggle for federal union, and the French Revolution, were the forces that moulded the man who, as Chief Justice, moulded our Constitution.

The education of John Marshall, then, is the outstanding contribution of this biography. To the growth of Marshall's mind, Senator Beveridge has properly allotted more than half his space.

## II

The Marshalls belonged to the class of lesser planters, younger sons of the 'F.F.V.'s who were pushed westward by the exhaustion of tidewater tobacco-fields. John's paternal ancestry cannot be traced with certainty beyond his grandfather, a poor planter 'of the forest.' His mother was of gentle blood: Scots-Jacobite Keith on her father's, Randolph of Turkey Island on her mother's side. Through the latter, she was second cousin to Thomas Jefferson.

Historians have explained Jefferson in terms of the western frontier. The same equation will not solve John Marshall. Born of the same stock, reared under like conditions, these two cousins developed radically contrasting characters and opinions. It was, in fact, the same section of Virginia, and the same class of lesser planters, that produced George Mason, James Madison, Patrick Henry, and George Washington, who, with Jefferson and Marshall, form the most remarkable and most dissimilar group of statesmen ever concentrated within one region and generation in our country, perhaps in any country. Some future historian may well explain the stormy politics of our

Federal period as a family quarrel in Virginia!

John Marshall was born in a log-cabin on the fringe of the Virginia frontier three months after Braddock's defeat in 1755. He was the eldest of fifteen children, all of whom lived to be married. When he was ten years old, the entire family moved westward again into the Great Valley, where conditions were even more primitive, although a one-story frame house, The Hollow, was substituted for the usual cabin. A few years later, his father built Oak Hill, the first frame house with glazed windows in that section of Virginia.

Game and fish were the principal food of the family; even 'hog and hominy' were luxuries. Chief Justice Marshall remembered the shout of joy that went up from the hungry brood when hasty pudding was announced for dinner. He and the swarm of younger brothers were clothed as the traditional frontiersmen — buckskin moccasins and breeches, coarse linen shirt, and coonskin cap; even homespun woolens were luxuries on this hunting, fur-trading frontier, and the mothers used thorns for lack of pins. The boys grew up in the same rough-and-tumble environment as Abraham Lincoln.

These material conditions of his childhood left no trace on the opinions of John Marshall. But they stamped his character with a fundamental simplicity, and left an indelible mark on his appearance, taste, and habits. Like Washington, he was of powerful physique, but unmilitary in his carriage and ungraceful in his movements. With every attribute of a Virginia gentleman, — honor, truth, chivalry, courtesy, and sociability, — Marshall combined a total lack of exterior polish. His manners and his appearance were never conventional. The first time he visited Philadelphia, his scarecrow aspect re-

fused him entrance to a common tavern; and at the height of his career he was notorious for shabby, outworn garments. In Richmond to-day one may still hear anecdotes of the Chief Justice being mistaken for a porter or a butcher; of the Chief Justice riding out to his country place, holding to the pommel a whiskey-jug stopped by his thumb.

Marshall never lost the common touch. He remained simple and unpretentious to the end. He preferred the gossip of Richmond market, or the fireside circle of a roadside tavern, to a diplomatic dinner in Washington. Opportunities to indulge his tastes were not lacking. Every judge of the Supreme Court of the United States had to preside over a Federal circuit court twice a year, and the Southern Circuit fell to the Chief Justice. Marshall was accustomed to make the week's journey from Richmond to Raleigh, alone, in a primitive sort of sulky, over terrible roads. He passed the nights at the poorest log-cabins, mingling with the people on terms of perfect equality, and at Raleigh seemed to prefer the worst tavern in the place. When court adjourned, the Chief Justice played quoits in the street with anyone who would give him a good game.

This game of pitching quoits at a peg was Marshall's chief recreation. At Richmond he was the leading spirit of a jovial Quoit Club, which met in a grove on the outskirts. When past three-score years and ten, he would toss off a tumbler of mint julep, pitch quoits with the best players, and lose himself completely in the game. A jocose deference to his judicial office was paid by his fellow members, in making him the arbiter of disputed points. The Chief Justice was frequently to be seen on his knees in the dust, measuring with a straw the distance from a quoit to the peg, and biting off the straw for greater accuracy. When one quoit fell neatly

on top of another, Marshall decided for the bottom one on the principle *cuius solum, eius usque ad cælum*.

Marshall's formal schooling was very slight: a few months at a primitive academy in Westmoreland County, and occasional tutoring from the parish minister. His parents were his best teachers. Thomas and Mary Marshall were no ordinary frontier people. Thomas had been assistant to George Washington when surveyor of the Fairfax estate, and with him used the well-stocked library of Lord Fairfax. He subscribed to the first American edition of Blackstone's Commentaries, in 1722. Mary had been educated by her clergyman father.

The Marshalls brought few books to their mountain home, but they retained a firm grip on everything they had learned, and passed it on to their children. John Marshall inherited a taste for good literature, but he was never in any sense a bookish, or even, in the usual sense, a cultured man. Knowing no foreign language, not even Latin, he missed the broadening effect of the classics, and fell into the easy Virginia habit of relying on conversation rather than on books for general knowledge.

From his sixth to his twenty-sixth year the American Revolution entered vitally into Marshall's education. His father represented Fauquier County almost every year in the Virginia Assembly. The frontier household was kept in touch with a legislative body where Patrick Henry, George Washington, and Thomas Jefferson were winning their first laurels in the patriot cause. John could probably discuss taxation and representation as intelligently as any boy in Boston or Philadelphia.

When the news of Lexington and Concord trickled into the Virginia wilderness, every young frontiersman was ready and willing to fight. John Marshall was elected lieutenant of a back-

woods militia company. We have a pleasant description of him drilling and exhorting his troops — nineteen years old, over six feet tall, with raven-black hair and piercing dark eyes; armed with tomahawk and scalping-knife as well as rifle; 'Liberty or Death' (the only military insignia of officers and men) embroidered on his hunting-shirt. John and his father took part in the Battle of Great Bridge, the Virginia Bunker Hill. In July, 1776, they were commissioned lieutenant and major in the Third Virginia Regiment of the Continental Army.

When John Marshall received his commission, the ink was scarcely dry on the Declaration of Independence. Nationalism was still at white heat. Patrick Henry had exclaimed in the Continental Congress, 'The distinctions between Virginians, Pennsylvanians, New Yorkers, and New Englanders are no more. I am not a Virginian, but an American.' Democracy was in the air. Thomas Jefferson had declared it 'self-evident' that 'all men are created equal.'

Marshall entered the army a nationalist. Contact with officers from all parts of the Continent strengthened his nationalism. 'I was confirmed,' he afterwards wrote, 'in the habit of considering America as my country, and Congress as my government.' He also entered the army a frontiersman and a democrat. 'I recollect,' he wrote in later life, 'the wild and enthusiastic notions with which my political opinions of that day were tinctured.'

But his democracy evaporated with the spirit of '76. The weakness and inefficiency of Congress, the perverse unpreparedness and frequent cowardice of the militia, the obstructiveness and indifference of state politicians, was apparent to every thinking officer in the army. Marshall fought under Washington at the Brandywine, German-

town, and Monmouth, with bad equipment, scanty stores, and depleted ranks. He endured under Washington the privations of Valley Forge. All the time he was thinking, reflecting. What was the matter with America? Why did not people and politicians give adequate support to the noblest cause in human history? Army experience put the question. Political experience furnished the answer.

His active military career closed in 1779. The reduction of the Continental Army, following the arrival of Rochambeau's expeditionary force, left such an excess of officers that an honorable discharge came before another opportunity for active service. His furlough gave him an opportunity to visit his father, now promoted to colonel and stationed at Yorktown. The young officer's praises had so often been sung by his father and brothers, that the belles of Yorktown were all of a twitter to meet him. Expecting a young Adonis faultlessly attired in the blue and red uniform of the Virginia line, the older girls were disappointed to find an awkward, shy, loose-jointed frontiersman, whose shabby and ill-fitting uniform hung on him as on a clothes-rack. But fourteen-year-old Mary Ambler, blessed with more penetration than her elders, calmly announced that she intended to win Captain Marshall. She already had won him!

Fourteen was too young for marriage, even in eighteenth-century Virginia, and Captain Marshall had his way to make. The spring of 1790 found him at William and Mary College, taking the law lectures of George Wythe. That was the only legal education, in the modern sense of the word, that the great Chief Justice ever received. But, such as it was, no better could be had in America. Wythe's lectures antedated by at least two years the first law school in America — Judge Reeve's at Litch-

field, Connecticut; and the first permanent chair of law — at the University of Pennsylvania — was founded ten years later. All the great lawyers of the Revolutionary, and most of those of the Federalist, period were trained by reading law in the office of a successful practitioner.

A few months after this brief course, John Marshall was admitted to the bar of Fauquier County. For over a year he waited at his old home for clients who never came. The county then elected him to the House of Delegates at Richmond. There in 1783 he wedded Mary Ambler. She was seventeen; and her twenty-seven-year-old husband had only one guinea left to his name after paying the parson's fee!

### III

Richmond at the close of the Revolution had no suggestion of the respectable, well-built capital of the Southern Confederacy. One four-room tavern accommodated the legislators, and a barn-like wooden capitol housed their deliberations. Most of the white inhabitants were Scots merchants, men who had monopolized Virginia business before the Revolution, lost all their gains through the confiscatory acts, and returned hopefully for more. Their flimsy wooden houses straggled up the hill as if (Colonel Marshall suggested) they had been brought over by the Scots on their backs, and dropped at whatever point the owner's strength gave out. In one of these two-room tenements the young couple set up housekeeping, with one slave presented by the colonel.

But young Marshall, with his usual sound judgment, had chosen the very place to make his living and reputation: a rapidly growing capital, where the best legal talent of the state was concentrated, and where a Wythe, a Car-

ington, and a Pendleton sat on the Supreme bench. 'Great bars make great judges,' observed the late John Chipman Gray. 'Chief Justice Marshall would never have reached his summit alone, nor if his early legal associates had been a company of ignorant and pettifogging attorneys.'

The next fifteen years were the formative period of Marshall's life, when the ideas suggested by his war experience became settled convictions. His immediate entrance into the State Legislature, he afterward wrote, revealed a slackness in administration, and conditions approaching anarchy in the organization of the government, which explained our inefficiency in the conduct of the war. 'The general tendency of State politics convinced me that no sage and permanent remedy could be found but in a more efficient and better organized General Government.'

Another young officer and lawyer, Alexander Hamilton, was making similar observations in the North, and reached the same conclusion. Thousands of propertied Americans were being taught in the same school of experience. But some startling event was necessary to spur them to action. That event was a popular uprising in Massachusetts.

Shays's Rebellion proved an acid test of radical and conservative. The lifelong conflict of Jefferson and Marshall is foretold by their 'reactions.' Jefferson hoped we should never be twenty years without such a rebellion — and Jefferson almost had his wish. 'What country can preserve its liberties if their rulers are not warned from time to time that their people preserve the spirit of resistance? . . . The tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of patriots and tyrants.'

Marshall's comment is equally significant. 'These violent, I fear bloody,

dissensions in a state I had thought inferior in wisdom and virtue to no one in the union, added to the strong tendency which the politics of many eminent characters among ourselves have to promote private and public dishonesty, cast a deep shade over the bright prospect which the revolution in America and the establishment of our free governments had opened to the votaries of liberty throughout the globe. I fear, and there is no opinion more degrading to the dignity of man, that these have truth on their side who say that man is incapable of governing himself.'

These words were written at the age of thirty-one, and to General James Wilkinson, of all people! Marshall thereby announces his enrollment with the Federalists, the men who made it their task to bridle and tame the wild forces let loose by a revolution begun in the name of the rights of man.

The next year found Marshall a delegate to the Virginia Convention called to pass upon the new Federal Constitution. Already enough states had ratified to put it into effect; but an American Union without Virginia would have been like a League of Nations without America. In what are perhaps the most fascinating chapters in his book, Senator Beveridge describes at length the debates of the Convention; and seldom if ever in our history has debate been of such high quality and character. Virginia was suspicious of the Constitution. A snap vote at the opening session would have brought certain rejection. 'Had the influence of character been removed, the intrinsic merits of the instrument would not have secured its adoption,' Marshall afterwards wrote. The influence of Washington and Randolph, the patient arguments of Madison and Marshall, and, it must be added, some rather questionable manipulation, finally secured a majority of ten for the Union.



## IV

When Washington was inaugurated, Marshall was in his thirty-fourth year. His mind was like an etcher's plate ready for the acid bath. The lines were already scratched. Time and experience acted as a mordant to bite them in. Elsewhere, the waxy 'ground' of prejudice repelled new impressions. Belief in government for the people; distrust in government of or by the people; hatred of slackness, dishonesty, and disloyalty; love of orderly and efficient administration; belief in the sanctity of property rights and of contracts; a profound conviction that only a strong national government could curb the democratic and anarchical tendencies of the states — these were the principles that John Marshall held from the seventeen-eighties to the eighteen-thirties. His political education was complete, for he was now receptive only to those teachings that confirmed and strengthened his opinions.

The next few years brought many such lessons. First the French Revolution, driving a 'red-hot plowshare through our history.' News of the great *journées* of 1792, and the war of all peoples against all kings, produced a hysterical enthusiasm which confirmed Marshall's low opinion of popular wisdom. Then came word that made the Revolution a dividing line in American politics. War had begun between England and France, and Citizen Genet arrived to demand full execution of the treaty of alliance.

To one side of the furrow moved Washington, Hamilton, Marshall, and all who wished peace and ordered liberty; to the other moved Jefferson, Madison, the State of Virginia, and all who feared government more than they did anarchy. The party alignment which stood until 1815 was completed. To Marshall, as to all Federalists,

French Jacobinism seemed dangerous to liberty and property in the same measure that Bolshevism threatens the standing order of to-day. Thomas Jefferson, on the contrary, 'would have seen half the earth desolated' rather than the failure of the Revolution. For him, the great danger to America was the financial *entente* with Britain, which he believed Hamilton had concluded. As Jefferson thought, so thought most plain Americans.

On Marshall, mainly, fell the hopeless task of defending Washington's policy of neutrality in Washington's native state. One would think that French equality, after the horrors of Santo Domingo, would have found few partisans in Virginia; but Virginia still deemed her social system invulnerable. Those 'enthusiastic notions' which Marshall had shed in the army were still prevalent. Virginia still owed more than two million pounds to British capitalists, and suspected the efforts of Hamilton to create an American moneyed power. Consequently 'our distinguished anarchists,' as Colonel Carrington called Jefferson and Madison, were able to swing a slave-owning aristocracy to the Jacobin cause. Jay's treaty of 1794 completed their work. Washington reluctantly signed that humiliating document, as the alternative to war; but Virginia concluded, with Jefferson, that the hair of our American Samson had been 'shorn by the harlot England.'

Here, again, Virginia's opinion ran counter to her true interests. Jay's treaty shifted the pre-war indebtedness of her planters onto the United States. Marshall was disgusted by this perverse attitude of his native state, and exasperated by the personal abuse to which his support of Washington exposed him. 'Seriously,' he writes a friend in 1794, 'there appears to me every day to be more folly, envy, malice, and damn rascality in the world

than there was the day before, and I do verily begin to think that plain downright honesty and unintriguing integrity will be kicked out of doors.'

The defense of Washington's administration in Virginia was not wholly an ungrateful task. The President offered Marshall in succession the attorney-generalship, the War Department, and the State Department. But Marshall's family was growing, his law practice brought in the then enormous income of five thousand dollars a year, and his environment was congenial. Social ostracism was the penalty for political heresy in Federalist New England, but Virginia politics were not conducted with that fierce Puritan intolerance. Despite his Federalism, Marshall's social and professional preëminence in Richmond was unquestioned. He occupied a comfortable brick house, entertained hosts of friends, and had no temptation to leave.

This formative period in Marshall's opinions was also the acquisitive period in his education. During his active career at Richmond he gathered the knowledge from which his wisdom was expressed. For I wish, with a layman's rashness, to put forth the opinion that Marshall was learned as well as brilliant in the law. Tradition has it otherwise, and Senator Beveridge accepts tradition. Marshall's formal legal education amounted, as we have seen, to very little. But his hundred-page note to the case of *Mandeville vs. Riddle*, in 1803, for instance, shows a profound knowledge of both common and civil law. His great decisions on international law could not have been made without a thorough study of such books and precedents as existed. President Adams, after an interview with Marshall on the eve of his French mission, in 1797, wrote that his appointee was 'learned in the law of nations.' Senator Beveridge, who does not accept this

opinion, imagines Marshall acquiring a cheap reputation by listening politely while the President expounded. But John Adams was never known to overrate the ability of anyone but an Adams. That a young Virginian, in particular, could have bluffed him on international law is unthinkable!

Marshall did not parade his learning. He acquired knowledge easily and quickly, digested everything that he read or heard, and by disciplined and systematic thinking was able to reach conclusions from data stored in the recesses of his memory, instead of having to consult indexes and the reports. As William Wirt wrote in 1806, his mind was an 'inexhaustible quarry from which he draws his materials and builds his fabrics.' His arguments and decisions flowed smoothly, without effort. Only the results appear. It is true that Marshall does not belong with his younger colleague, Story, in the first rank of legal scholars. His strongest intellectual points were his power of analysis, his faculty of close and logical reasoning, and his intuitive perception of justice. But these qualities alone would not have made him great. Men of intellect without knowledge have occasionally reached a higher place than Marshall's. They have always been found out, sooner or later.

It was a mission to Paris that tested Marshall's combination of sound knowledge and keen intellect. He was forty-two years old when he accepted a commission from President Adams for the difficult and delicate task of adjusting our relations with the French Republic. Save for his army service and two brief visits to Philadelphia, he had never been out of Virginia. In contrast, the other two commissioners were older men, of wealth and wide experience. Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, of the famous Charleston family, had been educated at Westminster, Oxford, the

Inns of Court, and Caen. Elbridge Gerry was a Harvard graduate, a political pupil of Samuel Adams, and an officer-holder since 1772. Yet the provincial Virginian not only eclipsed his colleagues, but carried off the honors in a clash with Talleyrand, the keenest diplomat of Europe.

Marshall kept the records of the negotiation, and drafted all the formal notes. These fully justify the President's estimate of his ability. But, as John Quincy Adams remarked, European governments are 'accustomed to reason so little, and so much to force, that a victory over them of mere logic is as easy as it is insignificant.' The French Directory, irremovable at home and invincible abroad, was in no mood to negotiate on equal terms. Talleyrand believed that he could avoid an issue until the French spoliations destroyed our merchant marine, and Spain was forced to retrocede Louisiana. To gain time, he refused to receive the Americans officially.

In the meantime, Talleyrand sent the dubious trio best known as Messrs. X., Y., and Z., to play upon the fears of the envoys, and to sound their pockets. A bribe, a loan, and an apology for President Adams's patriotism were demanded as prerequisites for the privilege of negotiating with Talleyrand. Pressed for an alternative, Monsieur Y. hinted at the power of the French party in America, and lightly touched upon the fate of sundry small nations which had defied or resisted the French Republic.

These importunities and threats made a deep impression on Elbridge Gerry, who had come to Paris obsessed with the idea of peace at any price. They did not in the least disturb Marshall. 'Our case is different from that of the minor nations of Europe,' he told Monsieur Y. 'They were unable to maintain their independence and did not ex-

pect to do so. America is a great, and, so far as concerns her self-defense, a powerful nation.'

It was Marshall, moreover, who discovered the weak spot in his adversary's armor. France could not afford to risk a war which would force America into the arms of England. 'No consideration would be sufficiently powerful to check the extremities to which the temper of this government will carry it, *but an apprehension that we may be thrown into the arms of Britain,*' wrote Marshall to General Washington at Mount Vernon.

Through the mist of language and intrigue, he had detected the vital spot of Talleyrand's American policy. Talleyrand would go far, but not so far as to risk an alliance of America's potential with Britain's actual sea-power.

On this assumption, Marshall and Pinckney acted. After obtaining official assurance that an unneutral loan must precede any negotiation, they left Paris. Gerry, who fondly believed his presence necessary to prevent war, remained behind.

## V

On his return to America, in June, 1798, John Marshall found himself a national figure. President Adams had published the X. Y. Z. despatches. Preparedness measures were being rushed through Congress, naval reprisals on French warships had already begun, a national spirit was fast growing. Marshall was escorted into Philadelphia by three troops of cavalry, and given a banquet at which 'Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute,' was first uttered. The President offered him a seat in the Supreme Court; but he preferred to return to his law practice.

The X. Y. Z. papers were the heaviest blows that were ever dealt Thomas Jefferson. From the moment of their

disclosure dates his implacable enmity to Marshall. Jefferson, to be sure, had already condescended to note the dangerous abilities of his young cousin. He had once attempted to kick Marshall upstairs, into a seat on the Supreme Bench of Virginia; and, that failing, had attacked his character in private letters.

But the diplomacy of Marshall discredited the party which had based its foreign policy on the virtues of the French Republic. Jefferson was able to retrieve himself through the folly of the Federalists; but he never forgave Marshall those dark days of 1798, when his ablest lieutenants in Congress, shunned and despised like pro-Germans of 1918, had to slink home and kindle a backfire of State Rights. Marshall in return considered Jefferson a demagogue, a hypocrite, and a traitor. We must read Mr. Beveridge's careful account of the Marbury case and the Burr Conspiracy to appreciate the influence of this mutual distrust on American history.

It now remained to be seen how the Federalists would use their diplomatic victory. They began by a costly war programme, based on the expectation that France would not only declare war, but attempt an invasion. Marshall, strangely enough, was partially responsible for this false assumption. Forgetting his Paris inspiration, he expressed the opinion, on his return, that France would declare war upon the publication of the despatches.<sup>1</sup> France, of course, did nothing of the sort. Talleyrand, fearing an Anglo-American *entente*, at once began conciliatory overtures which made an impression of sincerity on

<sup>1</sup> *Life and Correspondence of Rufus King*, II, 543. George Cabot is our authority for the statement. He was astonished that Marshall 'should have attributed to the French such miserable policy.' The sage of Brookline had in some respects a more penetrating intellect than John Marshall's; but he refused to place it at his country's service. — THE AUTHOR.

President Adams. In the meantime, the heavy taxes required to meet an invasion which never came furnished Jefferson with much-needed campaign material.

The X. Y. Z. mission deepened Marshall's distrust of the French Revolution and of democracy. But, unlike most Federalist leaders, he did not let himself be stampeded into an anti-Jacobin crusade. He opposed a fatal move in political strategy, the Alien and Sedition acts of 1798. That attempt to deal with Jacobinism seems puny and half-hearted, in the light of the present anti-Bolshevist crusade. President Adams never expelled an alien. Less than a dozen offenders were brought to trial under the Sedition Act. The sentences were mild in comparison with those meted out by the Federal judiciary to-day. But the American Revolution was then too close for an American government to suppress free speech with impunity. Hamilton and Marshall both realized this, and the latter voted for the repeal of the acts. This brought him the abuse of the Essex Junto — the 'hundred per-cent Americans' of 1798. 'The Virginia Federalists are little better than half-way Jacobins,' wrote Benjamin Goodhue of Massachusetts.

A few months later John Adams made the discovery that Hamilton was jockeying for an opportunity to become the Bonaparte of America. The President dared to take upon himself the responsibility of peace with France, dared further to dismiss Hamilton's supporters from the Cabinet, and to appoint Marshall, the 'half-way Jacobin,' Chief Justice of the United States. Through that appointment Adams intrenched in the Federal government the one enduring principle of the Federal party — the supremacy of national over local interests.

With his long and remarkable incum-

bency of the supreme judicial office we are not here concerned. We would only remind the student of his judicial career that there is no such thing as an abstract justice, insulated from the social conceptions of the judge. Underlying Marshall's constitutional decisions were the settled beliefs matured by twenty years' contact with men and revolutions. To the Supreme Bench he carried opinions which, until the end of his life, were at variance with those of the American people as a whole, and

he did not hesitate to impose those opinions when he believed them to be consistent with law and justice.

Marshall considered himself a trustee of Washington's nationalism, until such time as the popular heart should beat in harmony with the Farewell Address. The years have justified his steadfastness. Will they deal as gently with the efforts of his successors to embalm mid-nineteenth-century conceptions of property in our fundamental law?

## SONNET

BY ROBERT NATHAN

I AM no stranger in the house of pain;  
 I am familiar with its every part,  
 From the low stile, then up the crooked lane  
 To the dark doorway, intimate to my heart.  
 Here did I sit with grief and eat his bread,  
 Here was I welcomed as misfortune's guest,  
 And there's no room but where I've laid my head  
 On misery's accommodating breast.  
 So, sorrow, does my knocking rouse you up?  
 Open the door, old mother; it is I.  
 Bring grief's good goblet out, the sad, sweet cup;  
 Fill it with wine of silence, strong and dry.  
 For I've a story to amuse your ears,  
 Of youth and hope, of middle age and tears.



# THE GOING-AWAY OF THE GIRL WHO HAS NO SEEING

## FROM THE JOURNAL OF OPAL WHITELEY

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ of this Chapter of the Journal

|                                                       |                                                       |
|-------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------|
| BRAVE HORATIUS, the shepherd dog.                     | CLEMENTINE, the Plymouth Rock hen.                    |
| ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, a cow.                    | ANDROMEDA, her sister hen.                            |
| MATHILDE PLANTAGENET, a pet calf.                     | NAPOLEON, the Rhode Island Red Rooster.               |
| LARS PORSENA OF CLUSIUM, a crow.                      | MENANDER EURIPIDES THEOCRITUS THUCYDIDES, a pet lamb. |
| THOMAS CHATTERTON JUPITER ZEUS, a most dear wood-rat. | LOUIS II, LE GRAND CONDÉ                              |
| LUCIAN HORACE OVID VIRGIL, a toad.                    | FELIX MENDELSSOHN                                     |
| APHRODITE, the mother-pig.                            | NANNERL MOZART                                        |
| SOLOMON GRUNDY, a pet pig.                            | WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, a little bird.           |
| ANTHONYA MUNDY, his sister.                           |                                                       |

### *Seven Years Old*

Now is the fourth day come. And we are going goes to the house of the girl who has no seeing. All the morning hours there was works to do to help the mamma. Afternoon is now come, and we go.

We did. First I did make begins to get us all together. Brave Horatius was waiting by the back steps. Lars Porsena of Clusium was near unto him. Lucian Horace Ovid Virgil was under the front doorstep. Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus was back of the house in his home of sticks that he does have likes for. I did help Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus to build that home. I had sees in the woods of how other wood-rats do have their houses builded of sticks and some sticks and some more sticks. To-day, when I did squeak calls for Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus to come out of his house, he did come out, and he did crawl upon my shoulder and cuddle his nose up close to my curls.

We made a start. We went by the

nursery to get Nannerl Mozart. We went on. Menander Euripides Theocritus Thucydides was playing close by the pasture-bars. He is a very jumpy lamb. He did jump a long jump to meet us to-day, and his tail did wiggle more wiggles. We went adown the lane. We made a stop to get Solomon Grundy and his little sister Anthonya Mundy that has not got as much curl in her tail as Solomon Grundy. We went out along the road. They was a sweet picture. I made a stop to look at them all — some running ahead and some behind. They all did wear their pink ribbons that the fairies did bring. Solomon Grundy and Anthonya Mundy and Menander Euripides Theocritus Thucydides all did wear divides of the ribbon that was the ribbon that dear William Shakespeare used to wear. And they all did have joy feels as they had knows they was going on a visit to visit the girl that has no seeing. She has love for them. And we did go in a hurry on. I did feel a big amount of satisfaction that I have such a nice family.

Lars Porsena of Clusium did ride most of the way on the back of Brave Horatius. His appears are not what they was before he did lose his tail-feathers. I am praying prayers every day for him to get a new tail soon. When we were all come near to the house of the girl that has no seeing, we did walk right up to the door, and I stepped three steps back and three hops over and three steps up to the door, so she would have knows we was come. We had knows only she would be there because this day is the going-to-town day of her people. I stepped more steps. Brave Horatius barked more barks for her coming. And Solomon Grundy squealed his most nice baby-pig squeal. We did listen listens. She had not coming to the door. I sat on the steps to wait waits. I so did for some time long. While we did have waits I did sing to Brave Horatius and Solomon Grundy and all of them songs of Nonette and Iraouaddy and more songs Angel Father did teach me to sing. All my pets do have likes for those songs. To-day Brave Horatius did bark a bark when I was done and Solomon Grundy did squeal his baby-pig squeal again. I had wonders why she did not come.

After by-and-by I did go sit on the gate-post to wait waits. It was a long time. A man on a horse went by. Another man went by. He had asks what for was I sitting on the gate-post. I did tell him I was waiting waits for the coming of the girl that has no seeing. He did look away off to the hills. Then he started to say something but he swallowed it. He looked off to the hills again. Then he did say, 'Child, she won't come back. She is gone to the graveyard.' I did smile a sorry smile upon him, because I had knows he did n't know what he was talking about when he did say she won't come back. It is not often she goes anywhere, and

when she does, she always does come back. I told him I knew she would come back. I waited some more waits. Then it was time for my pets to be going back, because it would not do for the chore boy not to find Solomon Grundy and Anthonya Mundy in the pig-pen. I will go goes again to-morrow to see the girl that has no seeing, for I have knows she will come again home to-night in starlight-time.

When Solomon Grundy and Anthonya Mundy did have their pink ribbons off and was again in the pig-pen, the rest of us did have going to the cathedral for songs and prayers. I did pray that the girl that has no seeing may not stub her toe and fall when she comes home to-night by starlight-time. And Brave Horatius did bark Amen.

Early on this morning I went again to the house of the girl who has no seeing. There were little singings everywhere — sky and hills and the willows were whispering little whispers by Nonette. I went in a quick way down along the lane and in along the fields until I was come near unto her house. I cuddled Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus more close in my arms, and I tiptoed on the grass. Menander Euripides Theocritus Thucydides did make little jumps beside me. And Brave Horatius come a-following after. I made a stop by the window that I always do make stops by, and I rapped six raps on the window-pane. Six raps means, 'Come on out — we are come.' I had no hears of her steps a-coming like they always do. I put my hands above my eyes so I could see inside the window. She was not there. Nobody was. I did tap six more raps. She did not come.

I went on around by the lilac bush. I crawled in under it to wait waits for her coming. Two men were talking by the fence. One did say, 'It is better so.'

I had wonders what did he mean. The other man did say, 'A pit tea it was she could n't have had a little sight to see that brush fire ahead.' And I had hears of the other one say, 'Prob able lea the smell of the smoke caused her worry about the fire coming to the house, and prob able lea she was trying to find out where it was when she walked right into it.' And the other man did have asks if she was con chus after. And the other one did say, 'Yes.'

I listened more listens to their queer talk. I had wonders what did it all mean. Another man did come in the gate. He came to where they was. He put his hand on a fence-post. There was a green caterpillar close by him on a bush, but he had not seeing of it. He did begin to talk. First thing he said was, 'When Jim went by here last even, that child was sitting on the gate-post. She was waiting for her to come back.' He said more — he said, 'Jim told her she was gone to the graveyard, but she said she knew she would come back.'

Why, that was what I told that man. It all did sound queer. I heard them say some more. Then I had understanding. I had knows then it was the girl that has no seeing they was having talks about, because I was waiting waits for her on yesterday when the man did tell me that. I felt queerness in my throat and I could n't see, either. I could n't see the green caterpillar on the leaf by the man that said it. And Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus had looks like a gray cloud in my arms. More the men said. They talked it all over again. They said she smelled the smoke of the brush fire, and not having sees of it, she did walk right into it and all her clothes did have fire — and then she ran — and her running did make the fire to burn her more — and she stubbed her toe and fell. She fell in a place where there was mud and water. She was rolling in it when they found

her. And all the fire-pains that was did make her moan moans until hours after, when she died. They said she died. And I could not see Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus or Brave Horatius or anything then.

When after while I did come again in the way that goes to the house we live in, I did have sees of the little fleurs along the way that she so did love. I have thinks they were having longings for her presence. And I so was, too. But I do have thinks her soul will come again to the woods. And she will have sees of the blooming of the fleurs in the field she has loves for. I go now to write a message on a leaf for her like I do to Angel Father and Angel Mother. I will put one by the ferns and I will tie one to a branch of the singing fir tree. And I will pray that the angels may find them when they come a-walking in the woods. Then they will carry them up to her in heaven there.

In the morning of to-day, being as I could not get the fence down about the pig-pen so Aphrodite could get out to go to service in the cathedral, I did have decides to have cathedral service in the pig-pen.

I brought large pieces of moss and lovely ferns. I got a wood-box so Brave Horatius could get in. After he was in the pig-pen I did use the box for an altar. I lay moss upon it and ferns about it. While I was fixing it, Lars Porsena did perch on my shoulder and he stayed there for service. Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus nestled by my side. Solomon Grundy and Anthonya Mundy, who has n't as much curl in her tail as Solomon Grundy, these lay by their mother Aphrodite and me and all the other little pigs. I sat on a board and Clementine did perch on the edge of the feeding trough. In its middle was her sister hen Andromeda. Felix Mendelssohn did snuggle up in my right apron pocket. And in the left apron

pocket was that lovely toad, Lucian Horace Ovid Virgil.

After some long time, when we all did get settled down to quietness, I did start service. It took a long time to get quietness because the dear folks were n't use to having cathedral service in the pig-pen. After the third hymn I did preach the morning sermon. I did choose for my text: 'I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills.' I had to peek through the pig-pen fence to do it, for it did have more tallness than I did have. I lifted most all the congregation up to have a peek. I did lift them one at a time. And so they saw and lifted up their eyes unto the hills, but most of them did n't. They looked in different ways. Some saw God's goodness in the grass, and some did see it in the trees, and Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus did not have seeing for more than for the piece of cheese I did have hid in my sleeve for him. He gave his cheese squeak. I gave him a nibble. Then we had prayers.

Very early in the morning of to-day I did get out of my bed, and I did get dressed in a quick way. Then I climbed out the window of the house we live in. The sun was up and the birds were singing. I went my way. I did have hearing of many voices. They were the voices of earth glad for the spring. They did say what they had to say in the growing grass and in the leaves just growing out from tips of branches. The birds did have knowing, and sang what the grasses and leaves did say of the gladness of living. I, too, did feel glad feels from my toes to my curls.

I went down by the swamp — I went there to get reeds. There I saw a black bird with red upon his wings. He was going in among the rushes. I made a stop to watch him. I have thinks tomorrow I must be going in among the rushes where he did go. I shall pull off

my shoes and stockings first, for mud is there and there is water. I like to go in among the rushes, where the black birds with red upon their wings do go. I like to touch finger-tips with the rushes. I like to listen to the voices that whisper in the swamp, and I do so like to feel the mud ooze up between my toes. Mud has so much of interest in it — slippery feels, and sometimes little seeds that some day will grow into plant-folk if they do get the right chance. And some were so growing this morning. And more were making begins. I did have seeing of them while I was looking looks about for reeds.

With the reeds I did find there I did go a-piping. I went adown the creek and out across the field and in along the lane. Every stump I did come to I did climb upon. By-and-by I was come near unto the house we live in. I thought it would be nice to go adown the path and pipe a forest song to the mamma of the gladness of the spring. When the mamma met me piping in the path, she did turn me about to the way that does lead to the house we live in. She so did with switches. She made me to stop piping the song of the forest, but it did n't go out of my heart.

When we was come into the house, the mamma did tell me works to do, and then she went with the little girl and the baby and some lace she was making for a skirt for the baby, all to the house of Elsie. I did make begins on the works. I like to be helps to the mamma. I like to sing while I have works to do. It does so help. After I did scrub the steps and empty the ashes and fill the wood-box and give the baby's clothes some washes, — all as the mamma did say for me to do, — then I made prepares to take Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus to visit Dear Love. She has kind thoughts of him, and it is four whole days since she has seen him. First I brought out his nice

pink ribbon that the fairies did bring to him. I hung it on a branch of willow. Then I did sit down. I had only a half a Castoria bottle full of warm water, so I did have needs to be careful in the use of it. First I did wash his beautiful white paws. I dried them on my apron as I did forget to bring his little towel. Dear Love made that little towel for him. It is like her big bath-towel. And she marked his initials on it with red ink, like big Judd has a bottle of at school. She put a dot after each letter. It is T. C. J. Z. on his bath-towel. When I do have thinks about that nice little bath-towel of his, I do give his paws a wash, and if I have not the towel with me, I do dry them with my apron. So I did to-day, and we did go our way to the little house of Dear Love, by the mill by the far woods. In our going we went among the great trees, along little paths between tall ferns, and we went over logs.

When we were come near unto the house of Dear Love, she did come to meet us. She gave me two kisses, one on each cheek, and one on the nose. She so does every time now since that day when she did give me one on each cheek and I did tell her Sadie McKinzie does give me one on the nose, too. She was so glad to see Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus. We had a very nice visit. We did sit on an old log under a big tree, and there was some vines growing by that log, and we did have talks. I did tell her how I was praying on every day for her baby to come real soon. And we did see a chipmunk that has some nice stripes on its back, and I told her I was putting it into my prayer for the angels to bring a baby brush with blue fleurs on it, and a cradle-quilt with a blue bow on it, when they do bring her baby; because I did have thinks a blue fleur on its baby brush and a blue bow on its cradle-quilt would look nicer with its red hair than pink ones would

look. And she had thinks like my thinks, and we saw a caterpillar. Some caterpillars grow into butterflies. All caterpillars do not. Some grow into moths.

When I was coming my way home through the far woods from the house of Dear Love, I saw more chipmunks and I saw her husband. He was fixing a log. His hat — it was not on him. It was on a stump a little way away. He was most busy. His sleeves were up in a roll unto his arms' middle. He made bends over as he did work at that log. A little fern by his foot had its growing up to the fringes on the legs of his overalls. The sun did come in between the grand trees, and it did shine upon his head. I so do like to see the sun shine upon the hair of the husband of Dear Love. I kept most still as I did go along, and I did look looks back. The sunbeams yet did shine upon his head.

When I did come more near unto the house we do live in, I did see a squirrel in a *chêne* tree. He was a lovely gray squirrel. I came more near unto the tree. I looked more looks at that gray squirrel sitting out on a limb. His tail was very bushy. It has many, many hairs on it. I did look at his tail, and I did look at the tail of my beautiful Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus. The hairs he does have on his tail, they are not so many as are the hairs on the tail of that big gray squirrel. When I did look looks from his tail to the tail of my dear Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus, I did have some wishes that there was as many hairs on his tail as are on the tail of that gray squirrel.

While I so did think, Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus did nestle more close in my arms, and I was glad for him as he is. He is so lovely and his ways are ways of gentleness. We went on along the dim trail. There by the dim trail grow the honeysuckles. I nod to them as I go that way. In the day-



time I hear them talk with sunbeams and the wind. They talk in shadows with the little people of the sun. And this I have learned — grown-ups do not know the language of shadows. Angel Mother and Angel Father did know, and they taught me. I wish they were here now — here to listen with me. I do so want them. Sometimes they do seem near. I have thinks sometimes kind God just opens the gates of heaven and lets them come out to be guardian angels for a little while. I wonder if honeysuckles grow about the gates of heaven. I've heard they are made of precious jewels. I have thinks there will be flowers growing all about. Probably God brought the seed from heaven when he did plant the flowers here on earth. Too, I do think when angels bring babies from heaven to folks that live here below, they do also bring seeds of flowers and do scatter them about. I have thinks that they do this so the babies may hear the voices of the loving flowers and grow in the way of God.

To-day I did n't get to finish the exploration trip over the river because, just as I was starting around the house-corner after I did do my morning work early, the mamma grabbed me. She did tie me to the wood-shed corner with a piece of clothes-line. So we could n't play together, she did tie to another corner that very wise crow Lars Porsena of Clusium. To the corner beyond the next corner, to the corner that was the most long ways off, she did tie him. But we played peek-a-boo around the middle corner. I'd lean just as far over as I could, with the rope a-pulling back my arms. Real quick, I'd stretch my neck and peek and nod to Lars Porsena of Clusium. Then he of Clusium would flutter and say, 'How-do-you-do,' in squeaky crow-tones.

The day was growing warm. When

it grew awful hot, my arms did have feelings too sore to lean over any more. I sat down by the wood-shed wall and I did watch the passers-by. First went along Clementine, the Plymouth Rock hen. Then along stepped Napoleon, the Rhode Island red rooster. By-and-by I did hear Solomon Grundy squeaking in the pig-pen. Then a butterfly did rest on the handle of the pump where I did have longings to be. The wee mother hummingbird never left her nest on the lower oak limb. I could see her bill. I did have hopes Brave Horatius would come marching by. I called and I did hear his whine afar off. Then I knew he was tied up, too.

Another Plymouth Rock hen came walking by. Over in the shade by the old root was a *canard*. He did have a sleepy look. And I did have a sleepy feel. I looked a short look at the sky. A *merle* was flying over. I looked looks afar off, then I did look near. The old black cat sat on the doorstep. He had a saucer of milk, and then he did wash his face. I would have been glad if he did come over to see me. But I have n't made up with him since he did catch the baby robin.

I forgot the cat when a snake did crawl around the stump — one with stripes on it. I did have thinks it might at least have come nearer that I might count the stripes on its back. But it did go under the house. A grasshopper came hopping along. I stuck out my foot and he did hop over it. Through the slats of the chicken-coop I could see the mother hen with her young ducklings. I did have longings to cuddle them in my apron, and I did want to take them down to the brook. I was having very sad feels.

The sun got hotter and hotter. And pretty soon I did have queer feels in the head and the middle. Then my nose did begin to bleed. I felt all choked up and sticky. And every time I gave my

head a shake to get a good breath, my curls did get mixed up with the nose-bleed. Pretty soon the mamma passing by did see my apron with blood upon it and she untied me. After she did souse me in the tub under the pump, I felt better. My arms did tingle where the rope was tied.

After that I went to bed, and near supper-time the mamma did call me to wash the stockings of the baby and the stockings of the other little girl. I had needs to climb upon a stump to hang the stockings out to dry. Then I set the table. While I was carrying in the wood, I did crawl under the house to find the snake with the stripes on his back; but he was n't there, so I don't know how many stripes he did have on his back. When the wood was all stacked up in the wood-box and the kindling under the stove, the mamma did say I might take the ducklings to the brook. That did make me very happy. All the way to the brook I did sing 'Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus, Dominus Deus, Te Deum laudamus.

There was *rosée* on the verdure everywhere this morning, and the sunbeams made all the drops to shine. And there was glory and gladness everywhere. When I did look upon it, I did have thinks to go explores down along Nonette and into forêt de Chantilly. But the mamma had not thinks like my thinks. She did tell me of the many works she did have for me to do, and I did go to do them. But as I did go about to do them, I did have thinks about the appears with *rosée* on them of the things that grow where Nonette flows. After morning works was done, the mamma did have me to mind the baby while she was making it a dress. I made out of the piece what was left a christening robe. I made it for a young rooster. It is n't the first one I have made for him. But the others he has got too big to wear, and

I have n't been able to catch him yet.

Before noontime the mamma did take the little girl and the baby and the dress she was making for the baby, and they all did go to the house of her mother. She did have me to help her to take them, and when they were come to the door of the house of her mother, I did come again home.

When I did eat my bowl of bread and milk, I did have thinks I would make portraits of the folks in the pasture and pig-pen this afternoon. I put more wood in the wood-box so it would be full when the mamma came home. Then I put four white poker chips in my apron pocket — one is for the portrait of the gentle Jersey cow. I will have to draw her head in a small way so the horns can go in the picture too. I have thinks that the people who made poker chips ought to have made them with more bigness, so there would be more room to put horns on the cows' pictures that one does draw on poker chips. One of the other three poker chips I did put into my apron pocket is to draw Aphrodite's portrait on. And one of them is to draw Elizabeth Barrett Browning's picture on. Now I go.

When I did get these pictures made, I did take them to a log in the near woods that has got a hollow place in it. There is room in this log for me to take naps in on rainy days, and in this log I do keep the white poker chips with pictures on them. In this log I do have a goodly number of white poker chips in rows, with portraits on them of the animal folks that do dwell here about. All my chums' pictures are there. There are five of Mathilde Plantagenet on three poker chips. And there are seven of William Shakespeare that I did draw in *automne* and *hiver* time. And, too, there are six of dear Peter Paul Rubens that was. Nine more white poker chips in a little pile under the root of a stump are waiting

waits to have portraits made on them. When I do get portraits made on most all the white poker chips I do have, then one of the logging men at the mill by the far woods does give me more white poker chips to draw more pictures of Aphrodite and Elizabeth Barrett Browning and all of us on.

The chore boy does have objects to my drawing pictures on his poker chips that he does hide in the barn. One day when I was in the barn singing songs to William Shakespeare, I did find the poker chips of the chore boy where he did hide them away. I had not knows whose they were, but the white ones all did lay there in a heap having askings for pictures to be drawn on them. So I did take some of them, and I did make portraits of Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus, and Louis II, le Grand Condé, and Brave Horatius. Then I did put them back in their places again. The day that was after that, I did take some more and I did make portraits on them. On them I did make portraits of Lars Porsena of Clusium and Lucian Horace Ovid Virgil and Nannerl Mozart and Felix Mendelssohn. Then I did carry them back to their place in the barn. They did look satisfaction looks there in that corner with portraits on them.

Then next day, when I was going down our lane by the barn, the chore boy did come by the gate. When I came through, he did give my curls a pull. He did say in a cross way, 'What for did you mark up my nice poker chips with your old pictures?' Then I did have knows they was his poker chips there in the barn. I did tell him the white ones had wants to have portraits on them, and it was to give them what they had wants for. I told him he better draw pictures on what white ones was left that did not have pictures on. I had thinks they would be lonesome. But the chore boy did not have thinks like my thinks. He said he had

more knows what poker chips want than I have thinks. He says poker chips want to be on a table in a game with men. I have thinks he has not knows what he is talking about. I have knows white poker chips do have wants for portraits to be drawn on them — portraits of Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus and Brave Horatius and Lars Porsena of Clusium and all the rest.

After I did put the four new portraits in the old log, I did follow a path that leads to a path that leads to a path that goes to the house of Elsie. I so went because I did have a little longing to rock again the baby's cradle. Elsie was making for her young husband a whipped cream cake. He has such a fondness for them. And she does make them for him as often as there is cream enough. She was stirring things together in the most big yellow bowl. She did stir them in a quick way. While she so did, the baby did have a wake-up. She said I might rock it in its cradle. I went in a quick way to do so. I did give its cradle little touches on its corner with my fingers, and it did rock in a gentle way. As the cradle so did rock back and forth in that gentle way, I did sing to the dear baby in it a little song. I did sing to it *le chant de fleurs* that Angel Father did teach me to sing, of *hyacinthe, éclaïre, nenufar, rose, iris et dauphinelle et oleandre et romarin, lis, eglantier, anemone, narcisse, et souci*. I did sing it four times over, and the baby did go to sleeps again. I do so love to watch it in its cradle.

Afterwards I went to look for thoughts. Every day now I do look for thoughts in flowers. Sometimes they are hidden away in the flower-bell, and sometimes I find them on a wild rose, and sometimes they are among the ferns, and sometimes I climb away up in the trees to look looks for them. So many thoughts do abide near unto us. They come from heaven and live among

the flowers and the ferns, and often I find them in the trees. I do so love to go on searches for the thoughts that do dwell near about.

Lola has got her white silk dress that she did have so much wants for, and it has a little ruffle around the neck and one around each sleeve like she had wants for it to have. It is nice she is a great lady now. She so did say at school she would be a great lady when she did have her white silk dress on. And too at school she did say the children would gather around her and sing, and they did. And she did say at school, when the children would gather around her and sing when she does have her white silk dress on — she did say then she would stand up and stretch out her arms and bestow her blessing on all of them like the deacon does to the people in the church in the mill town — but she did n't. She did n't even raise up her hands. She stayed asleep in that long box the whole time the children was marching around her and singing, 'Nearer My God to Thee,' and more songs. She did just lay there in that long box with her white silk dress on and her eyes shut and her hands folded and she was very still all the time.

Her sister did cry. I did walk up to her and touch her hand where she did sit in the rocking-chair. I did have asks if it was a white silk dress she was having wants for, too. And she patted my hand and I told her, maybe she would get a white silk dress soon too, and how nice it was Lola did have hers, what she had wants for, and the ruffles in its neck and sleeves. And Lola's sister did pat me on the head and went out to her kitchen, and I did go out of doors again.

And there was Brave Horatius by the steps, and I saw a yellow butterfly, and a little way away there was a mud-puddle. By the mud-puddle was a guêpe. She came. She went. Every

time she did come she did take a bit of mud. I did watch. When she was gone away a little hole was where she did take the mud. She did make comes again. It was for mud she did come every time. Last time I did follow after. It was a difficulty — the following after. She was so little a person and the way she did go — it was a quick way. And I had seeing she was making a cradle of mud for a baby guêpe to be. Then I went a little way back. I saw a white butterfly. I have wonders if Lola will wear her white silk dress to school when fall-time is come. I saw one more white butterfly. I looked more looks about. Among the grasses on a little bush there was a katydid. And its green was a pretty greenness. Its wings — they were folded close. And it was washing its front feet. I have thinks katydids do keep their feet most clean. They do wash them again and more times. I so do like to keep watches of the way the katydid does clean its face with its front foot. I have thinks to be a katydid would be an interest life.

When morning works was done, then I did go calling on the folks that wear sun-bonnets. I thought I better keep my sun-bonnet on my head being as I was going calling on sun-bonnet folks. First I went to the garden to visit the pea family. I shook hands all down the row and back up the other row. Then I went to call on their neighbors the beans. I did tell them about this day being the crowning day of Louis XIV in 1654 and the going-away day of Robert de Bruce in 1329. Then I did go out across the fields to have talks with Aphrodite and Solomon Grundy and Michael Angelo Sanzio Raphael. Then it was I saw the chore boy near unto the barn. He had a long stick. He was knocking down the homes of the swallows. There were broken cradles on the ground and there were grown-up swal-

lows about with distresses in their flying. That did make me to have so sad feels. I did tell him how dear are swallows, but he would have no listens.

Afterwards I did go goes to the house of Sadie McKinzie. As I did go along, I did have seeing of a little thing in the road ahead. It was a very little thing and it made little moves. They were only flutterings. It went not away from where it was. I did go in a hurry on. When I was come to it, I did have seeing it was a little bird. It was a little bird that was hurt by the step of a cow. I have thinks it was making a try to make a go across the road. I cuddled it up and I felt feels in my apron pocket and there was some mentholatum. And I gave it some applys and we went to the hospital. And I put it there on moss in a little soap-box room where nothing can come and bring it more hurts. And it did have likes for the water I gave it to drink in a thimble, and more likes it did have for the food I gave it to eat. I named it William Makepeace Thackeray.

Then I did go goes on to the house of Sadie McKinzie, and Brave Horatius and Lars Porsena of Clusium went goes with me. Lars Porsena of Clusium did ride part ways on the back of Brave Horatius. When we was come to the house of Sadie McKinzie, she was having troubles. Just when she did have her clothes all hung out, then the clothes-line did break and they all had falls on the ground. While she did gather them up, she did have talks to herself. She did say, "'T is a folly to fret; grief's no comfort.'" When her bread gets burns in the oven and the chickens bother on the porch and the clothes boil over on the stove and everything seems to go wrong, Sadie McKinzie has a way of saying, "'T is a folly to fret; grief's no comfort.'"

While she was giving more washouts to them clothes that did have a fall

while the clothes-line did break, she did sing. She sings on days when sunshine is. She sings on days when rain is. Sadie McKinzie always sings before the summer rain as does the robin.

To-day when she did have them clothes part hung on the line again, then it was the man that wears gray neckties and is kind to mice did come by on his way to the mill town. He had asks if there was anything she was having needs of that he could bring back. And she did say bacon and some soda and some more things what she had needs of for to cook with. While she told him, he did write it down. I breathed a big breathe when I did see him write it down, for he does write in the way that the fairies write. I said, 'Oh!' He did turn himself around. He did say, 'What is it, little one?' And I did tell him all in one breath. I did tell him, 'Oh, it's that you write in the way the fairies write that put things for me by the old log where the moss-box is.' Then he did smile and he looked a long look out the door. I have thinks he was thinking of the long-ago time when the fairies did teach him to write their way.

When he did start to go, I heard him say to Sadie McKinzie, 'I guess I will have to change my writing.' I most slipped off the chair I was sitting on the edge of. I had feels I better speak to him about it. I had feels of the sorry feels the fairies would feel when they had knowing he was not going to write in the way they did teach him to write. When he did tell me good-bye I did say, 'Please don't change your writing because you write the way the fairies do. I have thinks the way they write is lovely.' And he did smile his gentle smile. Then I did tell him how sorry I knowed the fairies would feel if he wrote not on in their way. Then he did say he guessed it would be a pretty hard thing — trying to write another way from that the fairies did teach him



to write. I have thinks it would so be. And to-night in my prayers I will thank God the fairies did teach the man that wears gray neckties and is kind to mice to write in their way. It is a very beautiful way. Some of the letters are like ripples on the water. I have longings to write as the fairies write.

The waters of the brook lap and lap. They come in little ripples over gray stones. They are rippling a song. It is a gentle song. It is a good-bye song to Lars Porsena of Clusium. The time now is when there is no Lars Porsena of Clusium. It was only on yesterday. It was near eventime when the mamma was gone to the house of her mother. I was making a go across the cornfield to see the tree-folks in the lane. Brave Horatius did follow after me. Lars Porsena of Clusium was going on a way ahead. His movements did look queer with his tail-fathers not growed out yet. He went on. He came a little way back to see if we was coming. Then he started on in a hurry way. I was watching him with joy feels in my heart. I was having thinks how nice it would be when he does get his new tail-feathers all growed out.

Brave Horatius did give a queer bark, and he pulled the corner of my apron. I looked looks about. There the chore boy was in a corner of the cornfield with a gun. He was pointing it out on the field. I had thinks he had not seeing of my dear Lars Porsena out there. I run a quick run to keep him from pulling that thing on the gun that makes the noise and pains. I hollered hollers at him about Lars Porsena of Clusium crossing the cornfield. When I was come to where the chore boy was, I did tell him he must not shoot that old gun — a ball in it might go so far as my dear Lars Porsena of Clusium.

He just laughed a laugh and he said — he did — that Lars Porsena was

nothing but a crow. And then he pointed that gun right at my own dear Lars Porsena of Clusium. The noise was a big awful cal lamb of tea. I had feels I was killed dead when I saw him fall. I ran a quick run. When I was come to him I found he was making little flutterings. When I did go to pick him up he was wet with much blood. I felt the shivers of his pains. I wrapped my apron around him so he would not have cold feels. There was much wetness upon my apron as I did go along. It was wetness of blood. The sky was more gray, and before I was come to the house we live in, the raindrops were coming down in a slow, sad way. I have thinks the sky was crying tears for the hurts of Lars Porsena of Clusium. And I was too.

I had longs for the man that wears gray neckties and is kind to mice to be come back again. He and other mill folks and Dear Love and her husband and Sadie McKinzie and her husband are all away gone until to-morrow eventime. I had not knows what to do for Lars Porsena of Clusium. This was not like that time he lost his tail. I did cuddle him up close in my arms and I washed off some of the blood, but more and more came. And sleepy feels were upon him. I wrapped my apron more close around him and I did sing songs to him about Ave Maria and 'Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus, Dominus Deus.'

After the mamma was gone to bed and sleeps, I did take Lars Porsena of Clusium to bed with me. He was so sleepy. I cuddled him up in my arms and we both did go to sleep, for tired feels was upon us. When I had wake-ups early on this morning, my own dear Lars Porsena was very cold, and he was very dead, and stiffness was upon him. I did have queer feels in my throat and pains feels all up and down me. I so did want him alive again to go explores.

When the mamma was most awake I

climbed out the bedroom window with him in a quick way. I went on. I did go until I was come to the lane. And I did go on down our lane until I was come to the tall fir tree, Good King Edward I. I lay Lars Porsena of Clusium near unto King Good Edward I, and I said a little prayer and I covered him over with moss. I now go to have his funer-

al at Dreux. Brave Horatius too does wait waits, and quiet is upon him. He has longs for Lars Porsena of Clusium to come perch on his back. And the winds are calling, and between the callings of the wind the willows do call down by the creek. They beckon and call to the soul of Lars Porsena of Clusium.

*(To be concluded)*

## THE GOLD-PIECE

BY HEARTY EARL BROWN

MISS ISA RANN laid the little jeweler's box on the table beside a battered Noah's Ark, and smiled slowly.

'Yes,' Mollie Braden answered her, 'the flood is n't a circumstance compared to life in the Braden family. They're out tearing up their father's stone-pile now, making an Alps out of it.' She nodded toward the bright-sweatered little figures who could just be seen through the open window tugging at some gray rocks.

Her visitor fingered the lean, humpless camel absently, and turned to go.

'We're much obliged, Mollie. I was telling mother you're a real benefactor to Green Valley. Only I think you ought to charge interest.'

'Pish!' the younger woman returned briskly, not without a trace of satisfaction in her tones. 'I'm glad if it helped you out.'

'They were a bargain,' Miss Isa continued, stepping toward the door and getting her sentence and herself off together; 'three quarters morocco and an awful lot of gilt; and they certainly do

look nice there between that blue set of Foreign Short Stories and the brown Shakespeares. You must come over to see them —'

But at that point a little gust of wind hurried her off the porch sooner than she had meant, and only the thin sound of her voice fluttered behind.

Mollie Braden opened the box for the sheer joy of seeing the round gold-piece snuggled in its wisp of pink cotton. Then she tucked it carefully away in her sewing-table drawer beyond the box of hooks and eyes. She could never decide whether it was a greater pleasure to lend it, with that little feeling of increased importance and self-respect rising within her as the grateful borrower accepted it, or to see its counterpart returning, and taste the flavor of a gracious deed pleasantly performed.

It had come to her a year before, labeled, 'For something you and the children need'; and had been spent a dozen times the first few days. What did n't they need? More shoes and less disreputable hats, and a pair of warm

blankets, and screens for the upstairs windows! So much for the physical needs, which Mollie Braden rather sniffed at. Unpleasant necessities they were, which could be managed some way. But her mind dwelt long on the possibility of a charmingly tender Madonna in a dull gilt frame, which should hang above the clock and prove a joy and an inspiration to them all. Children were touched by such things, she believed; and as she dragged them apart after some hand-to-hand encounter, with bloody noses and bumped heads, or marshaled them in at night to the evening rite of feet-washing, she felt that they had need of a softening influence. But before the week was out, Mrs. Bessey hurried in one evening to borrow ten dollars. Her husband had to catch the night train on a sudden errand, and the bank was closed, of course.

Dave Braden had looked embarrassed, remembering the quarter and ten-cent piece that jingled lonesomely in his trousers pocket.

'I—I don't have much money around,' he explained, reddening.

'I've got it right here,' his wife interposed; and then with sudden inspiration she added, 'I always keep a little on hand.'

It was the most heartening of moments, and kept her in a glow the whole evening. What did darned stockings and patched underwear matter when you had money that could be lent to anyone in need? The consciousness added so immensely to her self-respect that she hummed a merry little tune as she tucked the children in, and came downstairs with a comfortable feeling of superiority.

And presently all Green Valley had borrowed the gold-piece that Mollie Braden 'kept on hand.' The only stipulation was that it must come back in kind; for no greasy paper money was suffered to lie on the pink cotton. Jabe

Miller bought his seed-potatoes with it, being a 'trifle short'; and Abbie Barnes took advantage of a bargain in sugar before her rent came in. Mrs. Hooker paid it down as a first installment on a seal muff which her husband would finish buying at Christmas time; and Emma Taylor bought a new willow chair, reckoning confidently on her birthday money from her mother, still two months due.

The gold-piece became a comfortable margin for Green Valley's speculations, and really put life into business. Once it finished buying an engagement ring—alas, too late! for the lady had accepted a larger stone the evening before arrangements were completed. The unhappy purchaser, however, had the stone reset for himself, and wore it defiantly until he lost it down the bathroom plumbing where all the fishing in the world could never locate it.

That was the nearest to romance that the gold-piece had come; but one never knew what might turn up next in a town like Green Valley, where interesting and unusual things were always happening. Once Mollie almost made up her mind to offer it to her sister-in-law, who had been engaged five years. She had thought that a new hat tilted over Fannie's pretty nose might hurry things up a bit; but she had a horror of seeming to play Destiny, and the wedding came off of itself a little later.

After the coming of the gold-piece Mollie felt herself closer to all the life in Green Valley; it was a little shuttle that ran back and forth among them, and connected her with all the funny and intimate and tender happenings in town. Two months before, it had bought the finest batiste for the Crawford baby's dresses. The poor little thing had worn only one of them, and that in her tiny coffin; but Mary Crawford, returning the blue box, first wept out her grief in Mrs. Braden's sitting-room.

The return of the gold-piece to-day made imminent the solving of a knotty little problem, and Mollie sat down to it, tasting a luxurious sense of freedom from pressing necessities now that the dinner dishes were done and the berries cleaned for supper. Old Snyder had asked for the money next, but she had not promised, for there was an abstract question of justice to be decided first. Old Snyder lived on the outskirts of Green Valley and of civilization, in a gray, bulging, shed-like house which rumor declared housed both man and beast without discrimination, in the winter months. He was a disreputable object, spitting tobacco-juice from side to side as he stamped down the dusty road to town, his white beard waving in the wind. Mollie's children were afraid of him, but she herself had known him since the time he had plucked her out of a gnarled old apple tree by the side of the road, where she was hanging inverted, suspended between earth and heaven by her tiny skirts, like a pink hollyhock. Since then there had always been greetings between them, and Mollie often felt a conscious altruism as she bowed to this battered old son of Adam from the heights of respectability and a clean gingham dress. Now he wanted ten dollars to buy a calf. The calf would grow and become a source of profit, and Mollie should be repaid with 'entrust.' He had looked down at her as she hesitated, with a certain respect which only the possession of money earned; and Mollie realized that to him she was a financier and not a woman. As he spat at a big dandelion and turned for her answer, she was inspired to say, 'The gold-piece has n't come back yet. When it does, I'll think about it and let you know.'

So she was thinking about it. The possession of wealth, even ever so little wealth, entailed far-reaching responsibilities, she found. She wondered if so

dirty and altogether unregenerate a specimen of humanity deserved financial recognition along with the town's sober and conscientious citizens. Was it *right* to lend money to old Snyder, who never washed his face, just as you would to Abbie Barnes and Harvey Hooker? The same money too, so to speak! Would n't such a course encourage shiftlessness and a general letting-down of the bars of decency and proper conduct? What encouragement was there to right living if the credit of the clean and the church-going was no better than that of a man who slept and ate with his cattle?

A year before, Mollie would have stopped at this point; but since she had been lending money, she had had curious and baffling glimpses into other lives which had made her uncertain where she had formerly been sure in judgment. A shifting of her scale of values often left her bewildered and wondering. Sometimes, too, she thought herself a heartless woman, remembering that Evelyn was going without the gay hair-ribbons the other girls were wearing, and that George was teasing daily for a new Indian suit. Even Dave, her own Dave, was hankering for a peculiarly wonderful new tool which could be many things at almost one and the same time by a simple turn of the wrist. As for Old Snyder — she would like to know — there might have been reasons.

When Mollie started herself on a train of might-have-beens she knew she was lost. So she got up hurriedly and looked at the clock. She would have time before supper to walk over to his place and see for herself. She would go. She dropped the box in her pocket, seized her sun-hat, and stole quietly around the house in the soft grass, to escape the eyes of the busy workers in the stone-pile, and the hue and cry that would follow her detection.

The path to Old Snyder's lay through

a maple grove, where the shadows lay heavy and thick, and for a mile or two beside a tiny thread-like river. She and Dave Braden had canoed here so often before she was Dave Braden's wife that they knew every grotesque knotted old tree-root that crinkled to meet them in the still water by the bank. Once they had paddled to Colton, the county seat, and been so late that all Green Valley was burning anxious lights for them when they returned.

She laughed at the memory as she turned out of the grove and into the cleared space where Old Snyder's shanty hid itself behind a second growth of young saplings — a thin gray house, bulging at the end where the storms struck it, with staring windows whose broken panes were stuffed with limp and colorless rags. Old Snyder was sitting beside the door, on a box that stood like an island in the midst of a sea of mud, throwing corn at some ragged roosters; he still sat stolidly looking at Mollie as she picked her way among the heaps of compost and pools of slimy water toward him. A stillness hung about the dilapidated house and its dilapidated owner, like the stillness of slow decay; and when Old Snyder became animate at last, Mollie heard him speak with surprise.

'T ain't like walking on the boul-y-vard, coming to see me,' he said.

'Not exactly,' Mollie responded, with a lightness of manner she was far from feeling; for now that she had come she had a foolish sense of unpreparedness.

She walked past him, and peered through the open door at the sodden interior, where a hen or two clucked disconsolately among a heap of ragged quilts at the foot of a rusty cot.

'Hev you brought the money?' Old Snyder inquired, rising stiffly and following her.

'It's a dreadful place in there,' she exclaimed, half to herself.

'Some might think so,' — the old man's tone held a note of defiance, — 'but it's home to me.' Then he raised his voice as one speaking to the deaf or the deficient. 'Hev you brought the money?'

'Yes, I have.' Mollie faced him like an impeccable judge. 'But I don't think I'm going to lend it to you. I came to find out if there's any reason why I should.'

She was a long time finding out, and the trail led back and back forty years to the time when 'Ma' died. 'Ma' seemed to be responsible for it all — the dirt, the heedlessness, the neglect. 'We was a-getting along,' Old Snyder wound up every chapter of his narrative with querulous accusation, 'when Ma up and died.'

Mollie listened, wondering if she looked as much like Justice with the scales as she felt.

'Ma thought we'd get together enough to paint the house in the spring, and then she up and died.'

His usually silent tongue, now loosened through his desire of the gold-piece, wagged on and on, now pleading, now promising. At last they came to an agreement.

'If I come back next week this time, and find this place cleaned up so it's fit for a human being to step in, I'll lend you the money.'

The old man hesitated, but some latent energy, far-buried, spurred him on. 'I'll see what I can do, but it's kind a hard, all alone now, since Ma died.'

Mollie left him shaking his head dolefully, and turned into the cool grove, the pride of the reformer in her heart. It was fine to feel things moving before one, and moving in the right direction. How Green Valley would stare if Old Snyder did clean up! She must n't count too much on it, but still stranger things had happened. Perhaps he only



needed a spur. This was better than hair-ribbons that would soon be worn out, or tools that in the natural course of things must become broken and lost. When one became a wife and mother, one did n't have to lose one's sense of proportion, and be always grabbing at things for one's own. Perhaps there were bigger things than husbands and children. But Mollie's impersonality could not carry her quite that far, and a sudden longing to tell Dave all about it made her quicken her footsteps.

A little wind began to stir now, making shifting light patches on the path, and setting a cluster of blue phlox by the side of the stream in graceful, rhythmic movement. Mollie's eyes followed them lovingly, and then came to a full stop; for among them lay a young man, asleep, like a prince in a fairy tale, and beside him was a small canoe, brown and lissome.

Mollie stopped, blushing like a little girl, and began to walk on tiptoe lest she break the magic spell. But the wind in the flowers was making more noise than she; and almost at the same moment the young man opened large dark eyes and sat up. His hair curled back like that of the Greek gods in plaster, and his nose was straight and thin like theirs.

'I dreamed a nymph, and lo, the damsel came,' he remarked without embarrassment. 'Was it a far journey from the portals of sleep to this green glade? Surely not, for you have not even muddied your sandals.'

Mollie followed his glance to her comfortable oxfords, and her cheeks burned remembering her thirty-odd years and her married state, which for some time had protected her against frivolous masculinity; but she was too overcome to walk on. She shrank against a tree-trunk, looking shy and unmatronly, and feeling very unlike the fierce spirit who had just sat in judgment on Old

Snyder. And the young man remained looking at her so pleasantly and yet so fixedly, that presently she could not tell whether he had spoken at all, or whether these words which she had seemed to hear were only the gibberish of her imagination.

But the young man solved the question by speaking again, in a conversational tone. 'This would be perfect if there were only food. Is n't there — have n't you a loaf of bread and a pot of honey somewhere about you?

'I'm sorry, I have n't,' Mollie Braden said politely, uncertain whether to answer in kind, and not seeming to find the right words, though she was sure they were somewhere around, if she had only time to think. 'Is it a game?'

'A game for you, damsel, but sober earnest for a starving poet.' And leaping to his feet, he bowed in low and exaggerated fashion.

'A poet?' Mollie ejaculated, large-eyed; for in Green Valley poets were scarcer than wild creatures of the jungle, who did occasionally come to town in green and silver cages. Caged or uncaged, a poet had never penetrated into their midst, and Mollie had a great longing to capture this one and carry him back to the Green Valley Reading Circle.

Then, with sudden suspicions, she inquired, 'And do they print your poetry?'

At that the young man laughed long and merrily. 'With the instinct of your sex, damsel, you have indeed come to the point. They print it far too rarely, but they sometimes do.' He pulled out of his pocket a sheaf of leaves torn from magazines, and selected one. 'This has been printed. It is a rondeau. Listen!

'In after years I shall not care

To haunt some dusty mansion bare.

Think not my spirit will be found

Roaming some white-rowed burying-ground,  
Startling the good folk unaware.

'I shall not rise to wander where  
Wan willows fan the pensive air,  
An unfixed spirit, sorrow-crowned,  
In after years!

'But when the flute and fiddle rare  
Call to the dance each joyous pair.  
Where cheer and blooming health abound  
And young feet twinkle to the sound,  
Doubt not, my friend, that I'll be there,  
In after years.

'Those are my sentiments exactly.'  
The young man pirouetted on his heel.  
'I don't know what views you hold re-  
garding the immortality of our souls,  
but I hope you do not disapprove of  
mine.'

It was impossible not to catch the in-  
fection of his spirits, and Mollie gave  
way and laughed with him till the little  
grove seemed full of echoing merriment.  
This lightness so flecked with sober  
earnest, this earnestness so charged with  
gayety, was not the jesting of Green  
Valley, where jokes are jokes, and facts  
are facts, and there is no difficulty in  
distinguishing the two. The intellec-  
tual excitement of this form of wit went  
to Mollie's head, and made her a little  
fizzy, as if she had been drinking too  
much ginger ale.

'Now, damsel,' the poet suggested,  
when they had calmed themselves,  
'suppose you tell me what you are.'

Mollie's blue eyes twinkled at the  
young man. 'I, kind poet, am a money-  
lender'; and she curtsied as she had not  
done since she was a child in the pri-  
mary grades.

The young man stared. 'By all the  
good fates, if it is not better to be a  
hungry poet and lucky than a rich man  
at his feast. My troubles are over!' He  
advanced toward her. 'In the name of  
Art I command you to lend me — oh,  
any small sum — ten dollars — or five  
hundred.'

Mollie jumped. 'What for?' she said.

'What for!' The young man struck  
an attitude. 'She asks what for! For

art, for life, for melody, for sweetness,  
for this shimmering river-path at our  
feet, for the perfectness of these ex-  
quisite blue bits,' — he pointed toward  
the phlox, — 'for grace, and beauty  
which will save us at last.'

As if moved by some irresistible force,  
Mollie's hand went slowly toward her  
pocket and brought up the little blue  
box. The poet came closer, and as she  
lifted the cover and disclosed the small  
bright bit, the moment was tense with  
expectation.

The young man seized the gold-piece  
irreverently. 'We'll toss for it.' He  
sank to his knees on the cool thick grass.  
'Come, sit down! Shall I take it?  
Heads I lose — tails —' It spun down  
to him like a gleam of sunshine, and he  
bent his dark head to it on the grass.  
'Yes, I take it.'

Mollie did not speak, but her breath  
came fast and she felt a little dizzy.

He regarded her calmly and inclu-  
sively. 'What would you do with it  
if I did n't take it?' he questioned.

Mollie could hardly think. Green  
Valley seemed vague and far away, like  
the merest speck on the landscape.  
She was held by a strange spell which  
she could not break; and all the things  
which she had done with the gold-piece,  
and all the things she had planned to  
do, seemed hardly worth the naming.  
The young man's words were float-  
ing all about her, thinly, like a song  
after it has died — 'for melody, for  
sweetness —'

'Hair-ribbons,' she breathed faintly.

The young man laughed. 'The snare  
of the evil one to dazzle the eyes of  
men! No, it can't be hair-ribbons.'

Then Mollie thought of Old Snyder,  
and the story tumbled out of itself.

When she had done, the young man  
reflected a while. 'No, it can't be Old  
Snyder,' he said slowly. 'Don't you see,  
he'd be miserable clean, and all to no  
purpose. How do you know it's better

to be clean than dirty any way? It's a silly convention — being clean.' He tossed up the gold-piece again, and watched it flashing down to him. 'No, I guess it's meant for me,' he murmured dreamily.

Mollie did not reply. The incident seemed ended, and she rose to go.

'Mind you, damsel, I probably won't be returning this — very soon, anyway. I might, but it is n't best to count on it. My journey is a long one, and it's well to be going forward. But wait,' — he pulled from his pocket a carefully scribbled page, — 'I did this to-day, before you came up.' He folded it small and put it on the pink cotton in the small blue box. 'You have it now, a bit of this lovely spot and a bit of me — everlastingly joined. Is n't that worth a gold-piece? When we're both old and wrinkled, and I'm famous, you can take this out and become a bit famous yourself, maybe. Anyway, it will make a pretty story for your grandchildren — your gold-piece and my poem!'

He shut the box and gave it to her, and she walked slowly away over the

soft grass and through the shifting patches of light that seemed to follow and illumine her.

That night, when the children were abed, and Mollie sat on the porch in the cool, waiting for Dave, she realized that the gold-piece had again opened for her a window upon the world. She was almost glad it had gone — it had reversed so many judgments, made her so many kinds of a person, she who had been a proper Green Valley girl, and had been meant to be a proper Green Valley woman, with a husband and children to fill her thoughts. She took the folded slip out of the box and read it carefully by the porch light, and when Dave came, she read it to him as she often read scraps copied from the Colton paper.

'It's pretty,' he rendered judgment. 'Makes a person think of the green shadows on the river toward Colton way. Remember, Mollie, girl?' He was silent a long time, while a soft thud overhead told of a child after another drink. 'They have it on us, those poet folks. Better save that, Mollie.'

## BEHOLD HOW GREAT A MATTER!

### A SKETCH IN PEASANT RUSSIA

BY EDWIN BONTA

OUR children would term it 'calling names.' Mefódi and Ánnushka would probably call it *rugánie*. But by one name or the other, — or any name at all, — what a safety-valve it is for the relief of overwrought feelings!

If your horse balks at the steep river-bank, or your woman is dilatory about the ploughing, then possibly you beat them — but probably you don't. For what you undertake with those powerful hands of yours you may re-

gret afterwards. Or violence may be returned to you again with interest. But *rugánie* — it is such a harmless thing — and such a relief to pent-up emotions.

*Rugánie*, to be explicit, consists in making selected remarks about the maternal ancestors (real or imagined) of the offending object — remarks selected neither for their flattering nature nor for their delicacy.

It was n't a holiday, but the day before had been, and anyone knows that the day after a holiday is inviolate as far as working goes. (One day to celebrate — at least — and another to recuperate.) This explains why *Mefódi* and his family found themselves at home — he and his *Ánnushka* and their three: *Grísha* and little *Sónya* and very little *Vanyúshka*.

*Grísha* sat on the end of the long bench near the four-poster bed, making himself traps to set in the tall fir trees. He worked diligently, and the floor around him, in spite of his mother's protests, was littered with whittlings. His sister *Sónya* was sprawled at full length on the floor, playing with the kitten. Little *Vanyúshka*, for the moment, was sleeping peacefully in the tiny cradle hanging from the supple end of a long sapling close by the stove.

The *samovár* stood on the table, kept hot by the charcoal fire inside; for *Asáf* had dropped in to drink tea and talk along with *Mefódi*. They also sat on the long bench, their glasses on the table in front of them. Across from them sat *Ánnushka* at the *samovár*, the picture of all a housewife should be — and so, apparently, thought *Mefódi*, from the approving glance he cast at her every now and then.

But she could n't sit long at a time — she must be constantly jumping up to look after the fish pies in the oven, or to give the cradle a jog, and send it

gently bobbing up and down, lulling little *Ványa* off to sleep again. Or she must, on one errand or another, run across the narrow passage into the barn; for *Mefódi*, like his neighbors, kept house and barn under the same sheltering roof, and his helpmeet was housewife of it all.

In spite of her apparent serenity, *Ánnushka* was thoroughly tired: tired with days of baking, getting ready for the holiday; tired with the joys of the holiday itself, joys continued far into the night — into the following morning.

And all day to-day *Mefódi* might rest indeed, but who would mix the moss-mash for the cow, and milk her; and feed her and the horse; and all the rest? Any housewife knows why a holiday is n't a holiday.

And then had to come this *Asáf*, with his sharp tongue! Would n't you know the Ungentle One would send him her way on this day of all days?

Now, to digress, we must explain that *Ánnushka* was really a *bába*. Anyone knows that a peasant woman is a *bába*, because that's exactly what a *bába* is. And when *Mefódi* called her by this name, her heart thumped in its roomy breast.

But in *Asáf*'s mouth the word turned to wormwood — from him it meant nothing but derision; from him it could not and need not be tolerated — no, not once. And in the end of ends there was no reason — no, not one — why he should quote that old unpleasant proverb. But he did.

'Hen is n't bird-kind: *bába* is n't man-kind,' chanted *Asáf*.

'*Bába* is n't man-kind!' echoed *Grísha* gleefully (her own *Grísha*!). And '*Bába! Bába!*' mimicked little *Sónya* from under the table.

*Ánnushka* stopped short in her work and confronted *Asáf*. 'What's that you tell?' she cried.

'That is — what did I tell? Anyone knows it's a saying: "Hen is n't bird-kind: bába is n't man-kind."'

'Bába is n't man-kind!' echoed Grísha again. And he and Asáf laughed boisterously.

Ánnushka fumed, and revolved with her sturdy arms. 'Now, devil take you, Asáfka, for a worthless ne'er-do-well! The whole village knows what for a bába you've got under your roof. *Tful*'

And the rugánie began.

Began, and continued, and increased. Increased in vehemence, in clamor, in ingenuity. Higher and higher rose their voices; lower and lower descended the abuse. Unnumbered generations — running back to Rúrik — were recalled and slandered and besmirched, until one telling thrust by Asáf (apparently containing an element of truth) goaded Ánnushka beyond endurance.

And things began to happen.

Ánnushka reached across, seized him by the hair, and pressed his lean cheek against the samovár.

'*Oy! Satana!*' screamed Asáf. And jumping up from the table, he grabbed at her.

And more things happened.

Ánnushka, dodging his grasp, stumbled over little Sónya and fell against the samovár. This rocked an instant and fell to the floor at Grísha's feet, staving a dent in its shapely side.

'*I did n't do it!*' cried Sónya, hopping up. 'It's not my fault!'

Grísha jumped and rescued the samovár before the water started to flow out. And then, seizing his sister, he boxed her ears. 'It is your fault, little fool,' he shouted, 'lying there on the floor.'

Grísha had caught up the samovár, true; but not before a live coal, quite unnoticed, had tumbled out, and into his pile of whittlings. Then he had left his corner, and behind his back — be-

hind the backs of all — the glowing coal kindled the litter on the floor.

Meanwhile the clamor went on.

'It's *not* my fault,' repeated Sónya.

'And it's not *my* fault,' cried Ánnushka. 'It's his!'

'It's *not!*' shouted Asáf.

And the rugánie began again.

All were gathered around the table, eyes centred on the antagonists. And behind them the little blaze set fire to the curtains of the bed, and a thin glowing skirmish line crept swiftly up that dry old stuff.

'Tell, please! Who grabbed at me?' continued Ánnushka.

'You tell who pressed my face against the samovár!'

'So!' said Mefódi, willing to see justice done. 'No need to press his face against the samovár.'

Then he sprang up suddenly.

'Look!' he cried. 'Now see what you've done, with your rugánie!'

From the bed-curtains the flames had leaped to the large tissue-paper sunbursts hanging from the ceiling, and these too were now blazing hotly. And the little window-curtains were also alight and charring the boards of the ceiling.

As her man rushed to put out the spreading fire, Ánnushka took in the scene before her. The danger, the folly, the needlessness of it, swept over her.

'Oy, oy, oy, oy!' she moaned, collapsing into a chair. And, burying her head in her hands, she burst into tears.

The flames from the tissue-paper, licking up the side of the chimney, set fire to the wafer-thin shingles of the roof, the blaze creeping rapidly back toward the barn.

'Asáf! blankets!' cried Mefódi, as he glanced hurriedly around for his companion.

But of Asáf there was nothing to be seen. In the excitement he had slipped quietly away.



The paper ornaments soon burned themselves out. And in a short time Mefódi had stifled the smouldering ceiling and trampled out the fire in the whittlings. It looked as if the danger were over.

He put down the blanket and mopped his brow. Ánnushka looked shyly up at him, on her face the most lovable expression of distress and humility.

How could one be angry with a wife like this?

But suddenly from the direction of the barn came a great roaring. Mefódi heard and went sick.

'Little Fathers!' he cried. 'It's the hay — the hay is burning!'

Ánnushka crossed herself limply and sat on, her face blank in the presence of such calamity — till little Ványa waked and started to cry.

Then light gleamed in her eyes; with a swift stride she was at the cradle and had snatched him to her breast.

Scarcely a moment she stood; then, seizing the kitten she thrust it into Grísha's arms. She grasped little Sónya and, driving Grísha before her, hurried them all out of the house. At the doorway she paused and called back, 'Let the beasts out, Fód'ka! while you can,' — and rushed on out into the night.

A strong wind was blowing in the direction of the other houses. Already the roof of the next had caught; and from the roof the fire spread again to the hay. Fanned by the gale, the flames leaped from one building to another; and there was no means of fight-

ing them save buckets of water dipped from the river through holes in the ice.

All night long the fires lit up the sky, and figures darted about rescuing their goods and carrying them across the fields to Páchipolda. As house after house went up, its owners submissively crossed themselves and hurried off to help salvage the belongings from other houses next in the path of the flames.

And when the winter sun rose late the following morning, it looked down on smoking ruins only, where had been the little village of Kófkula.

Mefódi told me of this next day at Páchipolda, whither he and his family had come to us as refugees.

Of course, once the fire had got a start, one could do nothing. (What had bucket-brigades ever accomplished against burning hay?) Prevention — that was the only way out. Queer that they themselves had never thought of this!

'Mefódusha,' I said, 'do you know what? If now, you had each had an extinguisher at home —'

'And what will that be, an extinguisher?'

I explained — how they were made, and how they were used; ending with our time-worn saying (Mefódi liked sayings) about an ounce of prevention and a pound of cure.

My friend listened and considered.

'No, Petrúshka,' he replied, at length; 'not worth while. The kind of fires that we have, no extinguisher would ever put out.'

# THE STORY OF AN INDIAN JAIL

BY ARTHUR WALTHAM HOWLETT

## I

ALL around the jail there ran a great wall. I used to think it emblematic; a sort of moral circumstance as well as a material barrier; a warning to those without and a reminder to those within. There were men who had not seen the outside of that wall for twenty years. There were men who had come in in the heyday of life and would not leave it before the world — even the unchanging world of the East — had undergone strange changes, perhaps been bereft of all it had held dear for them. When you think of it in this light, the penalty of crime is heavy, is a sort of death in life. But so long as there is crime, it must be so.

The jail stood isolated, some five miles outside the cantonment and the native city. About it spread miles and miles of the flat lands of the United Provinces; here covered with scrub jungle, flaunting the red *bhir* flowers like points of flame; here broken into fields reticulated with the mud-water channels which fed their greenery with life; here raised, like islands at sea, into umbels of foliage where the mud-walled villages slept their century-old dreams of peasant life beneath the shade of the sacred peepul trees; and finally melting into the far blue horizon, in one long vague confusion of trees and fields and villages.

My bungalow stood outside the high wall, and about it there shone a lovely garden sluiced daily from two great wells. So large was it that in England

it would have been a park; but the confines of it were wild bamboo thickets and brakes of tall tiger-grass. In the hot weather, before the rains began, I slept on the lawn, and of all nights I ever knew, — and I have known them on all parts of this globe, — those were the most eerie, the most haunting, the most hushed. With sundown the night guard took up their stations round the inner side of the wall, and all night long I would hear them pass the 'All's Well' from man to man. The huge iron gates clanged to with a final crash, the Subedar of the guard came tramping up the drive, gave me the password for the night, saluted, and tramped off, leaving me alone.

It was two miles round this great wall, and within it ran another, the inner wall, leaving a space of sixty yards between, in which the vegetables for the jail were grown. For the whole place was like a small town, and except for grain, which we brought in once a year and stored in huge pits like swimming-baths, was almost self-supporting. In the Indian climate one gets through all work commonly before breakfast, and at six o'clock I was in my office starting the business of the day. There were new prisoners to be admitted and a dozen or so old ones held for trial for jail offenses.

The newcomers were a motley crowd, sentenced to anything from two years to twenty — rich and poor, dirty and clean, Hindus and Mohammedans,

high caste and low, clad and unclad. Their offenses ranged from murder to cocaine-smuggling, from theft to da-coity. Among them I remember one day a small bright-eyed lad of barely more than a dozen years, who stood up between two stalwart warders with all the aplomb of a tried man of the world, although he hardly came up to their waists. Even the grave Indians broke into gradually widening grins as they realized the incongruity. For myself, as I started to take down particulars of the lad, his parents, his village, caste, tribe, and so forth, I felt my smiles give way to a lump in the throat. The lad was an orphan belonging to one of the quaint wandering tribes, and all the precepts he had ever had had been of adroitness in thieving. This was his third entry into jail. For all his smiling, wide-eyed air of simple childhood, he was an incorrigible little rogue.

It is sad to come across these little orphans in India. A lady I knew once found one while she was out in camp with a party at a Christmas shoot. The little waif, a small girl of ten, approached to within a gunshot of the camp, wistfully eyeing the cooking-pots. We did what we could for her, but she was so starved that her tissues had lost all power to absorb food, and some weeks later, in the cantonment, she died. I can never forget the air of perfect womanliness about the poor little mite—how she pulled her ragged old *sari* round her thin frame, her modesty and self-possession, and her air of grown-up dignity.

No doubt it is the constant iteration of experiences like these that gradually develops in the spirit of Englishmen in India that sense of protection, of would-be godlike beneficence, which, ere long, they surely learn toward the poorer children of the soil, and which has led them step by step, often in the face of malice, jealousy, and intrigue, to build

up that vast machinery of law and order, as well as of more material constituents, such as canals and railways, which is doing all that is humanly possible for the amelioration of a population so vast.

There stands in the gateway before my desk, also, the fat *bunnia*, his oleaginous curves shaking like a jelly as he casts apprehensive glances at the grim warders on either side of him. Next comes a fine bearded fellow, with hard face and muscles, one of the tillers of the soil. He has had the ill luck to be guilty of manslaughter in a village fight over some boundary stones. He is no hardened criminal: it is just a mischance; but the law has swept him into its toils. He will not see his village out yonder under the peepul trees for many a long year. But he is not downcast. His look is brave and high, for he is a Rajput by caste, a son of the Sun, one of the Twice-Born, and wears the sacred thread.

Next stands a poor half-wild fellow who has covered his body with dust in abasement. Probably he has never been inside a building in his life, and he looks with horror at the solid walls about him. The telephone bell behind my chair rings out. He starts and looks around with terror. What magic of the sahib's is this? But when the babu gets up and takes down the instrument and begins to talk to it, he can stand it no longer. He dashes round wildly from between his two warders and makes a bolt for the gate. Trembling all over, he is brought back and, so far as may be, reassured. For him the jail will be an education, at least, and this is true, to some extent, for all. The clean, regular life, the absence of vicious indulgences, the exigent and rigid sanitary organization, the habits of industry, the encouragement of good works and conduct and the sure and speedy punishment of ill, must all be of the nature

of a revelation, and bear some fruit later on in the wider world in all but the most depraved.

Each prisoner is weighed carefully on admission, and thereafter every month. It is found to be the almost invariable rule that he loses weight for the first month, then puts it on rapidly. It may be questioned, indeed, and often has been, wherein lies any hardship in this duress. Except for the loss of liberty, there is none, though that, to be sure, is enough, especially for men whose lives have been passed in the open fields. They miss, too, the quiet palaver in the village in the evening, when their work in the fields is done. How often have I seen it myself when I have been out in the jungle, shooting, and camped close by. A vast hush falls as the sun sinks, and you may hear the deep-toned converse of the men as they sit and smoke before the doors of their huts. From within come the shrill voices of children going to bed — like naughty children the world over — and the soothing murmur of women. It is the ten minutes of the day when the hardy peasant gives himself up to enjoy life and prepares for his hard-won repose. There is no question of a thirty-hour week, or of forty, or fifty. His limit is from the time the sun rises till it sets; and probably four fifths of the population of India do not know the meaning of a square meal. Those who blame the government for what they consider inefficiencies of administration might well remember how poor India is, and that efficiency costs money.

## II

And now, the admissions for the day being over, there comes the next business, the trial of offenders in the jail. The head jailer brings them up, one by one. The governor (or, as he is called in Indian jails, the superintendent) sits at

a table in a great open courtyard. Before him in a half circle squats the array of wrongdoers. It is astonishing what a variety of offenses these prisoners contrive to commit, considering the limited chances at their disposal. Most of them are cases of petty crime, such as stealing blankets, failure to perform allotted tasks, feigning illness, quarrelling, abusing warders, stealing vegetables. They are soon disposed of.

Then come more serious cases, and they may take a whole morning. The commonest offense is smoking, which is strictly prohibited. Many prisoners go to extraordinary lengths to tide themselves over this deprivation. For tobacco they will resort to anything that will burn or smoulder, such as grass, straw, sawdust, paper, vegetable peelings, and leaves of trees. I seldom made an inspection without finding someone's bed abbreviated in a ridiculous fashion. Each man was furnished with a mat six feet by two, made of fibre-matting, which he spread at night on the mud couch in his barrack. The fibre of these mats seemed to serve excellently as a tobacco substitute; and when I found a sheepish-looking individual standing by a mat two feet long, I did not have to ask what had happened.

As to pipes, they are easy to make in India, where the soil is all a clayey kind of alluvium commonly known as *mutti*, and is used for everything, from making pots to building houses. All one had to do was to scrape this up with a little water, knead it into a bowl, make a stem with more *mutti*, by moulding it round a stick, and then bake the whole contraption by leaving it in some corner, in the fierce sun. Some of these pipes, or *chillums*, were very crude, but some were quite beautifully made and covered with designs. It often happened that real country tobacco found its way into the jail, being brought in by dishonest warders, and this was

traded to prisoners secretly, or else paid for by rich friends outside. Worse than this was the occasional introduction of hashish, — Indian hemp, — a deadly drug which soon leads to maniacal insanity of a most dangerous type. It was rare, for most of the convicts were themselves afraid of it, and I used to prosecute any warder who was found guilty of trading it.

This system led naturally to the commission of another jail offense — the possession of money. This was regarded as rather serious. In one way or another it led to much evil. You may wonder how men could keep it, as they wore nothing but a loin-cloth. They kept it in their mouths. I have taken from a man's mouth a four-anna silver piece which had become green with verdigris from having been kept so long in that position. The more astute ruffians had a dodge by which they made small pouches in the loose areolar tissue at the back of the throat. In these pouches they could keep three or four four-anna bits and yet swallow food and leave their mouths free for talking. It took months to make the pouches. It was done by tying a button to a bit of string, of such length that, when one end was tied to one of the teeth, the button at the other end rested against the back of the throat. When constantly kept there, night after night, it made this curious *diverticulum*.

I think that numbers of convicts secretly almost enjoyed their life in jail by reason of the perpetual, petty intrigues that they were always planning. They were, indeed, like a class of school-boys, and made the defeat of regulations their hobby. I will say this for them, that, whenever they were discovered, they took their punishments like men, as part of the game. They had had their innings; it was the superintendent's turn to have his. Only rarely, usually in the case of Brahmans

and the better educated, did I find sulkiness and mutterings of revenge.

A flogging was a terrible affair, made more so by the pomp and circumstance with which it was conducted. Sometimes it was a part of the sentence awarded by the judge; in other cases it was awarded by myself for some especially heinous crime. If the latter sort became too numerous and exceeded, say, a half-dozen a year, the government stepped in and made stringent inquiries. There were some desperate cases, however, with whom no other argument counted. In one of the courtyards of the prison the guard was drawn up, standing at attention, with bayonets fixed. With them also was my body-guard, who, armed only with truncheons, accompanied me on all my rounds. In the centre was the grim 'triangle' — a St. Andrew's cross of wood.

The native doctor sounded the victim and certified that he was fit to undergo the punishment. He was then fastened by wrists and ankles to the triangle. Then a great hush fell. The fierce Indian sun was streaming into the court, throwing down the clear-cut shadows of the roofs and towers; the crows were cawing in the trees, the parrots screaming noisily as ever. It was my ordeal to stand there and watch the wretched business through. The jailer stood beside the victim, holding his watch in his hand. The flogger, a burly Indian, stripped naked save for his loin-cloth, picked up a long rattan cane from a bundle beside him. It was long and thin and tapering, a thing that would bend double without a break. All was now ready, and in a dreadful silence the jailer gave the first word.

'*Ek!*' (One!) The long cane swung and hissed in the air; there came the thwack on the naked flesh, a piercing yell, and the punishment had begun. Silence again; then, '*Dol!*' and again the cane whistled and fell. So it went on



for the full thirty, with half-minute intervals, which seemed as if they would never end. By the fourth or fifth stroke the miserable victim was reduced to one long whining yell. It was a scene that all were glad to have done with; and to stand there in that blazing sun watching it to the end called for no small endurance.

These ceremonies being over, my jailer and I fell in with the guard and started our round. There was much to see, and one could manage only a portion of it in any one day. There were the factories to visit, where scores of men squatted, weaving matting from fibre. There were the oil mills, where sweating gangs of stark men, their ebony bodies glistening with sweat, ran round and round with the long wooden beams that turned the huge grinding balk of timber. Sweet and bitter was the odor from the crushed seeds, and all the air was redolent with the pungent smell of the mustard. There were the 'mills' — long, narrow buildings where the men stood in a kind of ditch and turned the heavy disks of stone which ground the grain for the flour.

There were the cook-houses, where were great mixing-machines for kneading the dough. All who worked there were Brahmans, men of the highest caste, so that no one in the jail could refuse to eat of their cooking on the ground that it was polluted. The ovens were long slabs of iron, with fierce fires roaring under them. On these were laid the *chupattis* — flat cakes, the size of a large plate, not unlike a pancake in thickness and texture. One by one they were stamped out with a disk and flung onto the hot iron, where they browned, curled up, and sent out a friendly odor of hot meal. And here again was the blacksmith's shop, where all the jail tools were made and repaired, and where the fetters were riveted on all who had to wear them. And here was

the dairy, with its cows and buffaloes to provide milk for those who were sick.

But the chief interest was in the big carpet factories — huge barracks fifty feet high and seventy or eighty yards long. The tall looms on which the carpets were woven ran upright, like gigantic harps, from floor to ceiling. In front of each sat a gang of men, chirruping and singing over the colors of their threads, till the whole place resounded like a parrot-house. Day by day, inch by inch, the splendid textures grew. Some took months to finish. People came from far and wide, from all over the world, to see these wonderful factories. Many American tourists made a point of visiting them, and many left orders for carpets. There is many a floor in the United States, as well as in Great Britain, in which the footsteps fall softened by the nimble fingers of those poor convicts in far-away India. I even, be it whispered, — it was before the war, — received an order from the Kaiser for no less than eighty carpets for the imperial palace at Potsdam. One of them was to be made to a design of his own, a meaningless array of geometrical figures totally devoid of artistry. The groundwork of all was canary yellow, which appeared to be the imperial hue. Among other visitors I had the Crown Princess of Sweden. She told me that every member of the Royal Family of Sweden was obliged to learn a trade, and as her own choice had fallen on carpet-making, she knew not a little of that business.

Only men with long sentences are set to this task; for it takes most of them two years to learn it. All the processes of manufacture are carried out in the jail, beginning with the spinning of the wool. The skeins then go to the dye-works, where they are dyed with native products, mainly indigo. Great care has to be exercised in the disinfection of the raw wool when it enters the jail, as

a protection against anthrax. It all passes through an immense boiler, into which it is run on a trolley; and except through this, none of it is allowed to go inside the walls.

The buying of the wool and of the grain are the two great commercial transactions in the life of the superintendent. He needs be alert to circumvent the crafty native *bunnia*. On an assigned day a dozen of these gentry are waiting in the office, eyeing one another with intense disgust and furtiveness. Each has a bag of sample grain in one hand, and in the other a bag of rupees to be deposited as security. Then it is the business of the superintendent, — who must turn his hand to many things in this land, albeit his trade is a doctor's, — to smell, sift, and examine the grain in the various bags, take aside the anxious bunnias, and inquire their terms. Despite these fellows' distrust of one another, they have generally contrived to make a 'ring' beforehand. Once, having found the price forced up beyond all reason, I affected to haggle with them, but in the meantime sent to another city thirty miles away, to a certain magistrate, begging him to send me, not indeed an honest *bunnia*, but one who knew nothing about the present tendering. I arranged that this man was to see me privately at my bungalow before he had access to the jail, where, I well knew, certain of the native officials were hand-in-glove with the profiteering gang. The result was that I was able to tell the latter very politely next morning that they might all go home, taking their samples and their bags of rupees with them.

#### IV

The jail was a happy hunting-ground of snakes, for some reason, and they were of all varieties, from the terrible

hooded cobra to the tiny but deadly karait. It was within my power to grant up to a month's remission of sentence in any one year to any prisoner for excellence of work or conduct, and, naturally, this was a reward very much coveted. Among the virtues so rewarded, I counted the killing of snakes; and it was surprising to see how the average Indian would risk his religious prejudice against taking life, when three or four days gained toward freedom was the prize offered. It must have been on an average twice a week that some convict paraded before my desk in the morning, holding a defunct and disfigured reptile by the tail. For a cobra I gave four days; for a karait three. I do not know why I made this distinction, for the karait, though only a few inches long, gives a bite as inevitably fatal as a cobra's, and by reason of its small size and lurking habits is certainly the more deadly of the two. However, it takes less nerve to slay one. A five-foot or six-foot cobra, with his hood erect, is a spectacle to give pause to the most valorous.

I have said that the country outside the jail wall was waste and jungly; it showed numerous pits and depressions where water used to collect after rains, and was strewn with thick tussocks of tall grass. It was from here that the snakes used to enter the jail, making use of the small drain-holes in the wall. I frequently wandered round the wall on the outer side for an evening stroll, taking my gun with me, and often on these occasions put up both snakes and jackals. Once I had an encounter with one of the former which sticks in my memory yet. I disturbed it at a distance of only a few feet. It was a large creature, fully six feet in length, and after one or two writhings of its long folds, it reared its head and gazed at me with a pair of the wickedest eyes I have ever seen. It is the memory of those

eyes that haunts me now. The creature was so close to me that I dared not use my gun; for the shot would have travelled like a bullet at such close range, and I might easily have missed, and something in its malevolent gaze told me that at the least hostile act it would spring at me. It may sound ridiculous to be intimidated by a snake; but unless you have seen them, I do not think you can imagine for a moment the absolute devilishness of the look in those eyes. I could well understand how small creatures would be fascinated by them and hypnotized into utter helplessness. We must have stared at each other for a full minute, and I had just made up my mind to throw up my gun and risk a shot, when the creature, seeming to read my murderous intent in my eyes, suddenly dived into the long grass and vanished.

Such, then, were some of the beasts that shared my domain. Of course, the convicts could not long refrain from exploiting the snake-killing concessions, and I began to have suspicions that one or two of the snakes which were brought to me were uncommonly dead and stiff and had done duty before. One sweltering day, when a slight breeze was blowing through the gateway, my olfactory nerves advised me that a serpent which was being held up for my inspection was more than ripe for honorable burial. I gently admonished the wily convict, who assured me that he killed the reptile only that morning; so I asked the jailer to do a little detective work, and the next day he was able to give me the history of the case. It appeared that I had seen that particular snake some four days before, and had duly given three days' remission for it. The recipient had, thereupon, sold the corpse to a fellow convict, who had kept it in one of the water-jars used for holding drinking water, hoping thereby to preserve it from putrefaction long

enough for me to have forgotten its previous appearance. However, on the fourth day, the decoction of snake having become too pronounced, he was obliged to produce it and try his luck.

As a sequel to this, on entering the jail a few mornings later, I was surprised to see a prisoner squatting by the side of the drive and holding down with the end of a bamboo a snake still alive and writhing. The warder came forward and explained that the man had found the snake that morning but had refused to kill it. He had been sitting there for more than an hour waiting for me to come and see him kill it with my own eyes. There was to be no mistake about it this time. I felt duly rebuked for my hardness of heart and had the wretched reptile despatched forthwith.

They sprang another surprise on me one day by producing a scorpion and claiming a reward for that. I compromised by giving one day, and thereafter gave it out that scorpions would not count, for they could be found in every crack of the wall and I should soon have had the whole jail scorpion-mad. In spite of their numbers, I am glad to say we never had a fatal accident from snakes.

It is not to be imagined that in so large a population of criminals there were never any tragedies. There were many, both major and minor. Sometimes men who had been at bitter feud outside were thrown together by accident in the same barrack, and at such times the peculiar vindictiveness of the easterner was apt to assert itself in all its naked ferocity.

Once, as I was preparing to ride over to the Club in the cool of the evening, I received a report that there was trouble in the jail. I went in and found a great number of warders gathered round one of the barracks. They were holding on to the neck-rings of a number of convicts through the bars of the

gratings. I had the door opened and went inside. At the end I saw a man squatting on his hams and leaning over a bucket. All eyes were directed toward him, and on approaching him I had a terrible shock to see that he was streaming with blood while his nose hung down by a mere thread of skin to his chin. I angrily inquired where the knife was with which the mutilation had been done; but I was told there had been no knife. On taxing others of the convicts, I found out the culprit and also the story of the crime. It appeared that the two men were enemies, and the one of them had, by bribes and, probably, doles of tobacco, got three or four of his fellows to help him in obtaining his revenge. When all had been locked in for the night the gang set on their victim and laid him prostrate on the floor. While he was held there, helpless, his foe bent over him, and with his teeth bit his nose off as cleanly as if he had severed it with a knife. I sewed the nose on again, and it grew into position, leaving only a scar.

I had the perpetrator of this enormity flogged, but it did not prevent a recurrence of the episode. This nose-cutting is a common Indian mode of revenge, and is practised not infrequently on unfaithful wives. A certain medical missionary attained considerable fame on the frontier through his success in restoring noses to errant spouses by the simple operation of using a flap from the forehead. He related how one Pathan chieftain, having brought a favorite wife, whom he had de-nosed in the heat of the moment, to have the organ restored, on being informed that too much was missing, was advised to buy a rubber one. The wily Pathan asked how much this would be, and on being told that it would cost him seventy-five rupees, went away in disgust, explaining that he could buy a new wife for forty.

Some of the most loathsome crimes were those of self-mutilation practised to avoid forced labor in jail. I had two men who deliberately put their eyes out for this purpose. A common method was the creation of huge ulcers on the body, and these were usually made by holding a lump of quicklime between the armpit and the side, or within the hollow of the knee. Another device — the commonest of all — was the inserting of a rusty nail through the calf of the leg. This set up a severe and often dangerous cellulitis. It may, indeed, be asked, and I often ask myself, how such insensate beings could ever be influenced by the punishment of flogging. So far as I could see, many of them were ignorant of the sense of pain. The flogging was, however, as I have explained, done with much formality; and probably it was this, with all the grim preparations preceding it, which affected their brute-like minds.

## V

It must not be supposed that all the jail population was of this type. There were many men there of the highest human attributes — men who had, perhaps, been surprised by their own impetuosity or fancied wrongs into the commission of legal offenses such as manslaughter, who had expected no more to spend their years in a prison than you or I, and who, once free, would probably never see the inside of one again. Of this sort of prisoner my body-guard was composed. I had more reliance on them than on the paid warders so far as my bodily safety was concerned. I had more than one clear demonstration that they entertained a real affection for me. In the course of my rounds I was three times attacked, and on each occasion my escort of convicts had 'downed' the man almost before I knew I had been set upon.

Once, as I was passing down the ranks, a man sprang at me with a knife he had made for the purpose out of some old iron, and aimed a blow at the back of my neck. I dodged the blow and felled him with a riding-crop I carried, and in an instant my guard swarmed over him like a pack of wolves. I had literally to fall on them in turn and drag them away, to save the miserable man's life.

The affection which springs up in the hearts of Indians for white men, especially for those whom they call 'Pukka Sahibs,' is often very strange and touching. In most cases it appeared to me to be founded, in the first instance, at any rate, on the Englishman's wonderful sense of justice, and on his determination to see it done to all. Such an attitude in the East is looked on as godlike. When Englishmen cease to care to protect the weak, or begin to pander to the strong; when, in short, an inferior class of Englishmen begins to enter the Indian services, the rule of the English in India will begin to fail.

Once every three months was to be seen one of the saddest sights of all jail-life — a gang of men, as many as forty or fifty, perhaps, all heavily shackled, being conducted by warders to the door of the office in the great gateway. The heavy leg-irons which they all wore made them waddle like ducks. For the most part they were terribly sturdy knaves, often squat of figure, but square-built and muscular, well fitted for the parts they had played in life. They were all desperate criminals, and the scowling ferocity which all bore on their faces told plainly that they would stick at nothing. Most had been implicated in, if not directly guilty of, murder, but had escaped the extreme penalty of the law by reason of some extenuating circumstances, or through some technicality. Their doom was a dreadful one to the Indian mind, and even the European, entering in some

small degree into native habits of thought, could guess at the qualms with which they stood waiting within the gate.

They were all transportees for the convict settlements of the Andamans. They were to cross the 'Black Water,' the 'Kala Pani,' — in other words, the sea, — which till very lately was one of the most serious caste-infractions, redeemable only by heavy penalty prescribed by the priests. It might well be supposed that such villains set little store by their religious scruples; but religion is too often only a name for superstition, and the lawless and ignorant are often as much its dupes as the most chastened of churchgoers. Be that as it may, it may be doubted if even the most hardened of them would look back without pain to the memory of those quiet villages where they had spent their childhood, to the fond hopes of doting parents, to the old idylls of fields and groves which they were never in this life to see again. As I examined them one by one, I seemed to feel how each was drinking in the last of the sights and sounds about him, of which he had daily seen so much with no thought of how dear they might become one day, when they were gone. One could hardly imagine such perverts of humanity entertaining any such tender ideas. But that this vein of sentiment existed somewhere deep down in their hearts was shown by the desperate efforts they made to escape their fate, though toward any other, even death itself, they showed absolute callousness.

But the fateful hour was near. The black prison-van drew up by the gateway, and with their irons clanking like funeral bells, they were herded into it. One last glimpse they had through the prison gateway of the land that had borne them. They might see perhaps the landscape gradually changing as



the heartless train bore them away to Calcutta; but from the moment they left the prison, the land of their birth was to be no more than a dream.

Hard it may be, yet be it remembered that most of them were lucky even to be alive. Many are condemned to transportation, but a very great number escape it in the end. For the selection of those to go is governed strictly by physical fitness and age. They had some trick for causing a derangement of the heart. It must have been done by some drug; but what it was, I could never discover. Only those with rich friends, I observed, were able to suffer from this ailment. But in the end it availed them little, for I had them strictly confined in hospital till the departure of the next batch, by which time I usually found them fit again.

Once on the Andaman Islands, the convicts lead a life of rigorous severity for the first three or four years. After that, if their behavior has been good, they are allowed to marry female convicts and settle down on farms of their own in the rôle of small peasant proprietors. So that life is still not altogether without hope for them. But the scenery of the Andamans is very different from that they are accustomed to, being in the one case tropical jungle, and in the other vast almost illimitable plains; and I know well how sensitive they are to the change. I have heard a regiment in Calcutta made up of men from the Punjab complaining bitterly of homesickness. The magnificent tropical scenery about that city, with its splendid palms and luscious rice-fields, could ill replace the khaki-colored stretches of arid plains and scanty prickly shrubs and trees to which they were accustomed. Incidentally, it shows the vastness of India, that men from one part of it may suffer more severely from nostalgia in another part than a Highlander does in Australia.

I come now to the last dread scene of all, when a man has forfeited life itself to that complex instrument which we call society. In a back part of the jail there stood a plain square whitewashed building, which bore over its doorway the ominous words, 'Condemned Cells.' It contained three cells, and there have been times when I have known it to hold three occupants. The same thought seemed to 'strike most of them. As one said once, to whom I made some remark, 'Sahib, I am already a dead man.' And with the wondrous Indian resignation to fate, they would wait there the brief three weeks which was all that was left to them of the songs of birds and the sight of blue skies.

One evening I rode over from my bungalow to the jail, bound on the grim mission of making all preparations for the morning. It was a stifling hot evening in April, and my horse went lazily, stumbling often. Beyond the great plains that lay in the west the sun shone with a lurid golden magnificence, and the dust of the highway rose in amber clouds.

I dismounted at the gate, and calling the jailer, went to the remote corner of the jail where the gallows-inclosure had its place. It was the first execution I had been called upon to see through, and I had not much stomach for it. We tested the rope by hanging on it a sack filled with earth of the exact weight of the prisoner and giving it the prescribed drop.

Next morning I was there again. The sun had just shot up above the plain, and all the Indian life was stirring in its fullness. Parrots flying and screaming, crows cawing, minas chirruping — such a medley of sound as only Indians know. We led the poor wretch from his cell and went in solemn procession to the inclosure, where a posse of police was drawn up, with fixed bayonets, all

round the walls. I read the indictment and sentence at the foot of the mound on which the gallows was reared; and having heard it, the victim went up and took his stand on the trap-door. All now passed in a twinkling. He was pinioned by the executioners and the sack drawn over his head, excluding his last view of the sun. I stood at the foot of the mound, holding a handkerchief in my hand; and all the preliminaries being now complete, the executioner laid his hand on the lever and sang out in a high voice, 'Sab chiz taiyar, huzoor.' (All is ready, excellency.) I dropped my hand; he pulled the lever with a sudden great heave; the trap-door flew open with a loud crash, and the murderer dropped like a stone into eternity.

Such was this dreadful ceremony, and to us, even to the stoic natives who stood by, it was full of thought beyond the power of words to express.

Forthemoment, while he stood there, we felt that the poor murderer was the superior of all of us, about to put to the test that ultimate riddle of life to which later on we should all have to find an answer.

I have known only one man to show signs of fear in this last great ordeal. One youth of twenty, glorying in what he seemed to consider a martyrdom

(though he had been guilty of a most foul murder), said to me insolently at the foot of the gallows, 'Ha! You can only kill me once, but know that I have killed twenty men in my time.'

Another, a brawny little agriculturist named Bhikki, glanced up at the gallows in the most unabashed fashion, and when I had read the sentence exclaimed, 'Teek hai!' (that's right), and strode up as if he were going to take a prize. Of all men that it fell to my lot to put out of the way, this little peasant appealed to me most, and I have often thought of him since. My sympathy was not entirely misplaced, either. As I learned later, there had been a village fight, blood had been shed, and someone had to pay the penalty. Poor Bhikki gave himself up as the chief culprit; and though he died on the gallows, I am not at all sure that his death was not that of a hero. If ever I wanted to save a man, it was he. Though it was not till afterwards that I learned something of his story, I felt in my inner soul, before he died, that there had been some mischance; that he was no ferocious criminal like most whom I had to see standing in his place, but rather one of those victims whom Justice, with a woman's blind cruelty, must sweep into her net, to vindicate her omnipotence.

# THE SPIRIT OF THE WEST

BY WILLIAM T. FOSTER

NEHEMIAH appears to have been the first man in recorded history with the true spirit of the West. The fourth chapter of Nehemiah sums up his achievements in laying out a new city: 'Now the city was large and great; but the people were few and the houses were not builded.'

Eloquent and adequate is this description, as applied to many a Pacific Coast city of to-day. Its builders are not greatly concerned over people and houses: they will come rapidly enough. The main point is that the city is large and great. And so the builders cannot be persuaded to stop their work in order to hear wise men of the East explain why it is impossible in such a place to construct a great city. Any one crossing the deserts of Southern California a generation ago could see that few people would ever live where Los Angeles has since been doubling its population in every decade.

The Bible does not tell us that Nehemiah erected on the walls of his city-to-be a huge electric sign with the words, 'Watch Tacoma Grow.' He did well, however, with the advertising means at his disposal. When Sanballat urged him to stop building and come down from the city wall to the plain of Ono, he replied in words that may still be read, thanks to the Gideons, in any hotel room. 'I am doing a great work,' said he, 'so that I cannot come down. Why should the work cease, whilst I leave it and come down to you?' And when the people threatened him with dire consequences if he went on with

the work, he answered, 'Should such a man as I flee? I will not go.'

Thus have the builders of Pacific Coast cities answered the calamity-howlers, while they sustained their courage with the vision of the future. And to the scoffing world they have declared: 'The city is large and great, though the people are, indeed, few therein, and the houses are not builded.'

## I

If you go to Vancouver, British Columbia, over the Canadian Rockies, and thence by boat, *via* Victoria, to Seattle, you will find yourself caught by the spirit of the West — or ridiculing and resisting it — before you reach the dock. For there will be at least one returning citizen of Seattle on board who remembers the last sign he read before leaving his city: 'Do not forget to boost Seattle while you are away.'

Seattle people do not forget. They have heard what is said of them in the Bible: 'Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid.' And so they do not light a candle and put it under a bushel. They feel it their duty to set it up where it giveth light unto all those who are still in the darkness of the East. Besides, their bushels are all busy carrying food to the Orient.

Once you are actually in this city you feel the spirit of the West, whether you will or no. Possibly there is no place where the Western spirit of coöperation is more contagious. The

whole sprightly, smiling, hand-clasping population seems engaged in one vast 'Paul Jones' — all hands round and swing together to the right, with no one sitting aloof in the corner, refusing to join the dance, and remarking how much better he could manage the affair if he wanted to. The 'knocker' finds the life of Seattle uncongenial. Somebody is sure to tell him that an automobile knocks going up-hill, and a man knocks going down. And a man going down-hill in Seattle is headed straight for the chilling waters of Puget Sound.

Seattle literally has the faith that moves mountains. When a mountain stood in the way of a business street, the mountain had n't a chance. It was washed into the ocean; and on its site was erected the chief hotel of Seattle. Another opportunity for the city to quote Scripture to its purpose. A Seattle man of the true faith would not be surprised to find a mountain moved overnight.

Such a citizen of Seattle is said to have met some old friends one evening in that little city to the south that has such difficulty in pronouncing the name 'Rainier.'

'You should see how Seattle is growing,' he cried.

'Yes, I was there only yesterday,' replied one of his Tacoma friends.

'Ah,' said he, 'you should have seen Seattle this morning!'

This is youth — the overweening self-confidence of youth, if you like; or, if you prefer, youth with the courage of its emotions. The West still has the buoyant faith of the uncouth college Freshman from the farm. Some time it may enter the sophomore stage, show signs of tired feelings, and convey the mature impression of having experienced all the joy of life and found there is nothing in it.

But is this faith, after all, different

from the faith of many Eastern communities? Men who have lived on the Pacific Coast do not ask that question. They know what they mean by the spirit of the West. Elsewhere, they admit, that same spirit is a driving force in individuals. It is rarely found in entire groups. In the West, the man of boundless faith is typical: he feels at home; he enjoys a consciousness of kind. In the East, he may be lonesome: the crowd is not with him. He must overcome, not only his own inertia, but that of the community as well. Yes, he is sure there is a difference. An inveterate Westerner is a man from the East who has returned once to his old home to see whether that difference is really what it seems to be.

Once in a New England community I felt the spirit of the West; and that was in a section that New England would hardly recognize as itself — Aroostook County, New England's 'farthest east.' Years ago I found everybody in Houlton and Caribou talking Aroostook potato-land as if it were the best in the world, and investing their money as if they believed what they said. Theirs was the eloquence of a Hood River man talking apples, a Fresno man talking raisins, a Redlands man talking oranges.

But when I think of the spirit of rural New England, I do not think of Aroostook: I think rather of the Maine farmer in another county, to whom I applied for a job at the confident age of eleven.

'No,' said he, 'I reckon I won't hire no help. I can't tell how the crops are gonter turn out, and I guess I'd better jest putter along by myself.'

I explained to him that his crops would have much better chances with my help; but he was obdurate. He would not risk the 'ten dollars a month and found' for which I offered myself. Twenty years later, I found him still

puttering along by himself, his apple orchards still overgrown with weeds and caterpillars. And there were fewer people in the whole county than on that fatal day when the putterer rejected my services.

'The glories of the past!' exclaims the man of the East.

'The wonders of the future!' cries the man of the West.

A college student, returning this year to the Pacific Coast, after having spent a year in Boston, summed up his impressions in this way:—

"Visit our forty-two story L. C. Smith Building and look down on our growing city," urges Seattle, in a frenzy of enthusiasm.

"Visit our three-story Fanueil Hall and look up its history," replies Boston, with a deprecating smile.'

In the seventeenth century, a committee of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, appointed to investigate the agricultural possibilities of the country, reported that there was little cultivable land west of Newton, Massachusetts. In a later century, Senator Benton, in an eloquent speech in Congress, proved conclusively that there could never be any successful settlements beyond the Rocky Mountains. Even our universities have failed to see their future large enough. They have planned and located each building as if they thought it would be the last one. In 1820, the regents of the University of Indiana, having spent \$2400 on a building to house the entire university, apologized for their extravagance. 'We are aware,' they admitted, 'that the plan proposed may be opposed on account of its magnitude.' A generation ago, the regents of the University of Illinois, in dedicating one of those monstrosities of the 'Late General Grant' period of architecture, declared that it would meet all the needs of the university for a century to come.

Even west of Boston, it seems, men sometimes lack faith in the possibilities of their country. A Kansan farmer, they say, having ordered and received two windmills, sent one back, fearing that there might not be wind enough for two. And that was in Kansas, where—if Dr. Lindley can be trusted—a man does not run after his hat when the wind takes it away: he merely thrusts his hand into the air and takes another hat.

'O ye of little faith,' we cry, when we consider the failure of our forefathers to see the future 'large and great.' Little do we realize that our own vision may seem to our children's children like the \$2400 extravagance of the University of Indiana.

## II

Though faith, in the West as elsewhere, is the substance of things hoped for, it is built in the West on the substance of things already lavishly bestowed by nature. A permanent impression of this abundance remains with anyone who has really seen the Far West. That impression was mine the first time I crossed the Sandy River, a stream that flows into the Columbia River where the Columbia Highway begins. There I saw a man, equipped only with the inverted top of a bird-cage fastened to the end of a long pole, pull out about all the fish he could carry home in his 'flivver.'

If I cannot expect you to believe this story, — which, being Western, a fish story, and a Ford story, is thrice suspect, — or to believe that I looked down, from the same bridge, upon a man in a large dory, who had piled up such a heap of glistening fish that the craft sank with the weight, how can I expect you to believe what is still less credible, that the sight did not seem to me extraordinary, but merely to typify



Western abundance! It made me think of similar sights all the way from Vancouver to San Diego.

Faith in the boundless future greeted me, on my first Thanksgiving Day in the West, in a city-to-be of Southern California. Fate, aided and abetted by the Southern Pacific Railroad, deposited me, a descendant of Pilgrim fathers, in a community that seemed never, outside of a poultry-show, to have heard of Plymouth Rock.

Through the only open door on the only business street, I found my way to Carlos — cook, waiter, and proprietor of the only eating-house. And Carlos, strong in Mexican accent and Western hospitality, served me local color and sour bread. I could have forgiven him the sour bread; but then came a concoction rolled in corn-husks upon which I was sure he had lavished, with Western *abandon*, an entire bottle of Tabasco sauce.

While I was wondering how to dispose of this fire-brand without the risk of starting another Mexican War, a cowboy, bursting through the door as if rehearsing for a motion-picture, came to my rescue with a dramatic cut-in. No sooner had he whooped upon the scene, — arrayed in red bandanna, pistols and all the other stage properties, — than he noted the absence of Thanksgiving in my face. He took in the whole sad situation at a glance. Whiskey had loosened the strings of his imagination — and of his purse.

‘Give the young feller a genu-ine, I say genu-ine, Thanksgivin’ dinner,’ he cried, as he threw a roll of bank-notes around the room. ‘Give the young feller the genu-ine thing. Ye get me? Turkey and stuffin’ and cranb’ry sauce and all the fixin’s. I’ll pay the bills.’

After we had twice collected his scattered bank-notes and stuffed them into his pockets, we convinced him that the Carlos shack was no place in which to

celebrate a New England holiday. He then proposed a personally conducted tour of the city.

At the next street corner, he began to point out the objects of local interest. ‘This,’ he said, ‘is Thirty-Second Street.’

‘Then where,’ I asked, ‘can First Street be?’

‘Oh, that,’ he replied, with a sweep of his arm and a far-away look in his eyes, ‘that is way out yonder on the prairie. That ain’t been laid out yet.’

Equally amusing is every pioneer settlement where the people are few and the houses not yet builded: the little box of a railroad station, with its plot of ‘self-conscious geraniums’; behind it, stretched out on Main Street, the General Emporium with its false front and its Post-Office attachment, the two-story hotel, the three empty saloons, the four real-estate offices; and, beyond these monuments of failure and of hope, regiments of house-lots staked out as far as One Hundred and Thirty-Ninth Street.

‘The great West,’ exclaimed the incredulous traveler, ‘where every hill is a mountain, every cat is a mountain lion, every creek is a river, and every man is a liar!’ Some liars have come from the East, no doubt; but while we laugh at the city that is large and great only in imagination, we do well to recall that Portland was such a city only half a century ago. And the surviving pioneers have found that the ‘boosters’ of those days who told the biggest lies about its future told the most truth. Westerners do not exaggerate their future possibilities. Perhaps, in spite of their modesty, they would lie about the future if they could: they lack sufficient imagination.

On a street corner in the heart of Portland is the Church of Our Father, Unitarian. On the other three corners of that intersection are one of the chief

office buildings, one of the chief theatres, and one of the chief hotels. When the church was located there, the people had to go through the woods to reach it. And there were scoffers even in those days. They laughed at the unpractical young minister, fresh from the Harvard Divinity School, who builded his first meeting-house in the wilderness. But Thomas Lamb Eliot, a worthy descendant of the pioneer apostle to the Indians, and Henrietta Eliot, his wife, with a babe in her arms, had managed to cross the Isthmus of Panama, had found their way, in various ships, from port to port, up to the Columbia River, and had shown at once that truly Western faith in the city that was not yet builded.

Dr. Eliot sometimes tells of a pioneer experience in driving from Olympia to Tenino, in western Washington, to visit an Indian reservation. His guide was Hazard Stevens. Before they got into the buggy, he asked Mr. Stevens about the road.

'Oh, it's good road,' answered Mr. Stevens.

On their journey they frequently had to lift the wagon out of holes and cut-away logs that had fallen across the road. The way was so narrow that, when they met a wagon at one place, they could pass it only by taking their buggy apart, lifting it piece by piece over the wagon, and then putting it together again.

When, after various other struggles, they actually reached Tenino, Dr. Eliot said,—

'There is one question I would like to ask, Mr. Stevens. What is your definition of a good road?'

'Oh,' came the quick reply, 'any road you can get through.'

There you have the spirit of the West. Had men insisted on any other definition of a good road, they would not have crossed the Rockies.

### III

Men who have known the pioneers need not be told that Hazard Stevens enjoyed the humor of his remark. Indeed, the characteristic ability of the Westerner to go down in defeat and bob up with his cheerful confidence unshaken is due in part to this sense of humor. It prompts him to publish the following advertisement in his local paper: 'For exchange, two lots in University Park, for anything on earth, except more lots in University Park.' His neighbors do not resent this reference to a blighted land boom. They laugh with him, even though they, too, have lots in University Park that yield nothing but weeds, taxes, and reproaches.

It was the city of Salem, in the state of Oregon, that proposed to a venerable city in the East that, since it is confusing to have two cities of the same name, it might be well for Salem, Massachusetts, to change its name. Shades of all the witches! This bump-tious young upstart proposes that the dignified home of Nathaniel Hawthorne should give up its tradition-hallowed name. How preposterous! How like the West! And at once come protests from the affronted East. Whereupon, the City Fathers of Salem, Oregon, chuckle and look again at the motto on the council chamber walls: 'Never mind what people say, as long as they talk about you.'

Having thus attracted attention to their own little spot in the Willamette Valley, the people of Salem proceed to cash in their free publicity and their loganberries and the prohibition movement by selling several million dollars worth of 'Loju' to the affronted cities of the East.

Mistake not the spirit of the West. It is revealed in much more than ridiculous bragging: it is revealed to the initiated in a sense of humor all its own.

The comic supplements of its daily papers do cast a lurid glow, as Dr. Crothers says, upon our boasted sense of humor. They are often as barren as the sage-brush prairies of Nevada. But they are only one of the many mistakes the frontiersmen have taken from the East, when their own genius would have served them far better.

To one who misses the humor, it seems that our Californians talk about their scenery as if they had made it all. In the high Sierras, an Oxford graduate and his Californian guide gazed on the snow-capped peaks at sunset. 'A beautiful view,' exclaimed the Californian, 'if I do say it myself.' Both men are still chuckling over the remark, each because he thinks the other missed the humor.

#### IV

To most of us, these are mere incidents, more or less amusing. To the sociologist, they are the stuff the history of human progress is made of. For the Pacific West, to the sociologist, is the last frontier. To him human progress is one long story of the more virile and adventurous members of an older civilization establishing themselves in a new land — the frontier. Thus, driven by drought and famine, the hardiest and most hopeful remnants of Asiatic tribes, centuries before Christ, found their way westward — ever westward — to the Mediterranean, and there built wonderful cities. They were the 'boosters' of their day. Later, in the declining days of Egypt and Babylon, Crete became the new frontier. The eloquent evidence of its flourishing leadership we are now digging up, after it has been buried for thousands of years. 'Watch Crete Grow' — or its classical equivalent — was no doubt the slogan of the time.

To the ancient cities that bordered

the Eastern Mediterranean, Greece became the Far West in the days when the islands of the Ægean were flowering into a higher type of civilization than the wise men of the East had ever conceived. Westward — ever westward — the course of empire took its way: across the continent to the coast of Europe, across the Channel to the British Isles, across the Atlantic to the New World, across the border states to the Valley of the Mississippi, and finally — by means of 'good roads' — across the Rockies to the Pacific Coast. It is the last frontier. The march of progress has circled the globe!

By the roadside, most of the marchers have stopped to rest and have never taken the road again. Others, like Kipling's 'Explorer,' have stopped only

Till a voice, as bad as Conscience, rang interminable changes

On one everlasting whisper, day and night repeated — so:

'Something hidden. Go and find it. Go and look behind the Ranges —

Something lost behind the Ranges. Lost and waiting for you. Go!'

Men who heard that voice, men of energy and courage, ready to take a chance, left old towns that seemed socially stagnant and sought the freer spirit of border communities.

In Texas they say the best steers are found on the outside of the herd. Natural selection has everywhere done its work. It has sorted out and sent westward some of the most enterprising youth of communities that were growing old, and has left behind most of those averse to change. The left-behinds have frowned upon the new because it is new. They have fallen down and worshiped the God-of-things-as-they-are, and inscribed upon the altar a slogan which the pioneers of all ages have repudiated: 'Whatever has been should continue to be.'

That slogan renounces originality, adaptability, and variability. But change is the immutable law of progress. Whatever resists change is dying; whatever does not change is dead.

From the study of this westward march of civilization, the sociologist believes that he has discovered a law of progress. He believes, with the philosopher Comte, that the preponderating influence of youth in any community is a true cause of progress. He believes that he can arrange communities in the order of their possibilities of progress, if he but knows what proportion of the people of each group is old and rigid, and what proportion is new and flexible. Thus he can determine the degree of success of a city in adjusting itself to the new conditions with which the War has confronted the world.

This is the chief significance of the growth in population of the large cities on the Pacific Coast. Ten years ago more than half the people in these cities had arrived within the previous decade. More than half the people in these cities to-day were not there ten years ago. The great vitality of these cities — shown by the coincidence of a high birth-rate and a low death-rate, by the large numbers of comparatively young people coming from the East, and by the heterogeneity of the population — is a mark of identity of the last frontier with those which, throughout the ages, have led the westward march of civilization.

Yes, it is the younger people as a rule who respond to the call of the West. But that is not all. No sooner are they actually living in the West than they feel younger still. For natural selection not only operates to send the younger people westward, but it

also has the effect of stimulating newcomers to larger capacities for living and loving — and this is youth!

Have you heard from your middle-aged acquaintance who lately left your Eastern city? He has already become one of the older residents of a city beyond the Rockies. Yet he is a boy again. He has taken again to dancing and to camping and to out-of-door games. He is eager to climb every snow-capped peak in sight. He has found out what Dr. Hall meant when he said we do not stop playing because we grow old, but grow old because we stop playing. The rosy visions of boyhood are his again. Romance beckons to him. Nothing seems impossible. He is like the boy who, when asked whether he could play a violin, said he did not know: he had never tried it. The Westerner to-day, like the miner of '49, is ever on the brink of great success. He is thrilled with the adventure, and he looks upon his new discoveries with the big-eyed wonder of a boy at his first circus.

Do not laugh at him: imitate him. He is the Ponce de León of an age of Science. He seeks no magical fountain. He knows that youth is the spirit of youth. And he has found it in the West.

Must you laugh at him still? Very well, he will laugh, too. You cannot discourage him. Nehemiah will not come down from his high wall. He has caught the spirit of the West. Flood and fire, earthquake and panic, war and anarchists, the high cost of living and the scoffer from the East — each is sure to find him smiling, resourceful, confident. He sees his future large and great, though the people who share his visions are few and the castles of his dreams are not yet builded.

# THE ALMIGHTY MINUTE

BY PERCIVAL WHITE

EVERY nation has been the slave of some besetting idea. The Egyptians were slaves to the idea of life after death, the Greeks to the idea of beauty, the Romans to that of conquest, the Mediævals to that of the Church, the Germans to that of autocracy, our fathers to that of money.

We are slaves to the idea of time.

Time is the tyrant of our lives. It is the one god we serve implicitly, universally, exclusively. Art we slight, poetry we abandon, religion we pass by. Health we neglect, beauty we disdain, love we mock. But time we worship.

Time prescribes our every act and deed. We dare not move without consulting Time. Our fathers took Time by the forelock; but Time takes us by the forelock, and he spares us very few of its hairs.

Cartoonists still portray Time as a doddering old man, with an hour-glass and a scythe. But cartoonists cling notoriously to the obsolete. Anyone else would paint him in the fulness of his youth, with a stop-watch for keeping tabs on us, and a machine-gun to mow us down.

There are some people, it is true, who grow up with the notion that their time is their own. If there is anything, they argue, which is free, it is time. Time, they aver, is to be had in abundance and without stint. But the maturer they grow, and the further they progress, the more they appreciate that, when it comes to time, they are poverty-stricken. For time is the most precious thing in the world.

Wherever possible, we reduce all things to a time basis. Time is our prime standard of measurement — and, in these days, there is nothing we do not measure. The time-variable has crept into every equation of our existence. We can hardly state a thought or a conclusion without bringing in the element of time. The scientist has recently smuggled the time-factor even into Newton's law of gravitation.

We eat by time, sleep by time, work by time, play by time. We record our accomplishments, not in terms of pleasure, or of permanence, or of satisfaction, but in terms of time. We plan our futures, not according to friends, or happiness, or whim, but with reference to our supply of time.

We even measure the distance from this town to that, not by the number of roses along the wayside, or by the sweet thoughts which have coursed through our minds on the journey. We do not measure distance even in miles. — certainly not: miles to us are as nothing; we measure it in hours, minutes, and seconds.

When we wish to talk about accomplishment without whispering the august name of time, we refer, but with almost equal reverence, to efficiency. Efficiency, being a standard of measurement, in addition to being the high priest of time, is popular. In fact, efficiency is probably the most popular abstract thing we have.

Efficiency is fondly regarded in the American mind as the greatest contribution of this age to civilization. It is



deemed an agency for good, a thing one cannot have too much of. And so, since procrastination is the thief of time, we make efficiency the policeman who catches the thief. Or, to put it into technical phraseology, efficiency is what you did do, divided by what you would have done provided you had grown up smarter than you are.

Efficiency is a lightning calculator, by which you may convert time into anything you like, and read the answer in percentages, to the third decimal place. By its means, for example, you may change minutes into dollars, which is, after all, the thing most of us are trying to do.

Time, indeed, is money, as our forebears were fond of saying. But we have gone a step beyond that: we have learned that money is time.

Yet there is danger in these glib conversions. Money is a tangible thing. The more you save, the more you have. But time is far more subtle stuff. Saving it does not imply having it. As soon as a man seriously starts saving time, make up your mind that he will no longer have a moment to spare.

Time, not money, is our be-all and our end-all. Time is the thing each one of us is working for, praying for, and making his money for. The almighty dollar is giving way to the almighty minute. Doubtless a fitting retribution has overtaken the old lady who declared that the only thing time was good for was to rent houses by.

Ask the man of the hour for anything tangible, and you will find him generous. Ask him for his time, and you will find him a churl.

If the business man sees a device for saving time, he will have it, at all costs. All great inventions of this age have been time-saving inventions. They are great inventions because they save time. These uncanny contrivances machinate to accomplish in minutes

what formerly took us hours, or even days. (Paradoxically, the more time-saving inventions you have about, the less time you have to spare; but that is beside the point.)

We do not call, we telephone. It is so much quicker. We do not travel, we telegraph. It does not take so long. We do not pen our missives, as of yore, polishing, perfecting, and aiming at elegance, spinning each thought into a cunning phrase, weaving each phrase into an intricate pattern, and embroidering the finished fabric with well-turned figures and cadences. Far from it. We spill our half-digested ideas into a rubber spout. This conducts them into a machine. The machine pours them again into the ear of a girl, who lets them run instant out through her finger-tips into another machine, where they solidify into print at the rate of two words a second.

The letter is sealed by machine, stamped by machine, and addressed by machine. It drops a dozen stories in a mail-chute, is collected by automobile, postmarked automatically, and carried by aeroplane to its destination. It is again postmarked by machine, delivered by machine, and slit open by machine. A machine-like secretary places it on the desk of its recipient, or, to save him quarter of a minute, tosses it into the waste-paper basket, whence it is collected, baled by machine, crushed into pulp by machine, and machined into paper again, ready to start afresh on its endless cycle. The process is infinitely more complicated than in the days of the stage-coach or the pony express; but think of the time that you save!

What becomes of the time you save, no one can tell, not even our new-fangled time-study artists. For, although we have learned a great deal about saving time, we have learned little or nothing about spending it.

Despite its recent origin, the effect upon the world of the Time Idea has been incalculable. More material progress has taken place in the past century than in all the rest of history put together.

This process of progress has the same kaleidoscopic quality observable in the cinematograph, which, by-the-bye, is another of the marvelous time-saving inventions which consume the few free moments still remaining to us. Let us watch this progress of humanity, era after era, each change gradual, lumbering, slow, every accomplishment attained only at the expense of the greatest suffering and travail. But look! Now, as we get toward the end of the nineteenth century, we notice a marked quickening of the *tempo*. All at once, the speed becomes greater and greater, until at last, as the film races past the lens, one can hardly follow the break-neck antics on the screen. It is as if the motion-picture operator, growing weary of the plot, were turning the crank at double-quick, in his anxiety to conclude the performance.

What makes him turn so furiously? Why does he hasten the picture to a close? A discussion of these questions might prove interesting; but time will not permit.

The universe, in these days, is stepping lively, please. The world spins faster than it used to. Into one lifetime we concentrate ten lifetimes. The problem the American sets himself is to see, not how much he can get out of life, but how much he can get into it.

It is a killing pace. It changes boys into men at seventeen, makes men middle-aged at thirty-five, and brings on old age at five-and-fifty. Old age, indeed, like carpet slippers and wooden Indians, has gone out of fashion. There are no old men about you. They, like other obsolete machinery, have been relegated to the scrap-heap.

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It is a killing pace, but we must keep it up, or fall and be trampled on. The struggle for self-preservation in America is fierce and merciless. It is a grim struggle. It tingles with electricity. Men revel in it. It stimulates them to the point of intoxication. It spurs them to an effort so intense that it at last becomes an end in itself. It is the thing they live for.

Not satisfied with obtaining a competence for themselves, they aspire to take away the share falling to others, so that the resulting unbalance makes competition keener than before.

This is the thing we know as business. Business is not a part of American life; it *is* American life. The American business man devotes 1440 minutes a day to business. Before daybreak, an alarm-clock wrests him from his fitful business dreams. He gulps down business news along with his eggs and coffee. He plans business on his way to the office. His morning is spent in reading business, dictating business, and talking business. He keeps a business engagement for luncheon. Afterwards, he rushes back to business, where he routes himself, schedules himself, and despatches himself, as if he thought he were an express train.

After everyone else has left the office, he wraps up his business, and carries it home in a brief-case. He arrives late, sits down to dinner, and stares glassily into space, conjuring up phantoms of business. A business acquaintance interrupts his preoccupied meal, by calling him on the telephone. Ten minutes later he returns to the table, too distraught to eat, and discusses business with his wife. He spends the evening poring over budgets, reports, and trade-publications. He goes, at last, to bed, which is, he finds, the most efficient place of all in which to work out business problems.

He has no friends but business friends,

no interests but business interests. He spends his little span saving time, in order that he may put forth more energy in a further attempt to save more time, and so on, until he has not a minute left to bless himself with. His whole existence is one unremitting race against time.

From this tremendous acceleration of life, the American has no escape. Not one of us can quarantine himself against the mania for speed. There is nothing we have not sacrificed in pursuit of our time-serving ideals. We have, even now, enacted the prohibition of our last respite, that we may save time more zealously. It is no more possible for us to resist the Time Idea than it is for the characters on the film to retard the speed of its reproduction.

It is all the trend of evolution, and

there is no use trying to stop it. One would be less successful than Joshua, in his similar attempt.

And so we shall continue to be hustled through lunch-rooms and herded through cafeterias, until we become chronic dyspeptics. We shall be badgered with telegrams, bombarded with 'extras,' and bawled at by bell-boys, until we fall victims to nervous prostration. We shall be battledored in elevators and shuttlecocked in subways, joggled in taxicabs, jostled in street cars, and jolted in Pullmans, until we succumb to apoplexy. And we shall be kept everlastingly on the go until, arriving at last at our untimely destination, we are shipped off in a sixty-horsepower hearse to the only peaceful place we have ever known. For thus we shall have served the god of Time.

## THE UNAPPROACHABLE RAINBOW

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

I WAS amused and surprised by the hornet's nest I stirred up when, last August, in the *Atlantic Monthly*, I took Thoreau to task for saying that he once stood in the abutment of a rainbow. The number of persons on both sides of the Atlantic, from whom I have received letters, who have stood in the abutment of a rainbow and seen the prismatic tints all around them; who have driven their cars through rainbows; who have played hide-and-go-seek with one; who have done almost everything with a rainbow except to snare it and bring it home with them, is truly amazing.

This is the passage in *Walden*, to which I referred: 'Once it chanced that I stood in the very abutment of a rainbow's arch which filled the lower stratum of the atmosphere, tingeing the grass and leaves around, and dazzling me as if I looked through colored crystals. It was a lake of rainbow light, in which for a short while I lived, like a dolphin. If it had lasted longer, it might have tinged my employment and life.'

The phenomenon which Thoreau goes on to relate, of seeing a halo of light around his shadow where it fell on the dewy grass in the morning, anyone

may see under the same conditions, if he looks for it. I have seen it around my own shadow of a summer morning many times. There are no prismatic tints in it, however. But standing in the abutment of a rainbow, and seeing yourself standing there, is an impossible feat — just as impossible as it would be to climb the arch if you could reach it.

Just how Thoreau deluded himself, I am at a loss to know. We know that, as a rule, he was not an accurate observer, and that his imagination often colored his experiences. But a dozen or more readers rushed to Thoreau's defense.

One man wrote me, at great length, contending that the rainbow was often elliptical in form, and that if the storm-cloud was moving across the beholder's front, the rainbow would move with it. 'Thus one end of the bow may be within a few hundred feet of the observer, while the other is a mile or more away.' An elliptical bow, I suppose, is the result of the moving storm stretching or flattening the bow a little!

Another correspondent, a lawyer, writes: 'More than a dozen times have I as a boy kicked my bare foot into the very abutment of a rainbow's arch.' Then he goes on to say, 'Given a sultry afternoon with showers. The meadows are saturated with moisture. The air is laden with it. A quick outbursting sun behind you, and the one end of the rainbow will form at your feet. And you will see the green grass through a colored crystal.' We all know that after a summer shower, when the sun comes out, many colored crystals may be seen flashing from the leaves and the grass. Every drop of water acts as a prism and dissolves the ray of light that falls upon it; but this is not a rainbow, and you get this effect only from a certain angle and from certain drops.

Of course, we do not all see the same things in nature, but we all see the rain-

bow under the same conditions, because the laws of optics do not change to suit our moods or conditions. No two persons ever see the same rainbow, because no two persons can ever use the same pair of eyes, and stand in exactly the same place at the same time. I would go a good way to see a rainbow travel, or move at all. It fades, but it is always motionless. The drops of rain and the storm-cloud travel, but the bow is stationary. Yet one of my correspondents, a woman in New York, saw a rainbow on its travels! She first saw the usual double bow, but soon it and all the primary bow faded save about forty-five degrees of the latter. 'Within a few minutes this traveled northward [or from right to left] and I saw very distinctly the end of the rainbow resting on the barracks and on the sand. Its rate of progress was about two hundred and fifty feet per minute, and it passed within one hundred and fifty [What an eye she had for distance!] feet of the place where I was standing.' As it moved, she said, the arc grew shorter, till it disappeared. Of course, the rainbow recedes from one with the receding storm, but it does not move from right to left, or across one's front.

This correspondent, however, thinks it quite impossible to be in a rainbow visible to one's own eyes, as Thoreau describes. Not so, however, another, a well-known poetess, who thinks she once stood in the abutment of a rainbow. She describes the prismatic colors on the leaves and grass after a shower, to which I have already alluded, and thinks she has clinched her argument when she avers that she once saw the 'foot' of a rainbow resting on her own land a few rods away! Farther away than you imagine, my dear. I might be standing on a hill and see a rainbow spanning the valley below me, with one leg of it resting upon the highway, and

see an automobile pass through it, but the occupants of the car would not see themselves going through the bow. An army officer in England, just home from the war, says he drove his car right through the foot of a rainbow. He must have torn a big hole in it, and endangered the whole superstructure; but he does not record that it fell and blocked the road.

No one has written me that he stood in the abutment of a rainbow yesterday or to-day. It is always on some occasion long past. In youth we do see and hear strange things. I often hear from persons who, when they were boys, have seen a snake swallow its young, but never from a grown person who has seen this. An Indiana Supreme Court judge wrote me to this effect recently. But the snake authority of Bronx Zoölogical Park, Professor Ditmars, I think, laughed him out of it.

One can easily settle the point about the rainbow by visiting a waterfall when the sun is shining, and when there is a volume of spray rising. Then he is pretty sure to see one leg of a rainbow, — the right leg, — which will not change its relative position with regard to him, no matter how much he moves. When he goes down-stream, it goes down; when he returns, it returns. It is a fragment of a bow which would form a complete arch exactly in front of him, were there a volume of spray sufficiently high and wide to meet the conditions; but he could no more get into it than he could filch its colors.

The phenomenon may be studied in the sprinkler on the lawn. I find that, when I walk by it, just beyond the reach of the spray, I can see one leg of a rainbow just large enough to show the curve. If I walk back, I presently see the other leg, but never the completed bow because the volume of spray does not extend high enough. The top of the arch of the bow, if completed, would be

exactly on a line with me, and the sun behind me; I cannot see both legs from the same point of view, as we often do with the bow in the clouds.

So simple and easy seems the rainbow, like touching a button and seeing this marvelous apparition spring out! Yet it puts the natural philosophers on their mettle to explain it and analyze its laws. Its physics and its mathematics make the layman's head swim. The raindrops have an outside and an inside, a convex and a concave surface, and both play their parts in the production of the bow. In the primary bow, the rays fall on the outside of the drops, and there are two reflections and one refraction. In the secondary bow, the rays fall on the inside of the drops and suffer two reflections and two refractions, which bring the colors in reverse order to those of the first. Then there is polarization, and there is interference, and there are other optical puzzles connected with the bow.

When the sun and the observer are on the same horizontal plane, as at sunset, the bow will be a half-circle. Earlier in the day it will be less than a half circle. It can never appear very near the zenith — from 42 to 54 degrees above the horizon is its usual position.

No rainbows are seen between the hours of 9 A.M. and 3 P.M., because the sun is too high in the heavens. The storm-cloud would need to be at your feet at such times. With your spray-pump you can produce a miniature rainbow at 10 and 11 A.M., but it will be on or near the ground. In Nature this never occurs. The lower the sun, the higher the rainbow in the sky, and *vice versa*. From mountaintops a bow making a complete circle has been seen in the valley below.

The physics and the mathematics of the rainbow are quite beyond most laymen. We all know, since our school days, that white light can be analyzed



into the primary colors by the prism. Now every drop of rain has the effect of a prism, and splits the rays of the sun into the seven primary colors, and then the bow is born.

The only thing I have ever seen in connection with rainbows which was new and inexplicable to me, I witnessed one April morning while visiting a friend on the shores of the Maumee River at East Toledo, Ohio. The bank of the river, partly wooded, is about fifty feet high, and the distance across the river at that point about half a mile.

On a bright morning I was sauntering along the river-bank when, on looking across to the other shore, I saw two large prismatic patches, one above me and one below, and the sun squarely behind me. The day was clear, and there was not the least vapor or fog that I could detect on the surface of the water. The river was as smooth as glass. When I walked up the river, the rainbow-patches moved up with me, and when I went back, they went back. I could not get above or below them. I should say they were, approximately, about three hundred feet apart. They slowly increased in size till they became like long sections of a rainbow, reaching out to the opposite shore. When I last saw them, they must have been a good many feet in length.

I was called away to the other side of the house, and do not know just what happened in the interval; but about ten o'clock in the forenoon someone called to me that there was a rainbow in the river. And, lo and behold! there it was!—an effect I had never seen before—a perfect rainbow, with a span of several hundred feet, in the river. When I traveled up the river, it traveled up; and when I returned, it

returned. It was, I think, a good many hundred feet away, and was altogether a strange apparition. I had to leave about that time, and do not know how long it lasted. My friends said they had never seen it before, and they write me that they have never seen it since.

There is another flitting and unapproachable apparition in the clouds, which everybody has seen, but which comparatively few have closely observed. I refer to the familiar spectacle of what country persons call 'the sun drawing water.' Great spokes of light radiate from rents in the clouds when the sun is partly hidden, producing an effect like a huge fan spread out in the eastern or western sky. The peculiarity of it is that the observer is always squarely in front of the middle of that fan; the vertical rays are always exactly in front of him, and the wings spread out equidistant on each side. You cannot, by walking or running or driving, change your relation to that phenomenon, any more than you can to the rainbow. Those vertical rays appear stationary, as, in fact, does the whole fan. Now, if someone writes and tells me that he has flanked that apparition and seen it off to the left or the right of him, I shall put him down as a nature faker.

What the explanation is of those spokes of light proceeding from those openings in the clouds, as if the sun were just there behind them, when it is so far away that its rays to human eyes would seem parallel with one another, I do not know.

Let the light come into your room through a crack or a knot-hole, and the rays do not diverge or spread out in that way. The explanation is probably a simple one, but I do not know what it is.

# THE ORIGINALITY OF JESUS

BY GEORGE A. GORDON

## I

THE Master of the Christian world has suffered much from two servants who are yet essential to enlightened religion — the metaphysical theologian and the historical critic. From the early days of Christianity till recent times, Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the second person in the Trinity, has figured in a metaphysical scheme of redemption. The historic person of the Prophet of Nazareth, the wealth and the glory of his humanity, have been sadly obscured. He has again and again faded from the friendship of the world; he has become dim and uncertain as a human reality in the fields of time; he has been largely lost as a teacher and guide; he has been known chiefly as the member of the Godhead who had compassion upon a race gone into utter wreck and deserving only eternal damnation. The entire Calvinistic tradition tended more and more to count Jesus out. In my boyhood in Scotland he was a divine name, with a certain part to play in the drama of redemption; he was not a creative power in human life; he was not a sublime human reality. The Calvinistic tradition shows its logical issue in Carlyle. Nothing counts ultimately but the will of God. The Pilgrim theology, with all its high principles of faith, — the sovereignty of mind in the universe, the accountability of the soul to God, the great optimistic idea of redemption for sinful men, and the triumph, limited indeed, but real, of good over evil, — missed

the superlative glory of the Master, his divine humanity. A metaphysic of the life of Jesus is a necessity; it should be, however, a limited necessity.

Our trouble to-day is from the other indispensable servant of enlightened religion — the historical critic. Read the Gospels, so he tells us, as one should any other book. True; but how should one read any other book worth reading? Apply the rules of historical criticism to Jesus as one would to Socrates. True again; but how should one apply the rules of historical criticism to Socrates? Shall one apply these rules to Socrates in such a way as to deny that he ever lived; in such a way as to show that, if he lived, he said nothing clearly ascertainable; that, if he spoke certain words, he spoke little of any great moment? That method of criticism would leave the mighty systems of Plato and Aristotle without historical antecedent. Criticism has here run a wild course; it has, however, settled down in the conviction that Socrates is the fountain-head of the wisdom of Greece about man and man's world.

To apply criticism to the Gospels in such a way as to give us no sure vision of Jesus at all, in such a way as to present him to us, if he did live, not as the originator of the mightiest of all religions, not as the supreme and supremely calm spiritual mind of the race, but as a well-meaning fanatic, as a totally mistaken and tragic figure, as one forever pushed aside in his wild apocalyp-

tic dreams by the course of the world, can hardly be deemed satisfactory either in method or result. To destroy the one and only adequate antecedent of historical Christianity is not criticism: it is an obvious and serious mistake.

It is true that the evils of criticism are to be cured by more criticism. Even in its utmost excesses criticism is like erysipelas, a self-limiting trouble. Any one who is familiar with the criticism through which the Greek classics have passed in the last hundred years must be aware of this self-rectifying tendency in critical judgment. At one time, by certain scholars, about a dozen of the great body of writings usually attributed to Plato were allowed to be genuine; to-day critical opinion and tradition are practically agreed. More criticism, especially criticism of criticism, and the habit of discounting the idols of the historical critic's cave, will give, it is believed, a much saner result in this discipline than has lately prevailed.

There is another, and, in my judgment, a better way of approach to the Gospels than that used by the technical critic. After all, the New Testament is not the monopoly of the historical scholar. Services there are which none but he can render; services there are to this literature which others can render better than he. Studies on the outsides of things need to be supplemented by studies on the insides of things. The rabbinical scholar should not be too proud to listen now and then to the philosophic student of human wisdom. Indeed, the method of the philosophical mind should be the ally of the historical mind. The man who comes to the study of the teaching of Jesus from wide and profound acquaintance with the wisdom and the culture of the world is able to pronounce a judgment not lightly to be disregarded.

John Stuart Mill, writing to Thomas Carlyle, says, 'I have for years had the very same idea of Christ and the same unbounded reverence for him as now; it was because of this reverence that I sought a more perfect acquaintance with the records of his life; that indeed gave new life to the reverence, which in any case was becoming, or was closely allied with all that was becoming, a living principle in my character.'

Books are symbols; their meaning cannot be found without sympathy. Learning is essential, yet all the learning in the world by itself cannot compass the secret of Jesus. Sympathy and imagination working in the interest of the hidden reality are indispensable. Learning alone can give the size and style of the cathedral window from the outside; learning alone can never give the vision of the window from the inside — its figure, color, wonder, and splendor. History, like the external world, like the universe, is a symbol, an offering to the soul of man by the way of his senses; without insight the meaning of the symbol is unattainable. Hidden in the Gospels is the creative mind, the original character of Jesus, and he is found there by thought.

Even among men of the highest genius there is no such thing as absolute originality. Consider for a moment one of the most original minds in the English tongue, Shakespeare. He did not invent the alphabet, the words, the syntax, the reality and power of the English language; or the English nation, its ways of thinking, its achievements, its character; or the comedy and the tragedy of human life. Shakespeare found these and a thousand other things of high moment, contributed by those who had gone before him. Yet Shakespeare is rightly regarded as a great original genius, in depth of mind, in comprehensiveness, in the richness and power of his comedy

and tragedy, in the intimacy of his knowledge of life, in the unsurpassed grandeur of his dramatic presentations, especially in his portrayal of character. Shakespeare's originality is that of the mountain to the common earth; it is lifted to this unwonted elevation, to this outlook upon the world, to this vision of the naked heavens. In Shakespeare the common powers, insights, instincts, possessions of humanity are lifted to this dignity, this range of meaning, this majesty and mystery.

Jesus did not originate the Semitic dialect which was his native tongue, or the traditions of his race, their vast literature, their history, their character, their faith and hope. All these were the material furnished, ready. Yet he is in the sphere of the spirit original in the profoundest sense; he is original in himself, in his power to revive dead wisdom, to stamp with his character the unvalued truth, and put it in everlasting social circulation; he is original in depth of insight, in purity of vision, in the transcendence of his mind, the universality of his appeal.

## II

In Jesus we find, in the highest degree, originality of character. This means something new, something of surpassing excellence, something of endless interest and influence. We know what originality of character means when applied to other great men. This kind of originality was evident in Lincoln: before him there was none like him; in his generation he was without a parallel; since his day no one has appeared of his type. He was something new, something excellent, something of enduring interest to all Americans. Probably no one would contest the assertion that Socrates was the human being of greatest originality in the race to which he belonged. Plato

says, 'He was like no one, either of the ancients or of the men of his own time'; he was a wonder in newness of type, in excellence, and in interest.

In the Old Testament there is no parallel to Jesus; among the prophets of Israel, among the great men whose name and character are recorded in that literature, there is no suggestion even of the unique personality of the Master. Among these great men, when the feeling is not merely tribal it is strictly national. The elevation of Israel's greatest men is the elevation of separation from the peoples of the world; their humanity is still limited, exclusive; man as man does not occupy the field of vision, does not influence the centres of feeling. The prophet's only hope is that the Gentile may become an Israelite by adoption. In the greatest of these ancient men there is nothing of the intrinsic and free humanity of Jesus; their character is an old-world character. The highest ideal of the Old Testament is that of the suffering servant of Jehovah, and this ideal touches Jesus only at one point of his character, his vicarious goodness. The Lord's Prayer is not a tribal or national prayer; the humanity of man is the ground of appeal to the Eternal humanity: 'Our Father who art in heaven.'

In the New Testament there is no one like Jesus. This is all the more remarkable because to his disciples Jesus became at once an object of passionate love and admiration. Stephen imitates the Lord's prayer upon the cross: 'Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do,' in the noble words, 'Lord, lay not this sin to their charge'; and yet no one would think of likening the character of Stephen to the character of Jesus. Among the apostles there is no one to whom in vision, composure, dignity, disengagedness from the non-essential in religion, Jesus is not a decided contrast. When we come to the

most ardent of the early disciples of Jesus, and his greatest apostle, Paul, we meet more of contrast than of resemblance. John Stuart Mill is completely right when he says that Paul's 'character and idiosyncrasies were of a totally different sort.'

The original character of Jesus is the moral side of his genius; that aspect confines our attention at this point. It is something free, and inevitable; silent as the movement of the earth, and sure; its strength is without tumult, without hesitation; and in it there are no fears, no divisions of heart; unity, certainty, sovereignty are its notes. The Gospels bear witness to one without predecessor and without successor, whose originality of character is declared in the paradoxical but luminous words of one of the greatest New Testament writers, as 'without father, without mother, without genealogy, having neither beginning of days nor end of life'—a new type of human being, to which the coming world is to be conformed.

I cannot forget the impression made upon me in going from my first absorbing visit in Egypt to Palestine. Palestine was ancient, too; it was a part of that ancient world in which Egypt was supreme, for power and for length of years. Palestine, however, contained Jesus; and for the first time in my feeling was reflected the fact that Jesus was a modern man, the first, the original, the creative modern man. In him the spirit of man broke from the solemn melancholy of Egypt, the high exclusiveness of Israel, and the sovereign aristocracy of Greece, into the vision of the intrinsic dignity and measureless worth of man as man. The world has been sadly unfaithful to that vision, yet the vision itself has never altogether faded from our distracted life; to-day it abides in strength, and the person who was its original representative is still its authentic and incomparable type.

### III

The next step in our discussion concerns the originality of the message of Jesus. Two views are current here and in conflict. One view is that Jesus was a pious and patriotic Jew, whose programme was essentially that of John the Baptist, national repentance and righteousness followed by national salvation, that is, deliverance from the Roman domination. According to this view, the mind of Jesus is to be approached through the imaginative literature of the generation preceding his own, by the habits of thought and the forms of belief of his time. It is held that the idea of the continuous development of the life of man on the earth was something foreign to the mind of Jesus; the idea of catastrophe, it is contended, was ever present to him. On the wreck of the world his Messianic kingdom was to be established. He was a good man, but completely mistaken; he was a pure spirit, but he knew not the way that the world was taking; he was a representative Jew in his piety, in his patriotism, in his message, and in it there was nothing essentially new.

Here serious questions press for an answer. Is it fair to attribute the world-view of Jewish imaginative literature to this great Master of all Christians? Is it just to construe the few world-view sentences of Jesus, not written by himself, written a generation after his death by those to whom these views were the colored medium through which they read all serious words upon man's destiny—is it just to put a meaning upon these sentences in clear contradiction of the sure central body of the teaching of the Master? Was Jesus entirely under the power of the spirit of the age? Was he in no way able to rise above the poor apocalyptic nonsense discredited by the course of



history? In our analysis of the records of his ministry, are we to find nothing there that did not come from him? Is scientific criticism leading us, blindfolded, back to something like an infallible reporter, and an inerrant report, which shall infallibly discredit the Divine speaker? Is not Matthew Arnold near the truth when he presumes that, when Jesus is made to speak words that the course of the world has set aside, the words are more likely to have come from the disciple than from the Master? In reading the mind of the Master, after the lapse of a generation of years, may not the disciple have read his own mind into the mind of the Lord? May not the apocalyptic addresses in the Gospels be a misinterpretation, a confused version of the mind of Jesus, which he would have refused to accept as the truth? Was it not possible for Jesus to use, to a certain extent, the mythology of his age, as other great teachers have used the mythologies of their respective ages—reality to the many, but poetry to them? Would it be fair to interpret Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle as Polytheists because of the sanction they gave to the popular faith? May not the nationalization of the teaching of Jesus, so far as it exists, have been the work of his disciples? May not the genius of Jesus have been, what history has indeed found it to be, spiritual and universal?

The view that regards Jesus as the sovereign religious genius of our race enters its protest here. This view holds that, while Jesus was obliged to accommodate his mind, to some extent, to the idiom of his time, he yet in his central ideas completely transcended his time. According to this view, the mind of Jesus must be found in the records of his ministry by the most careful analysis; this analysis must be made more in the light of what his message came to mean to his greatest disciples, than

in the light of the Jewish literature standing in the background; this analysis must take into account what is after all supreme in the teaching of Jesus—his conception of God, and his conception of man.

Jesus' criticism of the Law, in the Sermon on the Mount, is surely something new in depth and in inwardness; nor is there anything in the Prophets or Psalms so absolute as the moral teaching of Jesus in that discourse. There man's life, his world, is in the searchlight of the Infinite Perfection; the ideal of that life, of that world, is something that overawes the highest souls by its authority and splendor: 'Ye therefore shall be perfect as your heavenly Father is perfect.'

If it should be said that there are more than mere hints of this teaching in the noblest words in the Old Testament and beyond it, in the loftiest traditions of other races, it is still true that to the best wisdom of his people Jesus has given the highest form, and to the rarest insights of the great in other nations an expression that supersedes the original utterance. The best experience of the best souls, in Israel and beyond Israel, finds its completest utterance in the authentic teaching of Jesus. In a sense profoundly true, that highest experience lives and moves in our world to-day by the power of his utterance.

Jesus was perhaps the most misunderstood teacher in history. His genius in the things of the spirit, had it taken its own high way, would have left him with no contact with his time. He was obliged to use the phrase 'Kingdom of God,' and he could not prevent the construction of this phrase as meaning an earthly kingdom. His disciples, let it be frankly stated, were incapable of comprehending their Teacher and his message; they read that message in the light of their education, habits of

thought, beliefs, hopes, world-views. In this way it has come to pass that the Teaching of Jesus has been here and there touched by the darkened minds of the pious and good men who conserved the tradition of his career.

In the words of John the Baptist about Jesus there is a guide to the Master's genius: 'I indeed baptize you with water; he shall baptize you with the Holy Spirit.' Another word, this time from Jesus himself, can mean only the inwardness of his Kingdom: 'The Kingdom of heaven is within you.' History is the authentic interpreter of creative ideas. Two generations after the death of Jesus, a great interpreter of his teaching had come to see the absolute spirituality of the Master's central idea: 'My Kingdom is not of this world.' And in between the earliest and the latest of the Gospels stands the great interpretation of Jesus, in the Epistle to the Hebrews. Here Christianity has become, what it was essentially at the first and always, an Eternal reality, looking through ancient forms as through symbols, itself an Institute of the Spirit, in the life of the world and beyond time. So much history, as the great authentic interpreter of the message of Jesus, had achieved in elevating the mind of his leading disciples, in making it possible for them to apprehend the pure spirituality, the invisible and eternal reality of his Kingdom.

This process has gone ever onward. They have understood Jesus best who have had the largest share of his spirit, who have been able to bring the richness of a great religious experience to the interpretation of the life of his soul in God. The church of Christ has been from the beginning an institution of many and continuous blunders; yet in one respect it has been essentially clear in head and sound in heart: it has understood more and more deeply the Kingdom of God in the teaching of

Jesus to be the reign of God in the minds and hearts of men; it has seen in that phrase a heavenly ideal hovering over all human society, seeking nothing for itself, and claiming nothing but to be the perfecting light and grace of human life. The church has thus seen the spirituality, the depth, and the wonder of the message of Jesus.

#### IV

Jesus' manner of teaching may be justly called original. In certain respects it resembles the manner of Socrates rather than that of any great recorded teacher in Israel. Socrates was, it is true, an educator rather than a teacher; yet the issue of his service to the mind was a great body of definite teaching. The Greek educator spoke his ideas, committing them to the minds of living men of uncommon power. He was an examiner of ideas, minds, methods of thought, and he was a searcher of the heart. His personality, his purpose, his dialectical method, his love of wisdom and his endless delight in the search for it, are behind the whole greater heritage of Greek philosophy, the original fountain of it, surely, and largely the directing genius of it.

In something of the same manner Jesus exercised his ministry. He was, first of all, a teacher of twelve men; his method was by conversation, a direct attack upon the mind, frequently by question and answer, often by the keenest dialectical encounter. 'By what authority doest thou these things?' This question is flung at Jesus in the Temple by certain leaders of the people. Jesus replies. First answer this question: 'The Baptism of John, whence was it? from heaven or from men?' These acute opponents of Jesus saw at once the logic of the question: they reasoned among themselves and said, 'If we

shall say from heaven, he will say, why then did ye not believe him; if we shall say from men, we fear the multitude, for all hold John as a prophet.' They answered with safe agnosticism, 'We know not.' Jesus then rejoins, 'Neither tell I you by what authority I do these things.' There is Jesus' encounter with the politicians, and their crafty question, Is it lawful to give tribute to Cæsar or not? The wisdom and dialectical force of Jesus' answer have received universal recognition. Show me a penny. Whose is this image and superscription? Cæsar's. You are clearly under some sort of obligation to Cæsar. Render therefore unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's.

To the dialectical genius of Jesus no less than to his divine humanity are due his defense of his interest in sinful men and women in his parables of the Lost Sheep, the Lost Coin, and the Lost Son. Here is the profoundest and widest wisdom in the possession of mankind, uttered in forms that for clear intelligibility and impressive beauty are matchless. There is no philosophy of human history like that contained in the Parable of the Lost Son. The vision of good, real and apparent, the sources of tragic mistake in confounding appearance and reality, the discipline of suffering, the awakening power of disillusionment, the illumination of experience, and the benignity of the Eternal Reality sovereign in all the courses of thought and life, are here depicted by a genius to whom man's intellect and heart are utterly transparent. There is hardly a phrase in this profound and wonderful Parable that does not compress within itself a world of meaning for mankind.

Another peculiarity of Jesus' manner as a teacher is his gift of characterization. It appears more or less in all his parables; it appears conspicuously

in the parables just mentioned. The shepherd who seeks his lost sheep till he finds it, the woman who seeks her lost coin till she finds it, the father who seeks through all the courses of experiences his lost son, the Lost Son himself and the Elder Brother, are characters drawn with a master-hand, and they are in the imagination and feeling of the world forever. Still more striking, perhaps, is this power of characterization in the Parable of the Good Samaritan. It, too, springs from debate; after it was spoken, no reply was possible: it was conclusive and final.

The portrayal of character is rightly held to be the supreme example of poetic genius. In the *Iliad* there are immortal characters: Agamemnon, Achilles, and a score of others that cannot die. In the *Odyssey* we have another group: Odysseus the incarnation of intellect, as Achilles is the incarnation of physical prowess; Nausicaa, Penelope, Circe, and many others. These are extraordinary delineations of character, but large space is necessary for the full presentation of these groups of characters. The Clytemnestra of Æschylus is a wild and terrible woman; so is the Medea of Euripides; the Antigone of Sophocles is statuesque, full of loyalty, of piety, of tenderness, of strength. But in each case, to present in full length the character depicted requires a whole drama.

Shakespeare is justly regarded the greatest character poet of modern times. To the groups of characters that he has contributed to enrich human imagination and feeling, there is no modern parallel: Lear, Goneril, Regan, Cordelia, Kent; Hamlet, Ophelia, the guilty King and Queen; Othello, Desdemona, Iago; Imogen; Portia; and again, a hundred more; but Shakespeare requires room and time for the full display of these characters.

See what we find in this story that

one can read in three or four minutes. A certain man was going down from Jerusalem to Jericho. The form of statement rouses at once the imagination. Who was he; in what home did he open his eyes; what was his early fortune, and how did he end his days? The impact upon the imagination is that of the supreme artist. The universal human being is introduced. A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho — the typical man representing every man everywhere.

There are the robbers: one can see their hard faces silhouetted against the rock on the way down from Jerusalem to Jericho; one can see them, low-browed, dark-faced, with cruelty in their eyes, the plagues of society, the foes of mankind, the representatives of inhumanity all the world over, desperadoes, robbers by calling, murderers by vocation.

There are the priest and the Levite. With what complete mastery, in few words, Jesus struck off those characters! They are in the memory and imagination of mankind wherever his Gospel has gone. They were not hypocrites: they were simply men who had separated religion from human service, piety from humanity, consecration to the Infinite in contempt of the need of mankind.

There was the good Samaritan, a compound of unconscious divinity and humanity; God was in his instincts, his kind was in his instincts, quickening his perceptions of human need and brotherhood, quickening his sympathies, moving his will to help. You see him with a face like the sunrise; again, he is known wherever the teaching of Jesus is known.

There was the innkeeper, a combination of kindness and business; he is glad to welcome this man who had been unfortunate, glad to have a paying guest, and glad to be assured by the man who brought him that everything

would be settled on business principles.

There was the lawyer, keen, subtle, a dialectician by profession, who had been victorious in a hundred encounters and who had perfect confidence in his power to 'down' any man by asking questions which he himself could not answer. There was the great multitude hanging round in a circle, witnessing this duel of intellect between Jesus the Teacher and this acute antagonist. Lastly, there is the Master dominating all, silencing with a final silence his adversary, and towering majestic as the mountains of Judea over the whole scene.

One here recalls that marvel of painting, the 'School of Athens,' by Raphael, painted on a panel in the Vatican. The poetry of Greece, the science of Greece, the history of Greece, the philosophy of Greece, the whole history and the whole achievement of Greece are on that one panel; they are there in true perspective, in beautiful order, and the more one knows of the Greek and his art, his poetry, his philosophy, his genius, the more amazing is that panel. Such a panel is this parable which has painted on it all the typical forces that make up the seething, tragic world of to-day. And yet one will meet people who say, 'That little story? We knew that when we went to Sunday school.' Yes, and you knew the Lord's Prayer, but do you now know what that prayer means for the universe and for mankind?

In the living wisdom of the world, it may be said, there is nothing to match the parabolic teaching of Jesus. In addition to the wealth of character created and depicted, the story is made to carry meanings of infinite moment; it sends the imagination to the depths of human need, to the heights of the Eternal Compassion, and this with ease incomparable, with a mastery to which there is no parallel in the influential wisdom of the world.

## V

The most precious possession of mankind is the human experience won through the vision of great moral ideals, the eager pursuit of them, joy and sorrow in the service of them, life, love, death, and hope under their reign. For priceless value, nothing within the possession of human beings is to be compared to this. Here one finds in solution the moral nature of man, the moral world, and the moral universe in which man lives. Here is a body of thought, feeling, character, experience, fluid and vast as all the seas, and whose tide is the movement within it of the Eternal Spirit. We have here the spiritual wealth of mankind, in its ultimate source and character, as it lives in the heart of all races, as it moves in the soul of the greatest races, and as it has its being in the words spoken or written of the most gifted men.

The question of originality is finally one of insight and utterance in the superlative degree. How much of this precious experience of mankind has any single person, any school or group of persons, seen and wrought into the form of great influential speech? All our poets, all our philosophers, all our men of genius come at last to this judgment-seat. No writer will live, save in the mad sections of society, who is not a great representative of the highest human experience; no book will last that is not a vast coinage of the spiritual wealth of the world. The Greeks live, Homer, Pindar, Æschylus, Sophocles, Thucydides, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, by their depth and sincerity, by their adequate fidelity to the best in some part of man's world; by the range, truth, and nobility of their utterance of the content of life as that content discovers itself in the great courses of human experience.

To this test all modern men of genius

must come. Those who cannot meet the test, however they may shine for a day or a century, must pass. Dante is solitary, not because there is not a multitude of speakers, but because more and more it is recognized that his is the voice of the ten silent centuries. We are sure of Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, and a dozen or more others, who have felt the pulse of man, who have compassed much of his best life, and who have given it fresh, faithful, unforgettable expression.

Here Jesus stands supreme. In his brief career as a teacher, in the small compass of his utterance, he has been more comprehensive than any other recorded man of genius, of the deepest experience of the human soul, and he has given to that experience monumental forms of beauty and power. It is here that we find the highest witness of his originality, the final assurance of his ascendancy over the mind of the world. He best of all knows our human world; he best of all has seen its tragic grandeur; he is unequaled in reading and in rendering its mighty meanings; to his influence, in kind, in range, and in promise, there is no parallel among the sons of men. He is to-day the centre of the world's hope, as in a tragic sense he is the need and the blind desire of all nations. His religion is the sovereign version in history of the Kingdom of the Eternal Spirit as that Kingdom lives in the best life of the race. When men live *sub specie æternitatis*, they find in Jesus the only adequate utterance of their thoughts, feelings, purposes, and hopes. He more than all, he above all, is the prophet of the spiritual life of man in his pilgrimage through time.

## VI

Jesus is indeed to be understood by his endowment and his environment. His endowment is clearly that of sover-



eign religious genius, and his environment is the Absolute Spirit. Jesus appeared in the world at a particular time; he came of a particular race; he was nurtured in the literature, traditions, beliefs, and hopes of his people. In all this he was a man of unique spiritual genius; and he is certainly no more to be understood through the limitations of inheritance and racial environment than other men of transcendent original power. The literature produced in Israel during the two hundred years preceding the birth of Jesus is, on the whole, eccentric and poor stuff; at its best, it is largely the hysteria of noble minds densely ignorant. Even the Book of Enoch, so highly prized by scholars, as giving the intellectual background of the age to which Jesus spoke, is in itself of inferior value, and when compared with the great prophets and psalmists of Israel, it is found upon a level greatly below theirs. In the Book of Enoch the soul of Abel offers and presses the prayer that the seed of his brother Cain shall be destroyed from the face of the earth, and annihilated among the seed of men. This Book of Enoch, not unfittingly here represented, is hardly a trustworthy guide to his mind whose prayer upon the cross was, 'Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.' The truth is, the mind of Israel had become decadent; these books would merit the attention of no serious lover of reality, were it not for their antiquarian interest.

That the pure spiritual conceptions of Jesus could not shine in their own strength; that they must be presented in the idiom of the time in order to be understood even a little; that they were reported by men whom even the Master could not lift to his own level or free from the crude notions of the age; that his teaching lies embedded in this pervasive accommodation to modes of thought that meant one thing to the

people, and another to him, and that his mind is to be reached, if at all, through sympathetic insight, should be clear to all.

Jesus is to be understood, not by his age, but by the Eternal God. His mind, his message, his character, his service to his people, and his hope for the world had their origin in God. At a level below him lie the best insights of his greatest predecessors in Israel; in an abyss below him lies the poor stuff by which many to-day try to understand him. If Jesus had been the product of his human environment, the world would never have heard of him, nor would that human environment ever have seen the light of day. There is little or nothing in it to detain the modern man.

If we are to have a great religion; if the universe is to be gathered into the Infinite Soul; if that Soul is to be apprehended through Fatherhood; if man is a spiritual person of permanent reality in the life of God; if the individual is not to be sacrificed to the social whole, and if the social whole is not to be sacrificed to the individual; if the fellowship of moral and accountable persons is the best word for the world of men, the religion of Jesus, originating in his own spirit, as that spirit lived and moved and had its being in the Eternal, is the religion for mankind. Historical antecedents, historical settings, may be interesting, may even shed light upon the pathway of our search; but it would seem to be unwise to seek in these the transcendent spiritual mind of Jesus. We should never think of explaining Plato, the philosophic 'spectator of all time and all existence,' by the mythologies and popular beliefs of the Greeks; and it seems hardly likely that scholars can long be content with the endeavor to find the origin of the deepest mind of Jesus save in the mind of God.

# REFLECTIONS ON THE INCOME TAX

BY BERNHARD KNOLLENBERG

THE national debt on March 31, 1920, was \$24,698,000,000, as contrasted with a pre-war debt, March 31, 1917, of \$1,435,000,000. The expenditures of the federal government for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1919, were over fifteen billion dollars, the revenue less than five billion dollars. The income tax, including excess-profits taxes, produced over half of this revenue — almost three billion dollars; beside which the customs duties of one hundred and eighty-three millions shrink into comparative insignificance. During the calendar year 1919, the income tax yielded four billions. The tax is to-day the mainstay of our national revenue; conservation of this revenue resource has become a national problem of the first magnitude.

In England, where the income tax has been successfully administered since 1842, the tax was, until the Great War, collected largely at the source. A borrower, for example, under the system of collection at the source, must withhold a percentage of the interest payable to his creditor, determined by the rate of income tax in force. The debtor remits directly to the government the amount withheld as tax. Thus, except in so far as there may be collusion between the creditor and debtor, the possibility of tax-evasion by the creditor is eliminated. If the income of the creditor is below the minimum income subject to tax, the government will, upon substantiation of this fact, pay to him the amount which has been withheld.

In the United States a large proportion of the persons subject to income tax derive all or a considerable portion of their income from trade or farming. Collection at the source obviously cannot be applied to income of this character. The fact that a person has received income from sales does not necessarily indicate profit: net income, or profit, arises only if there is a gross income in excess of business expenses. Furthermore, the backbone of our present federal income tax is the principle of progressive taxation. The rates of surtax under the act of 1918 mount from one per cent to 65 per cent. Collection at the source cannot be applied to the collection of surtaxes, since the *aggregate* income, which alone determines what rate of surtax shall apply, frequently arises from many sources.

The government is attempting to secure, so far as possible, the benefits of a system of collection at the source, by requiring that *information* be furnished at the source concerning certain payments. Information must be furnished the government by persons making payment of wages, rent, interest, and income of like nature, to the amount of \$1000 or more, to any individual in one year; and the collection of coupons from taxable bonds is subject to an information-return. The government proposes to employ the information so obtained to detect those who evade the tax. Four million personal income-tax returns were filed last year. The clerical difficulties involved in

correlating the millions of information-returns with the millions of tax-returns limits the efficacy of the check. Furthermore, the income of many persons, though sufficiently large in the aggregate to be taxable, is chiefly or entirely received in amounts of less than \$1000. And a system of information at the source, as noted of collection at the source, is inapplicable to income from trade and farming. It is evident, therefore, that successful administration of the income tax in the United States depends upon a voluntary filing of truthful returns by persons subject to the tax.

## I

There exists to-day a national state of mind favorable to the truthful reporting of income for purposes of federal taxation. This results, in part, from a lingering glow of the patriotic fervor that floated the Liberty Loans and in part from a wholesome belief that punishment inexorably attends fraud practised upon the federal government. The most important element of this state of mind is, however, the conviction that the tax is being fairly administered. 'The other fellow is bearing his share of the burden and it is only square that I bear mine' — this is the attitude that has called forth an honest payment of federal income tax by a nation which is justly notorious for its evasion of state and municipal taxation. The average tax-payer does not instinctively seek to evade taxes. It is the suspicion that his neighbor is evading the spirit or letter of the law and shifting an inequitable share of the burden to him, or that the government is unfairly administering the tax, which turns the tax-payer into a tax-dodger. The absence of this suspicion has been largely responsible for the successful administration of the federal income tax. Anything that

arouses apprehension of lax or discriminating administration strikes a serious and possibly fatal blow at the efficiency of the tax.

As a maximum penalty for willfully failing to file a return, or for filing a false return, the law provides an addition of fifty per cent to the tax which would have been payable had an honest return been filed, a fine of \$10,000, and imprisonment for one year. The law affords adequate punishment for detected tax-evasion; but prosecution has rarely followed the discovery of fraud.

There are tax-payers who make honest returns only because they fear the penalty for dishonesty. The failure to prosecute willful evasion is weakening the reasoned fear of punishment which has been the chief factor in causing such persons to file accurate returns. Moreover, whereas there are few persons who are moved to file a false return by downright dishonesty, there are many who will perjure themselves in order to counteract unfair advantages which they conceive that others have seized. It is essential to a permanently successful administration of the law that the imagined necessity for self-help be prevented from gaining currency; and the chief preventive of this lies in a rigorous enforcement of the penalties for evasion of the law.

## II

The Treasury Department has a two-fold function — executive and judicial. The department must issue rules of procedure, and instruct tax-payers in the application of these rules. It must provide a staff for collecting, for auditing, for refunding. The department's purely executive activities are comparable in magnitude to those of the Post Office Department. On the other hand, the law itself is only an outline, the development of which is left to

the Treasury Department. In this development, the department is exercising a judicial function. Almost every paragraph of the Revenue Act requires interpretation. What is a 'reasonable' allowance for depreciation? What are 'necessary' expenses incurred in a trade or business? At what point may a corporation be said to hold 'substantially all' the stock of another corporation? It is true that the department's decision will be subject to court review; but the same is generally true of the decision of any court of first instance.

The department has ably performed its executive duties. There have been complaints of ambiguity in instructions, of inflexibility, and of tardiness in redress; but those in a position to appreciate the magnitude of the task of administering the recent revenue acts have been sparing of criticism. In the exercise of its judicial function the department has, however, laid itself open to merited criticism. In construing the Revenue Act of 1918, it has persistently ruled against the tax-payer. The following illustration of this tendency is chosen because of the large number of persons who have been affected and antagonized by the ruling.

The law provides that, in determining its taxable net income, a corporation may deduct from gross receipts 'all the ordinary and necessary expenses paid or incurred during the taxable year in carrying on any trade or business.' Advertising is, of course, recognized as an 'ordinary and necessary' expense of doing business. Corporations engaged in retail business are called upon to contribute to various charities. There are merchants who refuse to make such contributions. There are, moreover, merchants who refuse to advertise. But just as the majority of merchants advertise in other ways, so the majority of corporations engaged in retail business con-

tribute to local charities, regarding the donation as advertising. Yet assessments of additional tax have been extensively made, based on a ruling that these contributions are not a necessary business expense, and have been improperly treated as deductions in determining taxable income.

The department appears to have adopted a policy that all moot points shall be decided against the tax-payer, so that he will be compelled to carry all questions to the courts for review. If, in the exercise of its best judgment, the department decides unfavorably to the tax-payer, he can appeal to the courts, and the decision may be reversed. The government, on the other hand, cannot take an appeal from its decisions. In order, it would seem, to share the advantage which the tax-payer enjoys, of having rulings reviewed by the courts, regulations of a nature to challenge appeal have been issued. In pursuing this policy, the department ignores its judicial function, occasions the expense of litigation, and promotes an unwarranted contest. To provoke such a contest invites the chicanery and fraud which must be discouraged if the income tax is to be administered with continuing success.

### III

Inequitable administration is likely to entail more immediately disastrous consequences than unequal laws; yet, in order to preserve an efficient administration of the income tax, it is imperative that the law itself be just.

The most strikingly inequitable feature of the present law is the Corporation Excess-Profits tax, which is levied at the rate of 20 per cent on earnings which exceed 8 per cent of the corporation's invested capital, and of 40 per cent on earnings which exceed 20 per cent of the invested capital.

Privileges incident to the corporate form of organization form a legitimate basis for an excise tax. The corporation excise tax of one per cent, levied upon corporate income under the Tariff Act of 1909, and the present capital-stock tax of one mill levied annually upon the corporation's net worth, provide rates consonant with the privileges which form the basis of the tax. But a tax is unjust which in many cases consumes a third of the income of a business conducted by a corporation, whereas the same business, if conducted by an individual or a partnership, is not subject to the excess-profits tax.

Furthermore, the burden of tax thus thrown exclusively upon corporations is unequally distributed between them. Although two corporations may have equal invested capital and equivalent average earnings, the one may have to pay heavy profits taxes while the other pays nothing.

Fluctuation in profits is responsible for this anomaly. In many lines of business, profits fluctuate greatly, and earnings in isolated years may exceed twenty per cent, in spite of the fact that the average of profit is less than eight per cent. A corporation whose earnings rise and fall will be subject to a heavy excess-profits tax on the earnings of the peculiarly prosperous year; whereas a corporation whose average earnings are equally great, but are stable, will not be subject to the tax. An individual whose income fluctuates must pay a somewhat higher income tax than one whose income is stable. Absolute justice cannot always be attained. But the excess-profits tax magnifies the inequality so greatly that the tax is utterly unfair.

Efforts to avoid the unequal burden of the excess-profits tax by neutralizing the fluctuations in annual net income have caused and will continue to engender waste. Prodigality has been made

manifest in the advertising columns of our magazines. Before the excess-profits taxes were levied, the *Saturday Evening Post*, for example, carried less than two hundred columns of advertising per week. This magazine now carries over four hundred and fifty columns. Other periodicals show a similar increase. After allowance for the growth of a successful magazine, and for the increase of advertising normally incident to a period of business expansion, there remains a large residue which is attributable to the artificial stimulation of the excess-profits tax.

Stimulation is produced in the following manner. The directors of a corporation forecast that profits for the corporation's fiscal year will substantially exceed 20 per cent of the invested capital. Profits in excess of 20 per cent will be taxable at the rate of 46 per cent, under the combined corporation excess-profits and income-tax laws. One of the directors proposes that the corporation remodel and enlarge its plant; but this fails to solve the problem, because expenditures for this purpose do not reduce profits. The Treasury Department has properly ruled that such expenditures simply constitute an investment of one kind of assets — cash — in another kind of assets — buildings. A second director suggests that the corporation distribute additional wages and salaries to its employees, or reduce the price of its wares for the benefit of customers. The application of this suggestion would indeed result in increased current expense and consequent reduction of profits; but the board sagaciously decides to retain 54 per cent of the suggested bonus, and permit the government to take the remaining 46 per cent, rather than to give away the entire hundred per cent. The only solution of the dilemma is one which will permit the corporation to keep its cake and yet *appear* to eat it. Expenditure



upon advertising holds out this twofold possibility.

If a corporation has carried its advertising to a point at which it appears likely that a dollar spent in advertising will bring a return of less than a dollar, the corporation, normally, would forego further commitments for advertising. The excess-profits tax makes it profitable to push advertising far beyond this point; for if a corporation's prospective earnings exceed 20 per cent of its invested capital, the excess may be spent at a possible cost to the corporation of only 54 cents on the dollar.

If the corporation were to derive benefit from advertising solely during the year in which the expense is incurred, no advantage would be obtained, because the tax on profits from the increased sales would offset the saving in tax from augmented expenditures. But benefits from reiterated coupling of the corporation's name with its product will presumably continue to flow in succeeding years. Profits next year may be so meagre that no income tax and excess-profits tax will be payable, and increase in income will be derived in that year free from tax. Thus, in expending a dollar upon advertising for which it receives a return of only seventy-five cents, the corporation may be the gainer, by reason of the fact that the entire benefit is received in the lean year, free from tax, while the burden of the expenditure in the fat year will be divided: 54 per cent borne by the corporation, and 46 per cent by the government in the taxes which would have been imposed and which the government loses by reason of the additional expense incurred by the corporation. The government must recoup its loss by further taxation; but unless tax-payers generally have been equally successful in shifting the tax, only a limited portion of the burden will be reimposed upon the corporation.

The present critical shortage of paper, unlike many other deficiencies, has arisen from unprecedented consumption, and in spite of increased production. Wasteful advertising incident to the excess-profits tax is partly responsible for the accelerated depletion of our pulp-wood forests which increased production has entailed.

The Treasury Department might curb prevailing wastefulness by a ruling that expenditures upon advertising be regarded as an investment and not as current expense, in so far as benefits from the advertising extend to future years. Fair allocation of the expenditure to the years which will receive benefit therefrom appears, however, to be a task beset with insuperable difficulties. Congress could limit the amount which may be deducted as current expense to a sum equal to the average outlay for advertising prior to the enactment of the excess-profits tax (the deduction of payments for repairs was so limited under one of the Civil War income-tax acts); but such an amendment would add another inflexible limitation to a law already bristling with arbitrary provisions.

The excess-profits tax is based on artificial provisions relating to 'invested capital' which are difficult to administer, and requires the services of a lawyer and an expert accountant to construe and apply. The law breeds waste, and its inequalities are creating antagonisms which, if unabated, will ultimately destroy the present effectiveness of the income tax.

Many of the defects of the excess-profits tax are congenital and cannot be corrected by a revision of the law. The excess-profits tax was supportable during the period of rapid war-inflation of commodity prices; Merchandizing businesses were making enormous profits. The public temper demanded that the abnormal profits arising out of the

war contribute heavily to its financing. To meet an emergency, inequalities affecting those who were reaping war profits were ignored. But now that the factors which condoned its inequitable character have disappeared, or are disappearing, the law must be repealed. The revenue lost by the repeal of the law may be recouped by a general extension of the sales tax, now limited to certain luxuries, or by an increase in the rates of income tax.

#### IV

Interest on certain federal, and on all state and municipal, bonds is exempted by the law from income tax. Interest on these bonds unquestionably is income, but the law does not include it in 'taxable income.' A person subject to tax whose 'taxable income' exceeds \$5000 must pay a surtax of one per cent on the amount of income between \$5000 and \$6000. If his taxable income is over \$6000, he is subject to a surtax of two per cent on the amount of income which exceeds \$6000, and does not exceed \$8000. The surtax thereafter increases one per cent on each additional unit of \$2000 of taxable income, until such income exceeds \$100,000; thereafter the rates increase at irregular intervals, until the taxable income reaches \$1,000,000, all in excess of which is subject to a surtax of 65 per cent. To this surtax must be added the normal tax of eight per cent; so that a person with a taxable income of over \$1,000,000 is assessed at the rate of 73 per cent on the portion of this income which exceeds the million-dollar mark.

Municipal bonds, and railroad and industrial bonds of equivalent security, yield roughly four and a half and six per cent, respectively. The combined rates of normal and super-tax on taxable income which exceeds \$38,000 is

25 per cent; so that at this point the net yield from the six per cent taxable bonds, after allowance for the income tax, will just equal the yield of the non-taxable four and a half per cent bonds. At \$40,000, an increase in the super-tax raises the rate to 26 per cent; and the net yield of non-taxable four and a half per cent bonds exceeds the net yield of the taxable six per cent bonds. The increasing tax rate so diminishes the yield from taxable securities that the tax of 73 per cent on income exceeding \$1,000,000 reduces the net yield of a taxable six per cent bond to 1.62 per cent. It is obvious that the higher the taxable income mounts above \$40,000, the greater will be the inducement to convert investments the income from which is taxed into investments the income from which is not taxed. And by reason of the exemption of the bonds from state taxation, it may be advisable to convert taxable investments into certain non-taxable bonds, even though the taxable income is much less than \$40,000.

The demand thus created by the federal income tax for tax-free securities has made it possible for municipalities to borrow at substantially below the market rate of interest. A subsidy of this sort inevitably leads to unessential municipal undertakings; and industrial enterprise is correspondingly crippled by inability to procure capital. The exemption is, furthermore, squarely opposed to public opinion. In so far as the public is favorable to any differentiation, it favors a lightening of the burden, not upon income from investment, but upon income from personal services.

In opposing the exemption from tax of income from state and municipal bonds, I shall be charged with inconsistency. My critic will take the position that the most palpable discrimina-

tion embodied in the law is the feature of progressive rates; and that, inasmuch as the exemption of income from certain securities tends to neutralize this discrimination, the exemption makes for justice rather than for injustice.

In so far as taxes are simply an assessment for services rendered by the government, the present income tax is discriminatory. If my house costs twice as much as my neighbor's, and each of us fully covers his house with insurance, it is inconceivable that — the houses being of equal risk — the insurance company should attempt to charge me a premium, not twice, but four or six or ten times the premium paid by my neighbor. A municipality paves a street and proposes to apportion the cost among the abutting property-owners. Will it assess the owner of an eighty-foot lot five times the amount assessed to the owner of a forty-foot lot, or only twice as much? Twice as much, of course. Admittedly, general taxes cannot be so nicely adjusted; but the same principle of apportionment must govern. This conclusion follows from the premise. But the premise itself is not absolute; it presents only one alternative.

Taxation may constitute the collection of a *quid pro quo*. Taxation may, on the other hand, take the form of an obligation incident to citizenship or domicile, without regard to the relative advantages which may flow from the status to which the tax is incident. This form of obligation is most strikingly disclosed in the duty to render military service. The test of liability to the draft was not the measure of benefit which the drafted man had received, or was likely to receive, from the government, but rather his ability to serve. The income tax applies the same test. It may be inexpedient to press the logic of this test of ability

to pay to the limits of the present law; but the drastic nature of the existing rates of super-tax should not be unequally tempered by providing a means of escape, open to those whose income is derived from liquid investments, but closed to those whose income is derived from personal services or from investments which are not readily convertible into tax-free securities.

In criticizing its exemption from the income tax, I appear to have assumed that the interest from state bonds and municipal bonds may constitutionally be taxed by the federal government. The Supreme Court of the United States has not decided whether, without a constitutional amendment specifically authorizing a tax on the obligations of a state, Congress is entitled to levy a tax on interest on state and municipal bonds.<sup>1</sup> If the defect in the law arises from constitutional limitation, this does not make the law any the less obnoxious; it signifies that the cure lies, not primarily in a modification of the law, but in an amendment to the Constitution which will specifically empower Congress to levy a tax upon the income from obligations of a state and its subdivisions.

There are elements of great strength in the federal income tax. The tax is enormously productive. The cost of collection has been only one half of one per cent of the taxes collected. The burden is imposed on those who are best able, on the whole, to support it. Permanently successful administration is, however, dependent upon the voluntary filing of truthful returns; and truthful returns will be voluntarily filed only so long as just opposition to the tax is not provoked.

<sup>1</sup> In a decision handed down since this article was written, the Supreme Court has said that interest on state and municipal bonds is not taxable by the federal government. *Evans vs. Gore* (not yet reported).

I do not pretend to have canvassed all the inequities of the law or of its administration. But with such evidence as has been introduced, I hope to have brought home the fact that

there are certain inequalities in the structure and administration of the law, which, if uncorrected, will seriously impair the effectiveness of the federal income tax.

## MANUFACTURING 'REDS'

BY L. P. EDWARDS

THERE seems to be a fairly common idea afloat in the country to the effect that I.W.W.-ism and 'Red' radicalism are imported foreign ideas, which are propagated by professional agitators in the pay of Lenin.

Whatever modicum of truth there may be in current stories of the Soviet government's plots against the United States, it is evident that many of these stories are, on their face, gross and palpable exaggerations. Without doubt a certain number of 'Reds' enter this country from abroad; but the manufacture of extremists goes on in the United States all the time, and in such a manner that it may well be doubted whether the final number of such radicals would be greatly different if every 'Red' newspaper, magazine, book, and pamphlet were suppressed, and every foreign agitator safely deported or locked up.

A case-study of the reasons which lead men to join the I.W.W. shows these reasons to be very numerous and very diverse, as well as very real and very indicative of weak spots in our American social system.

A little while ago the writer had a rather unusual opportunity to investigate the I.W.W.'s in Chicago. A wealthy radical had provided funds

for a Hobo college which enjoyed considerable local fame for a short time. It became a favorite gathering-place of the 'Red' radicals, where they freely discussed their opinions; for the government had not yet started its policy of suppression, and even coöperated to the extent of having United States health officers give lectures on personal hygiene and contagious diseases.

The writer visited this Hobo college on various occasions, and with the aid of the superintendent, — himself a thoroughgoing extremist, — obtained the unpremeditated stories of about thirty-five representative I.W.W.'s. He even delivered two lectures there on 'The Evolution of the Alphabet,' and strange as it may seem to some people, the 'wobblies' were evidently interested. They paid close attention, and at the end asked numerous questions — some of them very intelligent.

Tabulation of the case-studies shows that one of the causes of I.W.W.-ism in the United States is the ordinary American policeman and the ordinary American municipal code. One of the surest proofs of a man's Americanism is whether he understands or does not understand how to take the policeman. The American policeman is a strange

species. He earns his living with his feet instead of with his head. For the most part he is scandalously untrained in even the simplest rules of evidence, and annually arrests hundreds of thousands of citizens without the smallest legal justification. His social position is inferior — he is the proper beau for the kitchen girl. No respectable middle-class American family would ever dream of treating him as an equal. He is frequently underpaid. Finally, he is very often brusque and domineering in his attitude toward the public. In most, if not all, of these respects, he is different from nearly every other policeman on earth. The English policeman is a courteous and obliging public servant, the Italian policeman is a trained lawyer, the Japanese policeman belongs to the aristocracy.

Pietro is a laborer from Milan. He is standing on a street-corner in Chicago. The 'cop' tells him to move on. Pietro does not understand English and remains where he is. The 'cop' thinks he is insolent and hits him with his club. Pietro makes wild gesticulations, which the 'cop' interprets as violations of law and order; so he beats Pietro up and takes him to jail. Next morning Pietro is sentenced to a ten-dollar fine for resisting an officer. He has n't the money and works out the fine by ten days in the stone-quarry. By the time he is released, Pietro firmly believes that the government of the United States is brutal, unjust, and tyrannical. He finds an I.W.W. pamphlet, or hears a soapboxer, and a 'Red' radical has been manufactured.

Lax state banking-laws are fellow causes with the policeman for the production of 'undesirable' citizens.

Anton comes from Prague. He saves up a few hundred dollars and deposits it in an unregulated private bank run by one of his own countrymen. Anton does not know that the banker is a

person without financial standing; and when the bank closes its doors, Anton quite naturally, even though quite unjustly, accuses the United States government of robbing him of his hard-earned money. The unregulated private bank being an institution unknown in Prague, Anton most mistakenly takes it for granted that the same is true of Chicago. Instead of blaming his own ignorance for his loss, he most mistakenly blames the government of the United States. The actual party at fault in the case is the legislature of the State of Illinois, but of this Anton knows nothing. He meets an I.W.W. organizer while still smarting under a sense of the injustice done him, and another 'Red' radical has been manufactured.

Angelo comes from Calabria. He pays a labor agency fifteen dollars for a job up in Wisconsin. When he gets there, he finds that the job is good for only ten days, instead of for three months as the labor agency had assured him. He has to walk two hundred miles back to Chicago, gets locked up as a vagrant in one town, and is warned to 'beat it' out of another. When he gets back to Chicago Angelo joins the 'Reds.' The labor agency was not a government institution; but because, if such a thing had happened to him in Calabria, the government would have been responsible, Angelo's justifiable anger, instead of being turned against the agency, as, under similar circumstances, an American's would be, is directed against the United States government.

Tom is a negro I.W.W. from Texas. He raises cotton for a white farmer on shares. When the time comes for sharing, Tom finds that his white partner has robbed him of more than fifty per cent of his due. On asking redress he is told to 'get to hell out of here,' and on his further return his life is threatened. He makes threats in return. He is eventually hunted like a wild animal,



and on reaching Chicago, he is ripe fruit for picking by the 'Reds.'

George is a Greek. By hard work and frugal living he saves a thousand dollars. His great ambition is to become a land-owner and raise fruit after the manner of the wealthy peasants of his homeland. He falls into the hands of a 'Florida' Land Company which maintains an office in Chicago. He invests his little hoard in ten acres which, he is assured, will make him independent for life. On reaching Florida he finds he has purchased a sand-bank. After a hopeless struggle for a year or so, he gives up and comes back to Chicago trying to get justice from the company. It is vain. The company is not actually fraudulent. The land for which George paid a hundred dollars an acre is really worth twenty-five, and if properly developed by a person with plenty of capital and able to wait four or five years for returns, could even be made to pay. This, however, is no consolation to George. When he is told that the company is perfectly legal and that he can get no redress at law, his rage turns against the government, which he believes, most falsely, to be in league with the company to swindle him. So he too joins the 'Reds.'

Such cases could be multiplied, but those given are very typical. As causes of I.W.W.-ism they are not nearly so spectacular as 'untold millions of Russian gold smuggled into the United States by the Bolsheviki,' but they have the advantage of being unquestiona-

bly real causes. They are causes which operate twenty-four hours a day on seven days a week. Radical propaganda is undoubtedly at work, but it is in general merely the last step in a long process, and would be quite powerless in the great majority of cases except for these previous causes. Such causes cannot be counteracted by teaching George to recite the Declaration of Independence or by making Anton sing the 'Star-Spangled Banner.' They can be counteracted only by the reform of court procedure, adequate state banking-laws, education of the police force, stricter surveillance of employment agencies, and by all the hundred and one works of righteousness and reform which are being carried out, often with little public encouragement, by a great host of private agencies for social justice working in all parts of the country.

It may well be the case that these private organizations, which are manned very largely by volunteers and supported by voluntary contributions, are the real forces making for social stability in this country. They are, perhaps, the most useful parts of our general social machinery. They act, at once, as guides and critics of the clumsy legal government. They take upon themselves the most serious strains resulting from governmental inadequacy and ineptitude, and it is they who reduce the annual output of I.W.W.'s and Direct Actionists from several hundred thousand a year to ten or fifteen thousand at the most.

# ZIONIST ASPIRATIONS IN PALESTINE

BY ANSTRUTHER MACKAY

## I

THAT the Jews, once a powerful tribe and perhaps almost a nation, should, after the lapse of so many centuries, cherish aspirations to become a modern nation with a country of their own, is both commendable and romantic. But to-day, and indeed in all ages, aspirations must be made to fit in with hard facts. I propose in this article to discuss the question from a historical and practical standpoint, without sentiment in favor of either Jew or Arab, among both of which parties I have many friends.

I do not propose to consider Jewish history anterior to the exodus from Egypt. At that time they were a collection of tribes, twelve in number, of common descent, banded together with a common purpose and under common difficulties. As such, under very able leadership, they succeeded after many wanderings in squatting, just as the Bedouin tribes do to-day, on the cultivated and cultivable lands of a part of Syria, commonly called Palestine. In those days, and until the coming of the Roman Empire, society in the Middle East was entirely tribal. The ancient Israelites, where they could, drove out the tribes they found already settled on the soil; and where they could not dispossess their enemies,—the Philistines, for instance,—they dwelt side by side in uneasy proximity, with a constant inter-tribal war in process, with varying fortune.

So they dwelt in the land of Canaan

for some centuries with considerable success, shining in particular in literature, producing what we now know as the Old Testament, praising and perhaps exaggerating their own exploits, and reviling their neighbors.

(It is believed to-day by many *savants* that the Old Testament description of Solomon's Temple was written by the Jews after their return from the Captivity, with the memory of the real splendors of Babylon fresh in their minds. It is possible that the actual temple was a simple place of worship. If it had been otherwise, it is hardly possible that no remains of it would be visible to-day, seeing that the temples of Egypt, which are so much older, remain, in some cases, almost *in toto*.)

Soon, however, the old cohesion among the Twelve Tribes vanished. Israel fell and disappeared from the earth. Judah remained for a few years, and then was scattered to the uttermost ends of the old and new worlds. They have since lost their Eastern characteristics, both physically and mentally. To-day the Jewish settlers in Palestine are almost universally of Teutonic or Slavonic appearance, and all trace of Semitic or Eastern origin seems to have vanished from them.

Through the ages and through their wanderings they have kept, to a large extent, their religion, and that is a wonderful feat. But to-day some say that even their religion seems doomed. The younger and more virile of the Jewish

settlers in Palestine sometimes profess openly, and more often in secret, the dogmas of atheism, agnosticism, or realism.

To-day it is the Zionist portion of this remnant of Judah, which, on the statement that for three or four centuries its ancestors owned the land from which nearly two thousand years ago they were driven, claims the whole of Southern Syria, the province of Palestine. These people even go so far, on what grounds is not clear, as to claim that their boundaries run from the town of Tyre on the north to the Egyptian village of El Arish in the Desert of Sinai on the south, and also, east of the Jordan, from the plain of Ammon to the Syrian desert, formerly the country of the Moabites.

Now if this interesting remnant was claiming an uninhabited country, or one in which the law of property did not exist, it might be an interesting though hazardous experiment to let them have it, and watch the result. Any practical experiment toward the attainment of a contented Jewish people would be welcome. At present, large communities of Jews never live in perfect amity with Gentile neighbors; and it would be instructive to see whether, in a self-contained Jewish state, they could live in amity with one another. It would also give them a chance to show whether they possess the attributes of a ruling people—a question to which the answer is, at present, largely uncertain.

But the Syrian province of Palestine, about one hundred and fifty miles long and fifty miles broad, largely mountainous and sterile, contains at present a population of more than 650,000, divided as follows: Mohammedan Arabs, 515,000; Jews, 63,000; Christian Arabs, 62,000; nomadic Bedouins, 50,000; unclassified, 5000. Of these the Mohammedans and Christians are to a man bitterly opposed to any Zionist claims, whether

made by would-be rulers or by settlers. It may not be generally known, but a goodly number of the Jewish dwellers in the land are not anxious to see a large immigration into the country. This is partly due to the fear that the result of such immigration would be an overcrowding of the industrial and agricultural market; but a number of the more respectable older settlers have been disgusted by the recent arrivals in Palestine of their coreligionists, unhappy individuals from Russia and Roumania, brought in under the auspices of the Zionist Commission from the cities of Southeastern Europe, and neither able nor willing to work at agriculture or fruit-farming.

The old colonists believe that what is required to help the country is the immigration of a moderate number of persons, who should be in possession of some capital to invest in agriculture, or have technical knowledge of farming; not, as proposed by the Zionist Commission, an unlimited immigration of poor and ignorant people from the cities of Europe, who, if they are unable to make a living in Western cities, would most certainly starve in an Eastern agricultural country. The presence in Palestine of such agricultural experts as the late Mr. Aaronsohn, and Mr. Moses Levine of the Jewish Farm at Ben Shamer, near Ludd, both American Jews of great talent, is of the greatest advantage to the country, and is generally acknowledged so to be by all classes of the population. The arrival of more such colonists would be welcome to all; but the whole population will resist the Zionist Commission's plan of wholesale immigration of Jews into Palestine at the rate of one hundred thousand a year, until a total of three millions has been reached, which number they claim the country can support if cultivated to its utmost.

The existing Jewish colonists would

protest at such an experiment; but the Mohammedan and Christian Arabs would do more than protest. They would, if able, prevent by force the wholesale flooding of their country by Jewish settlers whom they consider strangers and Europeans. (The Jew in Palestine is always called by the Arabs 'Khawaya' — *Anglicé*, stranger.)

Any attempt at the creation of a Jewish state in Palestine, unless under the bayonets of one of the powers of the League of Nations, would undoubtedly end in a 'pogrom,' to escape from which in Europe is the Jew's main idea in coming to Syria. This hostility to the Jews is a bond of union between the Arab Moslems and the Christians, and nowhere in the East do these two denominations live in greater harmony, despite the traditional enmity between the Crescent and the Cross. (The Moslem-Christian Association was formed in 1918, with headquarters in Jaffa, to fight the policy of the Zionist Commission.)

It will be seen that, to fulfill their aspirations, the Zionists must obtain the armed assistance of one of the European powers, presumably Great Britain, or of the United States of America. To keep the peace in such a scattered and mountainous country the garrison would have to be a large one. Is the League of Nations, or any of the Western powers, willing to undertake such a task? But without such armed protection, the scheme of a Jewish state, or settlement, is bound to end in failure and disaster.

## II

Now, as the Zionist claims a historical right to the land, so also does the Arab, not content with the mere right of possession. The bulk of the Arab Moslems came into Syria with the Caliph Omar in the seventh century A.D. The Christians are still older, and are mainly descended from the converts of

Constantine and Helena in the fourth century. A few of them may be descendants of the Crusaders; and in the villages around Jaffa there are a few Egyptians whose ancestors came into the country with Mohammed Ali's army as recently as ninety years ago. These latter are disliked intensely by the true Arabs.

The great families of Omari, Iagi, and Kleiri trace their descent actually from the Caliph Omar himself. The greater family of Hasseini, a member of which is to-day the enlightened Mayor of Jerusalem, traces its descent from the Prophet Mohammed himself. Throughout the thirteen hundred years during which Arabs, Turks, Crusaders, Turks, Egyptians, and yet again Turks, have ruled in Syria, these Arabs have remained in possession of the soil of the province of Palestine. Not content with this claim, they declare their descent from the ancient tribes of Canaan, — Philistines, and the rest, — who dwelt in the land even before the Israelites came up out of Egypt. The early Arabs married among the aborigines of the country, whom they found there at the time of their conquest. To support their claim, they point to the undoubted fact that such Philistine towns as Jimza, Ekron, Bethoron, and Gaza, mentioned in the Old Testament, exist to-day as inhabited villages under their Biblical names. The inhabitants of these ancient towns are Arab owners of the soil, who, the Zionists say, have no historical right to the land.

Certain Zionist writers in the London press have recently been making a most unfair use of the words 'Arab' and 'Bedouin.' In an article published recently it was stated that 'the Bedouin question will in course of time settle itself, either by equitable purchase or by the Bedouin's desire for the nomadic life which he will find over the border in the Arab state.' If by these words the

writer means the 50,000 nomadic Bedouins, no harm would be done and all parties would be pleased; for these Bedouins steal alike from Mohammedan, Christian, and Jew cultivators, and, except as breeders of camels and sheep, are of little use to the country. But he does not mean this. He hopes to buy out 'equitably' the half-million Mohammedan and sixty thousand Christian Arabs, who own and cultivate the soil — a stable population living, not in Bedouin tents, but in permanent villages.

Should these landlords and farmers refuse this 'equitable' bargain, it is to be presumed that our Zionist writer, by forceful arguments to be applied by the protecting power, will arouse in them a desire for the nomadic life across the border. If the Zionists honestly believe that the land is occupied and worked by nomadic Bedouins without right of ownership, they should be informed that the Arab land-owners possess title-deeds as good as, and much older than, those by which the American or English millionaire owns his palace in Fifth Avenue or Park Lane.

Agriculture is, and always will be, almost the sole industry of the country; the percentage of the three principal communities so employed is: Mohammedans sixty-nine, Christians forty-six, Jews nineteen. The Arabs, then, are the principal cultivators and, the Jews are nowhere. During the last forty years, helped by the enormous financial backing, amounting to charity, of Baron de Rothschild of Paris and others, the Jewish colonists have met with fair success at fruit and vineyard culture. When they have tried growing cereals, they have failed, and at dairy-farming they have been far outdone by the Germans of Hilhelma. If these colonists, who presumably were picked men, with such financial help as they had from Europe and America, have

met with such limited success, it is not likely that a large number of unskilled workers would be any more fortunate. Nor is it likely that the rich European and American Jews would be willing or able to satisfy, with their donations, the hundreds of thousands, even millions, of immigrants whom the Zionist Commission proposes to bring in. Moreover, a country cannot be run agriculturally on the culture of fruits and vines. Corn and olives are necessary for Palestine, and at the culture of these the average Mohammedan Arab is a much better man than the average European Jew.

The theory that the Jews are to come into Palestine and oust the Moslem cultivators by 'equitable purchase' or other means is in violation of principles of sound policy, and would, if accepted, arouse violent outbreaks against the Jewish minority. It would, moreover, arouse fierce Moslem hostility and fanaticism against the Western powers that permitted it. The effect of this hostility would be felt all through the Middle East, and would cause trouble in Syria, Mesopotamia, Egypt, and India. To this might be ascribed by future historians the outbreak of a great war between the white and the brown races, a war into which America would without doubt be drawn.

### III

The Holy Places of Palestine are objects of reverence to the Christian peoples of the world, in particular to the Roman Catholic and Greek Orthodox communities. Jerusalem is the third Sacred City of the Moslems. A Jewish Palestine would bring the League of Nations, or the protecting power, into hostility with the Papacy; and, when the wave of Bolshevism has passed, with the whole of the Russian people, — the most devout Christians in the world, — who formerly used to come in



their thousands as pilgrims annually to Jerusalem.

When in 1917 and 1918 the British army entered Palestine, it was received with acclamation and relief by the Arabs, Moslem as well as Christian, disgusted as they were by the incompetent government and oppressive methods of their former masters, the Turks. At first the British administration of the country was largely staffed by British officers lent by Egypt, men well acquainted with the Arabic language and accustomed to dealing with the Egyptian fellaheen, a people nearly akin to the Arab cultivators of Palestine. For a time all went well. The administration was just and made no discrimination between Mohammedan, Christian, and Jew. British rule was popular.

As these Anglo-Egyptian officials went back to their pre-war posts in Egypt, their places in Palestine were largely taken by officers from the army, many of them excellent men and good soldiers, but for the most part ignorant of the Arab language and the customs and feelings of the people. They were able to communicate with the Arabs only through interpreters. These latter were too often local Jews, or, if not Jews, 'Effendis' (semi-Europeanized Syrians), whose interests were by no means identical with those of the people. Only those who, possessing a knowledge of an Eastern language, have yet used an interpreter can realize how easy it is for their meaning to be perverted by one who is dishonest or incompetent.

From these causes, and the fact that, although the British officer is often unable to speak Arabic, the Zionist Jew can nearly always speak English, the Arabs now feel that the administration has fallen more and more under the influence of the Zionist Commission, which has succeeded in creating an impression among the Moslems and Christians that the Jews are all-power-

ful in the British Foreign Office, and that, if an officer shows himself sympathetic toward the Arabs, his removal can be secured.

A Christian from Jaffa writes as follows: 'We are already feeling that we have a government within a government. British officers cannot stand on the right side because they are afraid of being removed from their posts or ticked off.'

I do not believe that there is any cause for my correspondent's fears; but I believe him to be perfectly honest in imagining them.

The appointment of English Jews to some important posts, legal offices in particular, has been a mistake. However great the integrity of such officers, the local Jews naturally try to take advantage of their religious feelings and racial sympathies, while the mass of the population as naturally distrusts them.

At one time some of the Jewish colonists were very tactless, telling their Arab neighbors that, under the protection of England, the Jews would be given the Arab lands and the Moslems would become their servants. The bringing up, after the Armistice, of three battalions of Jewish troops, whose conduct toward the people was often very foolish, was another mistake. The result to-day is that the mass of the native population has become fanatical and anti-European. While I write, I hear that, during the last few days, a peaceful anti-Zionist demonstration has taken place in Jerusalem, in which ten thousand Moslems and Christians protested against the Zionist claims. A second similar demonstration might not be peaceful, but might easily develop into an anti-foreign rising. Then troops would have to be called in to quell it, and the result would be bloodshed. Is this to be allowed in the Holy Land?

If the Jewish state, or the national home, is not allowed to become a real-

ity, it seems probable that the province of Palestine will either become part of the neighboring Arab state, whose capital is Damascus, or be held in trust by one of the powers, under a mandate from the League of Nations, for the benefit of the dwellers therein, and for those pilgrims of the three great religions who wish to visit its holy places. In either contingency it is probable that some Jews, as well as other Europeans, would find no difficulty in settling in the land; but neither foreign Jew nor foreign Gentile should be given any special privileges; and to entrust the Jews, who have not governed themselves for two thousand years, with any form of government of the country would be extremely unwise. Under a just government the country has fair possibilities for future development, but it will never be an Eldorado. At present it is more important that settlers should be men of technical knowledge than that they should command capital. All exploitation of the native people must be prevented. After some years of good government, it may be that the Arabs will be able to find some of the necessary capital for any big works which may be possible; or the government may wish to keep such works in its own hands. All idea of a

vast immigration of European settlers must be given up. But the whole question of European penetration in the East requires careful consideration. The present nationalist anti-European movements in Egypt, Syria, Persia, and, in fact, all through the East, are founded on the Oriental fear that the Western peoples, with their more virile natures and greater energy, are pushing themselves more and more into the East and westernizing those countries—a process most distasteful to the Oriental, albeit he himself often, to keep his head above water and to compete with the foreign settler in his country, is forced, with curses in his heart, to try to westernize himself. He often makes a sorry mess of the business.

The question of Bolshevism is outside the scope of this article, but it remains to be said that the European Jewish population of Palestine is already tainted with the tenets of that faith. The Jews of Southeastern Europe are, almost to a man, Bolsheviki. Europe and America cannot allow the possibility of a homogeneous Bolshevik state in Palestine, whence the propagandists would be in an excellent position to preach their doctrines throughout Asia, Africa, and the Mediterranean coasts.

# WHERE WE STAND WITH MEXICO<sup>1</sup>

BY FREDERICK STARR

## I

WHEN Carranza launched his Constitutionalist movement against Huerta, excusable doubt existed as to his purpose and sincerity. No one can draft more convincing platforms, and promulgate finer constitutions, than Latin-Americans. Platforms and constitutions are essential as a fighting basis, but are regularly thrown to the winds after a revolution meets success. So the fine promises of the Constitutionalist revolution made small appeal to those who wanted actual constructive work in Mexico.

The man himself in assuming political headship was handicapped by three facts. (1) He was from the north; (2) he had little or no Indian blood in his veins; (3) he was a land-holder and was associated with the large land-holding class. All these facts militated against his success as a president of Mexico. The north of Mexico is desert and scantily populated. While it is, and will be, the source of much wealth through timber, mines, and cattle, it is not representative of the actual people and the ultimate interests of the country. A man from the north of Mexico is ill-fitted for the presidential office by the mere fact of his source.

The lack of Indian blood, with its accompanying capacity to understand and sympathize with the Indian, is a serious disadvantage. What two men,

in the long list of Mexican presidents, have left the deepest impression as having done something for Mexico's advancement? Benito Juarez and Porfirio Diaz. Both had Indian blood. Juarez was a full-blood Zapotec; Diaz had only one-eighth Mixtec blood, but he was markedly Indian, and his really strong points were all inherited from his one-fourth Mixtec mother. Both these men were from the relatively densely populated state of Oaxaca, with a population ninety per cent Indian in blood. In a republic where almost half the population is pure Indian, and where the larger part of the remainder is partly Indian, it is advisable that the president have a strain of Indian blood.

Again, one of the most serious problems in Mexico is that of land. In reality there are two quite separate and distinct land problems. One, the division of large estates, is urgent and presses for settlement; the other, the question of Indian Communal land, can wait. Could it be expected that a man of the land-holding class would be enthusiastic in the cause of true agrarian reform?

Yet, when Carranza was recognized by President Wilson, there was a feeling of relief. It was time that someone was recognized. Every day that we delayed recognition added to the internal problems of Mexico. Disorder prevailed; lives and property were being sacrificed; the land was in chaos, with bands of revolutionists everywhere.

<sup>1</sup>The manuscript of this article reached the *Atlantic* office and was sent to the printer shortly before Carranza's death. — THE EDITOR.

Confusion was bound to continue; no reconstruction could seriously be undertaken, until someone was recognized. Recognition of Huerta, legally president, would have been wise. Not that he was an ideal chief magistrate: he was the representative of much that is worst in Mexican politics; he was not in sympathy with the legitimate demands of his people. But he was of Indian blood; he came from the heart of Mexico; he was legally in control; he was a fair soldier; he was no fool — and having seen Diaz and Madero fall from their high position, he would have granted, grudgingly and a little at a time, what the people wanted. If he proved unbearable, the Mexican people would have eliminated him. That was properly their task, not ours.

Having put Carranza in power, we should have backed him loyally, though leaving him a free hand in his affairs. This we have not done. Our policy has been changeable. We have done one thing one day, and another thing the next day. Through his entire administration he has been the subject of attack. He has been called a grafter; he has been asserted to be ruthlessly ambitious; he has been painted as dangerously anti-American; he has been accused of being strongly pro-German, of having sent a telegram of felicitation to the Kaiser on the occasion of his birthday. We do not here propose making either a defense of or an attack upon him. But he has proved an unexpectedly able and resourceful man. He is stubborn, strong-willed, definite in his attitudes and views toward national and international questions. He has made remarkable headway. A few months ago, he seemed to have made marked progress in pacification, in dealing with the money-problem, in restoring the railroads, in reopening mines, in reestablishing trade-relations. As I write, all that he has accomplished

is crumbling; he himself is a fugitive, and any minute may bring the news of his defeat and death. What does it all mean?

We have become familiar with the attacks upon the man. Our newspapers have been so filled with them, that everyone must be convinced that it is no accident, but that a selfish and ruthless propaganda is in progress. Nothing good from Mexico is published. Men who are ready to speak in her behalf cannot secure a hearing. Everything that can be twisted and colored so as to show the Mexican people as depraved, degenerate, incapable, vicious, is seized upon and given large publicity. A continuous effort is made to prove that there is no hope of improvement; that only if we 'go in and clean up things' can Mexico ever progress. Behind it all lies the assumption that the cleaning up is to be done by development of oil, mines, cattle — all with American money. Of things intended to inflame us and calculated to bring about intervention of some kind, four have been most exploited recently. They have been used to shape our policies, and color our views toward Mexico. They are repudiation of debts, persecution of oil companies, insecurity of American lives and property, and the Jenkins case.

## II

So far as repudiation is concerned, it is true that Mexico has intermitted in the payment of interest on bonds. There is no doubt that payment will be resumed and eventually be made in full. Like other nations, under the conditions of the Great War Mexico desired a breathing-spell; after several years of internal strife and disorder, she needed all income for urgent demands within her borders. No one for an instant expects her to become bankrupt. As for interest on obligations, are France and

England paying interest on all their obligations? Why demand of Mexico, torn by ten years of revolution, more than of them? As for the principal—it is reported that Luis Cabrera, when asked about it, said, 'Why not wait and see what other nations will do?' The reply is pertinent. Why should Mexico alone be expected to pay? She will no doubt do as well as others.

American lives and property in Mexico should be safeguarded. But when Italian lives and property, or Chinese lives and property, in the United States are not safeguarded, the fact does not constitute a *casus belli*. It is a matter for diplomatic adjustment and compensation. There is no reason why American lives and property in any country should stand upon a different footing. Do we treat such matters alike in Mexico and in China? If not, why not? Is it really a misfortune to be our neighbor?

American lives and property are far from safe in the United States, yet we pay heavy taxes for guaranties. Why are we so much more outraged and belligerent over the situation there than here? When we give our citizens complete protection in the United States, we shall be in a better position to demand security elsewhere. If we fill our newspapers with announcements of 'foul outrages' in Mexico, is it not strange that we suppress the news of outrages on innocent and harmless Mexicans in this country? Many more Mexicans have been murdered on this side of the border, than Americans on the other side, during the last ten years. And the striking fact is that here we have had a nation at peace, in the enjoyment of ordinary conditions, while there has been a nation disturbed by revolution.

The oil situation is important. It is oil interests that have suffered most by 'persecution.' It is they that have

made monthly payments to Palaez and his gang in open rebellion against the Mexican government. These payments are represented as being necessary, to prevent destruction of property and interference with exploitation. Does anyone believe that, if half the money so spent had been used in measures of coöperation with the government, there would not now have been tolerable conditions of life throughout the Tampico district, and friendly relations between the companies and the Mexican government?

We shall not attempt to restate the facts of the oil situation. They have been repeatedly discussed from every standpoint. It is reported, however, that during the last fiscal year the companies have paid dividends ranging from twelve to more than forty per cent. What more do they want?

As to the Jenkins case, it has dropped out of sight. It was ridiculous, and in our handling of it we showed to poor advantage. Yet it gave occasion to loud outcry; for some days it really seemed to bid fair to involve the two nations in strife. Nothing shows better how nearly we have been brought to the very verge of conflict, by skilfully engineered misrepresentation. Newspaper and magazine articles alike have been incendiary.

Let us examine a few recent illustrations. A catchy article was recently printed under the title 'Is She Worth Saving?' the 'she' meaning Mexico. The article will make a strong appeal to the ordinary thoughtless reader; its mode of depicting conditions will make many an honest man's blood boil. But, read with care, it would require a change of title. It is really an answer to the question, 'Is Mexico Worth Stealing?' She is well worth stealing. But ought not the people of the United States to be in better business? The article deserves analysis. It is skil-



fully concocted to cause hatred and rupture. Who can read what the author calls a 'limelight string of incidents' without a feeling of active sympathy for the victims he mentions: the New York and New Jersey innocents, who have fallen a prey to Mexican get-rich schemes. The 'limelight string' ends with these words: 'Finally, the other day, I was relating the above to a couple of guests in New York, and the maid murmured, "My husband had two rubber plantations in Mexico."'" What a curious domestic situation! Whose maid was this, who interrupted conversation between a gentleman and his guests by murmuring such a strange observation? Was she with the guests? If so, she needs training. Or was she the author's maid? If so, has she been trained to break in at this stage? Can the author of the article name any American who has ever had one rubber-producing plantation in Mexico, not to say two? And what pity does any man deserve who starts or acquires a second rubber plantation in Mexico, before someone has demonstrated the ability of one to produce rubber? Later on in the article, the author expresses angry regret that oil companies have, in a given instance, dealt directly with the Mexican government, instead of running to the State Department at Washington with their complaint. In this single case, he shows his attitude to the entire situation.

A witness before a committee of the United States Senates recently outlined what he considered the proper policy for this government to follow. The first step was that taken by the Senate in refusing to confirm the nomination of an ambassador to Mexico. He advocated offering a loan to Mexico sufficient in amount to put her finances on a sound basis, accompanied by a treaty which would give us direct supervision of her economic affairs; this to be followed by

withdrawal of our recognition of the Carranza government unless the offer was accepted. The third step, failing such acceptance, should be an embargo; the fourth, a commercial blockade; the fifth, a naval demonstration; and the last, military occupancy.

Here the whole secret is out. Mexico must be delivered over, bound. This is her crime: 'Because she has not been able to borrow a cent, Mexico is in a sound financial condition.' She has really been making a splendid and desperate effort to keep out of the hands of New York bankers. She has met with more success than was to be anticipated. As she is in a sound financial condition, we must change matters. It must not be tolerated. And if she refuses our offer? All the rest follows, of course, down to the naval demonstration and the military occupancy.

A year ago it appeared that an agreement had been reached between Carranza and Obregon about the presidential succession. It was understood that an election would take place this summer, and that Obregon would be the only serious candidate. Having finished his term of office, Carranza would go out of power in December and the new man would come in. Could things have gone that way, it would have meant much for Mexico. That a president should serve through to the end of his term, and then give place to an elected successor, would be a cause for congratulation and hope.

Obregon is a successful military leader; he has had some experience as a ruler; he has had some radical ideas in the direction of politics and reform. Though preferring a civilian for president, true friends of Mexico would have been quite content to see him in that office. Just what has happened to mar this plan is not clear. Perhaps there had been personal friction between the two men; perhaps the fumes of power

had gone to the head of the president. It is, at all events, certain that Carranza became concerned lest his policies should not be continued. The situation was the same that has twice in recent years occurred among ourselves. When President Roosevelt neared the end of his administration, he was seized with the same panic. That 'his policies' should be continued was the only means of salvation. So he forced Mr. Taft upon the American people as president. Taft proved to have some ideas of his own and the Rooseveltian solution failed. Later, at a certain crisis, Wilson felt that his policies were all important and issued a direct command to the people, with the result that they elected a Republican Congress. The Carranza case is precisely similar. Fearing that Obregon might not continue his policies, he raised up a new candidate, his own safe man.

In fact, as the time of the election neared, there were three candidates. Obregon was already in the field, as we have said; General Pablo Gonzales (nicknamed the *calabaza*, squash) entered as an independent party candidate; Ignacio Bonillas, who had been ambassador at Washington, was Carranza's candidate. What happened in the case of Roosevelt and Wilson happened and is happening in Mexico. The precise method of reaction is somewhat different. Here, we had in the one case the disruption of a great party, with resulting war to the knife at the polls; in the other case, repudiation and an overturn by voters unwilling to accept dictation. There, the reaction takes the form of insurrection and armed revolution. Even in the United States the party in control of the government machinery has an enormous advantage, and uses it. In Mexico those in control have an even greater advantage. Obregon, though accustomed to the expectation of becoming president, knew

quite well that, in any election, he would not stand the shadow of a chance against an administration candidate. He had to choose between retirement, taking what crumbs might be thrown to him, and heading a revolution. He did the latter.

There are many names connected with the new movement. In Mexico there are Plutarco Elias Calles as spokesman and northern military leader, Adolfo de la Huerta as acting chief, Alvaro Obregon as organizer and heart of the revolution, and Pablo Gonzales, whose forces played their part in the taking of the capital city. At Washington there is Salvador Alvarado, officially representing the Obregonist movement. Of these, two will certainly play an important part in the near future. Governor de la Huerta is already an outstanding figure;<sup>1</sup> his friends and enemies are pronounced and partisan; to those, he is a man of the highest ideals, to these he is a scoundrel. Thus, his praises are sounded for his efforts to make Sonora 'as dry as a bone'; but malignant rumor has it that he has only cornered the liquor supply, and has made much money in the transaction. He has enough Indian blood to give some ground of hope. We shall hear more of him. As to Alvaro Obregon, he has much in his favor. He has military ability, commands a strong personal following and, left to himself, holds profoundly radical views. People have long looked upon him as the next president. If he comes to power unsold, he may not only make a strong ruler, but may carry on the actual constructive work begun by Carranza.

There will, of course, soon be trouble in the group. Pablo Gonzales, the *calabaza*, is not a great leader, but he represents certain conservative elements that

<sup>1</sup> He is now acting as *ad interim* President, pending the election of Carranza's successor.  
—THE EDITOR.

will quickly form an opposition. In the distribution of spoils, he will not receive what he and his will consider his due. Then there is Salvador Alvarado, ex-governor of Yucatan and trusted representative at Washington; his record suggests that Mexico is hardly large enough to hold both him and Obregon.

Such seems to be the present situation. It is unlikely that Mexico will again be plunged into chaos and general confusion by the present movement. The progress made under Carranza was, after all, substantial. Now that Carranza's government is really out, the new claimants should have little difficulty in coming to an agreement. We have here, not an actual revolution as we understand the term, but only a change of control analogous to our own political upheavals. There are, however, a few additional points to be noted.

Villa is probably eliminated. For a long time he has been a creature of no significance. His followers have dwindled to a handful; he has had no plan of action; he never had a constructive programme. He has aided and then attacked every man in leadership since the beginning of Madero's revolution. He is about worn out, and for months has not known just how to give up without admitting defeat and running personal danger. He now has the chance to surrender and save his face. He is still likely to burn and loot and assault on occasion, but will hardly again figure as a leader or be considered of national or international importance.

Plutarco Elias Calles has issued a number of statements, some of them disquieting. The high offices, it seems, are to go into northern hands. 'Educated and qualified Mexicans in Mexican border states, where he declared that living conditions were the best in the country as a result of the people coming into contact with American ideals and methods, will be put at the head of

various government departments.' If the Obregonist movement ends in a carpet-bag government from outside, as if the nation had been conquered by a small section, it will be a national misfortune. The governmental department heads must come for the most part from Central Mexico, not from the northern desert or the remote state of Sonora. Again, Calles is making many vague promises to the interests. American capital is to be welcomed and American enterprises encouraged. Such promises should not be over-emphasized in a popular movement based on national principles. They are suspicious.

Frankly, there may be ground for suspicion. I have long hoped that Obregon would follow Carranza; but the Obregon I believed in was an Obregon of independence of thought, and fearlessness of action. An unsold Obregon, putting into practice the principles he has espoused, might become a great president, to be long remembered as a constructive patriot. But if he has sold himself to outside interests, he will go out of power, no matter how heavily backed financially, cursed as a traitor.

Months ago there went out from Washington a definite rumor that 'we' should begin a movement on Mexico about April 15. The coincidence is startling, and one cannot help wondering whether the Obregon movement is not engineered from this side of the Rio Grande, by Americans? It is interesting in this connection to quote from an item in the morning paper of the very day on which I am writing.

'LAREDO, TEXAS. Manuel Palaez, rebel chieftain in the Tampico oil-region, has declared himself in complete accord with the Obregonista movement, according to *Excelsior*, a Mexico City newspaper. The article says the petroleum company officials gave a banquet to Palaez last Thursday evening.'

This is not proof, of course, but mere

surmise from a newspaper item. It is but one of a number of suspicious circumstances which an honest observer is bound to consider.

If Obregon is honest; if his 'movement' is a spontaneous national movement; if he is a real patriot, working for the interests of Mexico first (as is his duty), he has at once a magnificent opportunity and a most difficult task. He will have to face the same campaign of misrepresentation and falsehood that Carranza had to face. The exercise of proper firmness and independ-

ence will give rise to trouble. Slight untoward incidents will be seized on to precipitate intervention. Through misrepresentation, agitation, the waving of the bloody shirt, and vociferous crying of the slogan, 'through to Panama,' we may be stampeded into another war, a war of criminal aggression on a weak neighbor, whose crime is the possession of great natural wealth. The present is an anxious moment. Two nations are deeply involved. We need ideals of honesty, uprightness, and justice.

## THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

### TROLLOPE AND TEA

WHO thinks of an Englishman's daily round without thinking of afternoon tea? From Buttons to Duke, from charwoman to Queen, from staff officers in Paris to Tommy in the trenches, from a Mayfair drawing-room to the cuddy of a tramp freighter, five o'clock means tea: tea with biscuits or bread and butter, with crumpets, muffins, Sally Lunn's, toast and jam, currant cake, or whatever other prescribed goodies the larder may afford — but tea at five o'clock.

Naturally one thinks that a custom so universal among so conservative a people as the English, if not dating from Magna Carta, must be at least as old as the importation of tea. The days of Queen Anne are inevitably associated with 'chaney' cups and tea. All through the eighteenth century the beaux and belles and wits, in their powder and brocade, drank tea — Dr. Johnson drank it by the jorum. Was it not one of Richardson's heroes who

lamented that 'My angel would not stay; she sipped a dish of tea and flew'? And does not Miss Austen picture, entering the Mansfield Park drawing-room, 'the solemn procession, headed by Baddely, of tea-board, urn and cake-bearers'?

Tea, yes, and tea on a tray in the drawing-room, with the regulation accompaniments; but not afternoon tea.

Clearly tea was an evening, not an afternoon, custom in the eighteenth century and the early nineteenth. Sometimes, in the simpler households, it was the evening meal, following a mid-day dinner, as among the Cranford ladies in the days of William IV and Queen Adelaide. Did afternoon tea as a stop-gap between lunch and dinner come in, then, with Victoria? Some time in her long reign, of course, for it was firmly established by the early eighteen-eighties — but when? Do those admirable Victorian housewives and novelists, Charlotte Brontë and George Eliot, serve their tea before or after dinner? After dinner, as a rule, I

think. As for Dickens, the fragrance of tea is almost lost in the fumes of brandy-punch, as it is in Thackeray in the aroma of old port; but when either mentions it, it is the evening meal, as in the six o'clock tea-drinking that the faithful women gave their shepherd, when Mr. Weller, Senior, was called a 'wessel of wrath'; or as at Fair Oaks, when Pendennis blushed to have Waggs and Pynsent discover the simple customs of his mother's house; or after dinner, as when, in a London hotel, Pen and Warrington are summoned to the Major, and leave Laura at the tea-tray.

But in Trollope, that accurate photographer of Victorian domestic life from 1850 to 1880, the very decades in which the five-o'clock-tea habit was developing, surely the people have tea. We remember the dim old dragon cups of Plumstead Episcopi, 'worth a pound apiece, but despicable to the uninitiated; the thick and solid silver teapot, cream-ewer, and sugar-bowl; the bread-basket of a weight really formidable to any but robust persons; the tea which was of the very best; the cream the very thickest; the dry toast and buttered toast, the muffins and crumpets, hot bread and cold bread, wheaten bread and oaten bread.' We follow the family through the day: they meet, tempers permitting, at lunch and at dinner, but not at afternoon tea.

That was in 1857. In the middle sixties, at the Countess de Courcy's house in Portman Square, the tea-tray comes in after dinner; at Guestwick Manor the earl half rouses from his post-prandial nap, drinks a cup, and falls asleep again, to the dismay of his young guests; and Apollo Crosbie, in his dreary married days, after dining dully with his wife, drinks first a cup of coffee and then a cup of tea in the drawing-room.

In the novels of the late sixties tea is offered to guests arriving in the afternoon at country houses: Alice Vavasor

is greeted with a cup in Lady Glencora's dressing-room at Matching, while her maid has hers in the ladies' maids' own room, and one was sent to Clara Amédroz's chamber at Aylmer Park. The Trefoil ladies offended old Mrs. Morton at Bragton by asking to have theirs sent to their room, though at Rufford Hall they graciously take it in the drawing-room. That, to be sure, was in the late seventies, and I suspect the whole household was drinking it, as well as the new arrivals. For in Trollope's later novels he occasionally alludes to afternoon tea as a feminine habit, or as a cheap way of entertaining. Lizzie Eustace's sponging friend, Mrs. Carbuncle, made no other return for dinners, mounts in the hunting-field, and visits at country houses, than cards for 'At Homes' at five o'clock. True, Mme. Melmotte also was at home at five o'clock, and her establishment was far from parsimonious in hospitality; but then, neither she nor Mrs. Carbuncle was English, nor, what I suspect was more to the point, were they favorites with their author.

Trollope never brings his characters to the tea-table with the zest of his devoted disciple, Mr. Archibald Marshall, nor allows the heroines dear to his heart to preside, or a favorite hero to hand about the muffins. Silverbridge, one of his latest, and, I believe, dearest heroes, certainly refuses to stay to tea with Lady Mabel Grex, and promises to return to dinner, showing that it was the meal and not the lady he spurned. I think Trollope would have done the same. Dinner was a meal he delighted to describe in detail, luncheon scarcely less so, and his breakfast-table pictures are many; but he never mentions afternoon tea with any enthusiasm. I think in regard to that new-fangled custom, as with Hopkins and his new orders about 'the doong,' Trollope's feelings were too much for him. I believe he



expressed his own heart in describing that delightful old lady, Miss Jemima Stanbury of Exeter Close, to whom 'Tea with buttered toast at half-past eight in the evening was the great luxury of her life, but afternoon tea was a thing horrible to her imagination.'

#### BOOKS AND KITCHENS

Ours is a house where books are apt to be found lying around anywhere and everywhere. There is always one under Christopher's bed, where he can reach it while he is waiting his turn at the morning tub. There is generally one on the staircase, about to be carried either up or down, according to the location of the bookcase where it belongs. At the present moment, Christopher's boot-blackening kit is incongruously surmounted by a very flossy blue-and-white volume of Browning's lyrics, presented to me when I was a schoolgirl; and under my knitting-bag lies a copy of *Bleak House*. In the summer there are books on the piazza chairs, on the front steps, in the garage, and in the woodshed; and in the winter the living-room table is strewn thick with them.

They are very adroit in their adaptation to our whims; no matter where we leave them stranded, they always manage to make themselves at home. But they have their preferences, and they look happier in some places than in others. The volume of Lamb's *Essays* which I found bravely sticking it out on the lid of the ash-barrel had by no means given up hope of Christopher's return to sit on the cellar-stairs and divert himself with 'Poor Relations' while the furnace fire went through the mysterious process called 'burning off'; but meanwhile it wore a distinctly melancholy air. They don't like to feel themselves forgotten, these gentle, unobtrusive friends: that is the only trouble. If they can feel sure of contin-

uing to serve, they are willing to stand and wait indefinitely. Nevertheless, under the best and most attentive circumstances, they still have their favorite spots; and I have recently discovered one of them which I should never have suspected. It is the kitchen window-sill.

No less a volume than Henry Holt's *On the Cosmic Relations* manifested to me this local felicity. I was reading it one morning when my bread was rising, and, being unwilling to forego either vital interest, I closed the kitchen door, thereby politely suggesting seclusion to my family, and established myself in a big chair in the west window. Never shall I forget the hours which ensued. They gave me one of the best bouts of reading I have ever had.

Our kitchen is very pleasant. It looks west and north, into an apple orchard and a flower-garden. It is far too big for modern ideas of convenience, but just for that reason it is restful. Wide, comforting floor-spaces intervene between the various stove-and-sink-and-table centres of activity. They lend a certain element of rhythm and detachment to the preparation of our simple meals. I have always liked the room, — everybody likes kitchens, — but only since our last Bridget's final departure have I come to realize the fineness of its spiritual atmosphere. Essential domain of vital forces, hand-maiden to the great act of creation itself, minister to life and immortality, when looked at aright, a kitchen is seen to be more august than homely, and its serviceable fire becomes an altar flame. I take shame and sorrow to myself for all the long years during which I have handed over to a paid alien the absorbingly interesting mysteries of what seems to me now sometimes almost a religious cult. Bread, the staff of life? Yes, but also the substance of our dreams, the foundation on which we build our philos-

ophies, the means by which we keep ourselves aware of everything that matters. Its preparation is a sacred business.

Perhaps it was just for this reason that the particular volume I sat down to read on the morning in question, while my bread was rising, felt such a happy fitness in its environment. Cosmic relations are not extended alone to subliminal and telepathic matters: they concern also the intimate interplay of the affairs of our daily lives. It is doubtful if Mr. Holt knows much about kitchens himself; but his book was happier in my kitchen than it had been in the living-room or in my study or anywhere else I had carried it. How do I know this? By the contented look it wore on the kitchen window-sill when I came back to it after putting my bread in the oven. There is no mistaking the look of a book when it feels at ease in a certain environment. Well-being radiates from it as from a person in similar circumstances. It broods and smiles and invites and — in the case under discussion, I am not afraid to say that *Cosmic Relations*, waiting for me to return to it, echoed the subdued song of the kettle on the stove.

The whole experience taught me a lesson by which I intend to profit to the extent of turning the kitchen west window-sill into a permanent bookshelf. I am even now in process of selecting the fifteen or twenty volumes which I intend to establish there. But the choice is not simple: it involves a new and searching test which, loving all our books as I do (well, almost all), I hesitate to apply. They all want to be chosen — yes, even Pater and Henry James, whose physical presence in a kitchen is unthinkable. I foresee that I shall have to change them often, making a sort of Tabard Inn affair of the window-sill.

But what shall I begin with? Well, Shakespeare's Sonnets, the *Oxford Book*

of *English Verse*, a Dickens novel, a volume of Emerson's Essays, Hugh Benson's *The Light Invisible*, Alexander Smith's *Dreamthorp*, the Hebrew Psalms, Sarah Cleghorn's *Portraits and Protests*, Robert Frost's *North of Boston*, Lamb's Letters or Essays, or both, a volume of Montaigne, Thoreau's *Walden*, Plato's *Republic*, Cowper's Letters.

As I name these books, I wonder if there is any principle guiding my choice beyond that of personal predilection. Why do I think them volumes peculiarly fitted for a kitchen sojourn? I conclude that it is because they are utterly sincere, — simple and candid, — caring nothing at all for the shams and pretensions of life but everything for its realities. So patient and wise are they that they open their pages and offer their best under all circumstances; but the simpler and more essentially real their environment, the more accessible they are. They are quiet books, — deep, steadfast, profound, — books to be dug into and mused over. While the bread burns? Oh, I hope not! That would spoil everything. I must prove myself such a good reader, so cosmically related, that I can ponder a sonnet of Shakespeare and a pan of rolls at the same time, and do fuller justice to each because of the other.

My kitchen will be more attractive than ever when I **get my bookshelf** established, and I shall probably spend more time there, laying hold on the substance of life with both hands, a mixing-spoon in one and an immortal book in the other.

#### THE MANIFOLD LIFE

Yes, I come with a new gospel. It was revealed to me while I was pursuing an amateur investigation into the ways and customs of the infusoria. Now, far be it from me to say that the doings of these microscopic fellow citizens of

ours are in any way strange or unusual; for anything that occurs in every roadside puddle a million times a year can hardly be called unusual. On the contrary, I have been impressed with the comparative provincialism of the small sect of the vertebrates to which we belong: a few scattered humans, dogs, and menagerie animals, we have blindly led for ages our dull restricted lives, surrounded by uncounted millions of beings who long ago learned those secrets of freedom and self-expression which still vaguely puzzle our muddled, futile brains.

Let me tell you the story of one day in the life of one of my new acquaintances — I dare not presume to call her friend, though she has meant so much to me in inspiration and awakened hope.

When first I saw Elizabeth, she was a dainty cup-shaped creature on a long hair-like stem, waving herself to and fro in the water, guarding in her bosom her precious nucleus, and leading, it seemed to me, a happy, carefree life. But she had ideas of her own of what life was to mean to her. Her personality required expression in directions I had never thought of. First she divided her nucleus into two parts, and split herself down the middle. Bess swam across to a grain of mud nearby and set up for herself, while Elizabeth continued to wave at the old stand.

This, however, satisfied her only for the moment. Perhaps Bess's conversation tired her; anyhow, she decided to enter the silence. So she turned into a delicate transparent vase, covered tight against the outer world, and bedecked (such was her fancy) with long aigrettes of glass. Within this house beautiful, she doubtless thought to find repose; but her unquiet spirit could not stagnate. She soon gathered up her nucleus and began to flax around, dusting and sweeping in all directions, till she wore a hole clear through the wall — there's

a warning for you, madam — and swam off, carrying her nucleus with her.

The house soon healed up, and before long another little creature was dusting and sweeping about within: Margaret we will call her, for she had a nucleus of her own, and must therefore be a new one, fresh out of the everywhere. After a time she too burst out, and settled down near Bess, where she split energetically, till Bess was beset with Margaret, Meg, Peggy, Margie, and Madge.

This was too much for Bess, and she too entered the silence. Her temperament, however, was different from Elizabeth's; for as she contemplated the Infinite, she became enamored of multitude, and divided her nucleus into thirty-three little round bodies, named Beth, Betty, Liz, Betsy, Lisbeth, Lib, Eliza, Etc. (Twenty-six of them were named 'Etc.' — one of the slight drawbacks of the Manifold Life). Well, they romped and scampered all over the place, till they broke a window, and escaping pell mell, like Abenaki Cauldwell, rode rapidly away in all directions.

Elizabeth is getting a bit too many for me, so I'll not continue her history.

Thus came my great idea. Why not live the Larger Life too? Shall Man be outdone by a microscopic lower animal — Man, the Master of the World? (Slight chill at this point, on recalling that Elizabeth, before becoming a League of Nations, never troubled her head to await the approval of the U.S. Senate.) But anyhow, we are a higher organism, and surely ought not to let ourselves be surpassed by any animalcule, however advanced.

I picture myself a few years hence, calling on some of my disciples in the country. I find the good farmer smoking on his front porch, in the middle of the afternoon.

'Hello!' I cry, and use, at last, the classic phrase in all its meaning: 'how many are you?'

'Lots,' says he, 'and we're glad to see you; how are you all?'

So we fall into talk. Yes, everything is going finely. Being unable to get help, he has split into four husky farmers and a team of horses; three of him and the team are now getting in the hay, so he can take life easy and be sure everything is being well looked after.

'Yes,' he says, 'it's a great life. There's my wife,' — pointing out a pretty young woman with an embroidery frame, approaching across the lawn, — 'she was tired of drudging all the time, and when she read your book, it broke her all up. She came out as two Swedish cooks, an English butler, a pianola-piano, and this young lady here. Naturally, I'm more than pleased.

'Of course,' he continues, 'there are some drawbacks. Now, Jim,' — waving his hand toward a field where a baseball game is going on, — 'Jim never was much of a hand to work; but since he turned into two baseball nines and an umpire, I can't even get him to do his chores.

'But it's worth it,' he exclaims, shying a stone at one of his cows, who, having overheard some of my regenerating doctrine, has turned into a chipmunk and is sassing him from the top of a gate-post.

"But," said Alice, "don't you think it would be rather hard?"

"I have n't tried it yet," the Knight said gently, "but I'm afraid it *would* be a little hard."

Ah, yes, perhaps; but oh, would n't it be worth the effort?

#### THAT SMOKY FIREPLACE

A man who is building a house nowadays has troubles enough, you might suppose, without his most important fireplace turning out to be smoky. If you are intending to build a house, accept my advice — don't! Not, that is,

unless you command the key to the deposit vaults of Cræsus. Your troubles begin the first morning, when you send a fleet of Fords to fetch the laborers, and discover that they demand limousines. Then the price of everything keeps going up so much faster than your walls that, by the time you have reached the roof, they are lost to view in the empyrean. So, having planned for an oak floor in your library, you end with native pine at \$60 per thousand knot-holes; and having planned a tile bathroom, you resign yourself to a pool in the brook or a tin tub by the kitchen stove, and talk about the simple life. And, I repeat, after you have at least made sure of being warmed by a generous fireplace in your study, with wood cut on your own wood-lot, — one reason why you bought the place, — it is, to put it mildly, annoying to cross your beautiful floor of painted pine-knots, kindle your first joyous fire — and be driven, coughing and blinded, from the room by billowing clouds of smoke.

I have had considerable experience with smoky fireplaces in the past. I have lived with ones that smoked when the weather was damp and the wind southeast, and ones that smoked when the weather was dry and the wind northwest, and ones that smoked all the time. I have fixed some of them by building up the bottom, and others by inserting a charmingly decorative piece of tin across the top. Some have been beyond fixing. I have studied their proportions in consultation with masons and contractors, and been initiated into the mysteries of ratio between flue-diameter and fireplace opening. From the masons' own lips I have learned that one mason is not like unto another mason, but some there be who build fireplaces which always draw, and others who build fireplaces which draw by the grace of God, if at all. So I employed, for my new home, a mason of the

former type. His credentials were all that could be desired; I measured the width and height of his opening, I saw to the size of his flue. I was satisfied. I dreamed of dancing flames and genial warmth. And then — a smoke-screen which could have concealed the North Atlantic fleet!

But my faith in masons was not shattered — only in one mason. Dashing back into the room, I put out enough of the fire to enable me to breathe, and fell to examining intimately the conduct of the smoke. At once I decided what was the trouble. The back of the fireplace, instead of being straight, curved gracefully forward near the top, — it was a pretty bit of brick-laying, I assure you, — deflecting the smoke suddenly toward the front, where it created an eddy, as water does on the reverse side of a curving stream. Simple! I would get another mason, one with an even purer reputation for smokeless fireplaces, to come and fix it.

He came. First he lit a fresh fire of wet hay, 'to make a good smoke.' It did. We coughed our way to the door once more, breathed deep, and groped back in mad dashes to observe. I explained to the new mason what was the trouble. He looked at me with as much scorn as he could convey with his watering eyes, and said that had nothing to do with it. He stuck his head up the flue and said the damper was set wrong. Then he went up on the roof and said the flue was contracted at the top and would have to be enlarged and heightened. He went busily to work, first chopping out a slice of the chimney-breast and removing the damper, and then knocking a barrel of bricks down the flue from the roof, and setting up a piece of tile like the mouth of an aerial-defense gun pointed skyward from the top of my chimney. Then, while I was removing the débris, he got more wet hay and lit another fire.

'You'll see!' he said.

In a moment nobody could see. The fireplace smoked as badly as ever.

'The flue's too small — there's nothing you can do about it,' he said, getting out his rule. 'An opening over 38 inches wide should have a 16-inch flue. This is 38½ inches. It's all wrong. Whoever built it did n't know his business.'

Then, serene in his confidence that he knew his, he got into the limousine I had provided, and went home.

Left alone with my smoke, I was naturally humbled, and quite as naturally bitterly disappointed. But, thought I, it will do no harm just to try out my own theory. Nobody is here to observe my folly. So I got a barrow-load of fire-brick and built them up loose at the back of my fireplace, eliminating the overhang. Then I piled in more wet hay, and stuck a match into the shavings below. The flames spurted, the hay began to smoulder, the dense coils of lovely smoke curled out and braided themselves straight up the flue! In two minutes the hay, then the wood, was well afire, and the sparks danced gayly upward. I raised my head in pious thanksgiving, but quickly lowered it when I saw the color of my new white ceiling. However, the fireplace drew. What mattered the ceiling?

So presently I mixed some cement mortar and set the bricks myself, pondering the while on the wisdom of masons and such-like experts, and the blundering ignorance of laymen. Can it be possible, thought I, that a little general intelligence is worth as much, on occasion, as a lifetime of routine experience and a union card? This seemed to undermine the entire structure of modern society, with its multiple divisions of labor, its cult of the specialist, its putting of the ordinary man in his proper place of helplessness. Still, there was the smoke sucking straight up the flue. Let the social system crumble — I shall be warm!



## THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

The author of the Familiar Letters of **William James** requires no words of identification. The editor of the Letters is the eldest of his three sons. Two further installments of this correspondence in the *Atlantic* will precede the publication of the two volumes of the *Letters of William James*, announced on another page of this issue. The author of the Modern View of the Devil desires to remain unknown. This second episode in **Jean Kenyon Mackenzie's** 'Biography of an Elderly Gentleman' will be followed in early numbers by others no less entertaining. **H. C. Kittredge**, a son of Professor George L. Kittredge of Harvard, is one of the masters at St. Paul's School, Concord, New Hampshire. His distinguished father, we recall, was once a master at Phillips Exeter.

\* \* \*

**Samuel Scoville, Jr.**, is already known to *Atlantic* readers as a Philadelphia lawyer with a special gift of communicating his enjoyment of outdoors; he will soon be known to many others through his forthcoming volume of nature studies, *Everyday Adventures*, bearing the imprint of the *Atlantic Monthly Press*. Of the 'Spring Poem,' by the long-ago Japanese Emperor, **Gōsenjō**, the translator, **L. Adams Beck**, writes:—

These things are not continuous poems so much as 'short swallow-flights of song.' Much has been made of Chinese poetry, but the best Japanese poems are known only to Japanese scholars. This is very literal. You can depend on that.

\* \* \*

**S. H. Kemper** is a Pennsylvanian writer of stories; her earlier contribution to the *Atlantic*, 'Woman's Sphere' (April, 1915), has been reprinted in the Second Series of *Atlantic Narratives*. **S. E. Morison**, whose home is in Concord, Massachusetts, is the author of a Life of Harrison Gray Otis, prominent Federalist, Mayor of Boston, and one of the leading spirits in the Hartford Convention. **Robert Nathan** is the

author of the recently published novel of Harvard and New York life, *Peter Kindred*.

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The concluding installment of **Opal Whiteley's** 'Journal of an Understanding Heart' will be printed in the August *Atlantic*. Readers will wish to know that the Journal will be published early in September in two forms: the regular edition, illustrated, at \$2.00, and a special numbered edition, consisting of only 650 copies, at \$6.50. In the limited edition, printed on large paper and specially bound, each copy will be autographed, and will contain a colored facsimile of a page of the Journal, giving some idea of the infinite pains of which it has been born. **Hearty Earl Brown** (now Mrs. C. F. Nelson), formerly Assistant Professor of English in the University of Kansas at Lawrence, has heretofore contributed several Green Valley stories to the *Atlantic*, the last, 'The Vacation of Charlie French,' in July, 1919. **Edwin Bonta**, an architect of Syracuse, was engaged in relief work in Russia during the war. His familiarity with the Russian language was of the greatest advantage to him in his work, and gives, besides, peculiar charm and intimacy to his unique Sketches of Peasant Russia. **Arthur Waltham Howlett** is a captain in the R.A.M.C. and has seen long service in the Indian Army. He writes:—

It should be said that in India all jails are governed by members of the Medical Service, the larger (Central) by officers of the Indian Medical Service (to which the author belonged until he exchanged into the British Army, just before the war), with an approved length of service in the Indian armies; the smaller by assistant surgeons belonging to the Indian Subordinate Medical Department. The larger district jails are held as collateral charges along with the Civil Surgeoncies of districts by officers of the I.M.S. The Central jails are held (along with the District jail) by officers of the I.M.S. as whole-time charges.

A Central jail is situated in some large city, the capital of a Division or Province, e.g., Lucknow, Agra, Calcutta, Rangoon, and in it are trained and distributed the warders and staff of the Dis-

trict jails comprised in its circle. A large jail like that at Agra usually holds some 2000 prisoners, and the castes vary very much according to the part of India. At Agra, which is about the centre of India, many ethnical groups and castes were well represented. There were Brahmins, Pathans (Mohammedans), Bunnias, Rajputs, and even occasional wandering Chinese, Burmans, Malays, etc. There were members of the so-called 'criminal tribes' (hereditary thieves and nomads). There were members of the lowest caste, the 'Sweepers.'

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**William T. Foster**, President of Reed College, Portland, Oregon, since its foundation in 1910, has recently resigned. **Percival White** is a consulting engineer of Cleveland, Ohio. **John Burroughs**, the veteran naturalist and essayist, sends us this interesting footnote to a much-discussed passage in his paper, 'A Critical Glance into Thoreau,' printed in the issue of June, 1919. **George A. Gordon** has been for many years the eloquent pastor of the New Old South Church of Boston.

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**Bernhard Knollenberg** is a practising lawyer of Boston. **Anstruther Mackay**, a Scotsman, some time in the service of the Agricultural Bank in Egypt, was during the war Military Governor of Ramleigh and Ludd in Palestine. He is now stationed at Ghizeh, in the shadow of the Pyramids. **L. P. Edwards**, Professor of Sociology at St. Stephen's College, Annandale, New York, was formerly engaged in settlement work in Chicago and New York. **Frederick Starr**, since 1895 Assistant Professor of Anthropology at the University of Chicago, and Curator of the Anthropological Section of the Walker Museum there, has traveled extensively, doing field-work in ethnology and physical anthropology, especially in Mexico. His book, *In Indian Mexico* (1908), is of very great value and can safely be recommended to all Americans who may wish to obtain an accurate knowledge of Mexican affairs.

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It is interesting to note that ten of the authors represented in this number of the *Atlantic*, including all whose names appear under the rubric 'The New World,' are new to its pages; whereas, on the other hand, Mr. Burroughs's first contribution appeared almost exactly sixty years ago.

We like to go to headquarters for news, and are glad to give publicity to the following letter, which gives in succinct fashion the sequel to Mrs. Ratliff's striking account of the things she witnessed in the Delta. It is, moreover, a satisfaction to record an instance proving that orderly justice can take its course south of Mason and Dixon's line.

INDIANOLA, MISS., April 20, 1920.

DEAR SIR, —

My attention was called to a story which was run in your April issue, entitled, — 'In the Delta: a Story of a Man Hunt.' I consider it a very clever story indeed; but I take issue with the writer in the facts. The *Commercial Appeal*, a Memphis, Tenn., daily paper, called my attention to the piece, and also commented on it in an editorial. I made reply through the same channel. I want to know if you will be fair enough to us to run both my letter in reference to this matter, as well as the editorial which I refer to, in your paper? If so, whether you will run it free, or what charges you will make. If you care for the facts, I am sure you will be willing to have them read by your readers, who read the letter of Beulah Amidon Ratliff. This same party who was the subject of this story is in my custody, and after his case had been referred to the highest Court in this state, I will hang him on the 28th day of May, according to their decision. Please let me know under what terms you will run this matter in your magazine — in the next number.

A. C. Cox.

Sheriff of Sunflower County.

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Among the multitude of letters which Opal's diary has brought us, we select one that seems peculiarly understanding of a journal which is in simple truth unique in literature. The writer is the entomologist of the State of Maine.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Nothing written has ever gone quite so straight to my heart as the Story of Opal. It is the revealed spirit of the true child of nature, perfectly tuned.

Not even her own mother (with all her rich gift of mother-love and wisdom) could have given her just that. She had to find it for herself, hungry of heart.

It has brought back to me the feeling with which I knelt in solitary worship before the first 'ghost flower' I ever found. Nothing would have tempted me to break the stem and pick it. I can still remember the intimate love and wonder the child of five felt for this woodland flower.

No country-loving child could imagine Opal's story being other than the spirit of childhood 'left wild' as nature itself, which, in the phases a child loves, is very tender and 'understanding.' No one but a very young child can get this. To a grown-

up it is forever impossible — except as it lives from child-experience, not quite forgotten.

I have unbounded delight in the remarkable story of the wonderful child. I am hoping that in this delight which all must feel, its educational value will not be lost. It is the best demonstration we shall ever have (for there can never be another Opal in the world), the best example of the natural response of the natural child to nature. I cannot say it well; but the story gives proof of my deepest belief that all children who respond at all to the outdoor creation should be given as much chance as possible to run wild from three to six, in meadow, wood, and beside brooks. Constant human companionship can never give what this can (no kindergarten can). Of course, 'the man who is kind to mice' should be a frequent comrade, if possible.

The story is as dear and as real as it is remarkable; and each bit that I read makes me grateful that the torn fragments were not lost.

Cordially yours,

EDITH M. PATCH.

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'It is the scientific approach that does it.' How often do we hear the exultant cry of the Realist! Well, occasionally the argument from exact knowledge does have its innings, and the author of Miss Gauss's admirable story is, we imagine, quite as ready as we are to listen to this diverting bit of scientific criticism.

DEAR MR. EDITOR, —

The ophthalmological article in your May issue, entitled 'Justice,' interests me greatly. I had heretofore supposed that Justice is blind, but in this four- or five-page article the eyes of the various characters are mentioned no less than twenty five times! As a color-scheme they run fairly well through the spectrum, being described as black, blue-gray, blue, 'cold-brown,' red, and either green or yellow, the latter being the usual color of the eyes of the cat and the puma used for comparison.

Of especial interest, however, are the eyes of the hero. On the first page he is described, at the age of twenty, as having brown eyes; turning over a page, we find that at the age of seven he had black eyes; just how they were acquired is not mentioned, but as twice again they are described as black, one is led to wonder whether he fell downstairs, or what happened! It is somewhat reassuring to find later on that his eyes were red, or at least had a 'red gleam'; again they are described as resembling cat's eyes in the dark, which are proverbially of a greenish hue of phosphorescent paint; and four paragraphs later his eyes resemble a 'wet, black snake.'

The heroine, however, is more constant, and we find that twice in succession her eyes are of the color of the wet, blue spider-wort (*Tradescantia virginica*). Fortunately for the reader, the blue variety is specified, as the cultivated species are quite variable in color.

The judge, as befits the majesty of the law, we

are told, is 'grave of eyes,' and other characters in the plot make good use of their visual organs, which are frequently 'meeting,' or are 'wistful,' 'bright,' 'narrow,' 'gleaming,' etc.

Besides the zoological value given by the eyes of the cat, the snake, and the puma, even the flowers are wide-awake, and we are told that the eyes of the 'innocent-eyed moon-flower shone in the dark.'

I have, for some time, noticed this interesting tendency of modern fiction writers towards optical eyedualism, and have in mind an article on the subject. The authoress of 'Justice' is to be congratulated upon a most interesting and valuable contribution to ophthalmology.

Very truly yours,

W. GILMAN THOMPSON.

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A recent discussion in the Club of the Best Butter draws forth the following from a connoisseur.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

How tiresome for a member of the Contributor's Club to use the wrong word. And especially since she knows the right one. Who does not, upon these mornings of margarine for the muffins, and pale blue liquid in the cream pitcher, rejoice to read of golden butter and clotted cream? But to name Kobold, the raper of dairies, when she knows he is Puck, Lob, The Old Thing! It's dreadful!

Kobold conjures up visions of affright from Undine's dark forest, with its unholy peopling of white-garmented, streaming-haired spooks. When I read it, I hear the rushing chords of the Erl-King and Alberich's eerie staccatos.

If Puck is to be Kobold, now may we say, indeed, 'Farewell, rewards and fairies.'

FRANCES C. L. ROBBINS.

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There is always a rich flavor to Oriental English, and our readers' ears may perhaps be tickled by the following specimen.

Some time ago [writes a correspondent] an English friend gave me a copy of a letter which had been written to her brother by an Egyptian. This native was seeking employment with the Englishman, who was a resident of Egypt, and had a minor government position.

'RESPECTFULLY HERewith

'That your honored servant is a poor man in agricultural behavior which depends the season for the staff of life thereupon. He proposes that you will be pitiful upon and take into your sacred service that he may have some permanent labor for the support of his soul and family. Whereupon he falls upon his family's bended knees, and implores you on your merciful consideration to a damnable, miserable, honorable servant, was too much poorly during the last years and was resuscitated by such medicine which made magnificent excavations in coffers of your honorable servant whose means are circumscribed by his large family of five female women and three masculines that

last of which are still making milk from mother's chest, and are damnable miserable through pulmonary catastrophe in their interior abdomens. Besides the named an additional virile is through the grace of God shortly coming to the beloved of bosom. That your honorable damnable servant was officiating in several passages during all his generations becoming too much old from absorbing hard labor in his time of faded life, but was not underhand, nor thief, nor swindler nor any of this kind, but was pious, affectionate to his numerous family consisting of the aforesaid five female women and three males, the last of which are still milking the paternal mother. That your honorable lordship's servant was entreating to the magistrate for employment in the municipality to remove filth, etc., but was not granted the petition. Therefore your generous lordship will give some easy work in the Dept. a something of this sort upon which act of kindness your lordship's servant will as in duty bound pray for your longevity.

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LUCUS A NON LUCENDO

If the *Atlantic* were at all given to repining over the absence of illustrations the following would go far to assuage its sorrow:—

BALTIMORE, May 3, 1920.

DEAR ATLANTIC,—

I think you will enjoy with me this involuntary tribute to the pen of William Beebe.

I was describing to a young woman of my acquaintance a lecture by Beebe, that it had been my unexpected good fortune to attend on a brief business trip to Wilmington on the day before. I was telling her of my pleasure in recognizing, in the pictures he threw on the screen, scenes and animals made familiar through numerous *Atlantic* articles.

'Were n't they the same illustrations that appeared in his articles?' she asked.

'Illustrations in his articles?' I echoed, puzzled.

'Why, yes,' she insisted. 'I remember the one of the nest of army ants. The nest hung here, and the chair he stood on — it was insulated you remember — stood there.'

'But,' I protested, 'the *Atlantic* never is illustrated, is it?'

Her face registered complete bewilderment for a moment, and then dawning comprehension.

'Do you mean to tell me,' she demanded, 'that a man can write so vividly that one honestly believes afterwards that his article is illustrated?'

He surely can if that man is William Beebe. Then is not the young woman correct, after all, in classifying the *Atlantic* among the illustrated monthlies? Yours very truly,

HELEN T. PARSONS.

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Resourcefulness and the bookstore do not often meet, and recorded instances of coöperation are interestingly creditable.

DEAR ATLANTIC,—

Let me tell you a story, a true story, recalled to mind by reading 'The Bookstore and the Customer' in the Contributors' Club in the April *Atlantic*. The title of my story is 'A Bookstore and a Customer.' This happened some few years ago in Boston.

A friend of mine had read in the *Transcript* a review of a book which told of the author's boyhood days in an old New England town. When in the city, some days later, he happened to think of the book as he was passing a bookstore, and stepped in to look at a copy.

Face to face with the clerk, he suddenly realized that the title of the book had slipped his mind. He told the clerk what he could remember of the book, but was unable to recall the name of the town, the scene of the story. The clerk suggested that the name of the author would be of assistance, but my friend had forgotten this also. By this time he began to feel a little uncomfortable; he appeared to be in the ridiculous situation of a man who, although hunting for something, does not know what he is looking for. He was about to back out of the store, abashed, when the clerk, still attentive and respectful, said that the key to the problem might lie in the name of the publisher. When my friend realized that he must again admit ignorance, he started for the door — he would put an end to this humiliating adventure. But suddenly a thought came to him, — the name of the publisher was also the name of some animal. The clerk bounded away and consulted a big volume. A moment later the desired book was in my friend's hand.

Yours sincerely,

WINSOR M. TYLER.

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Readers of this Column will know that to the subtle flattery of the 'movies' we are delicately sensitive. Hence the publicity given to the following.

NEW ROCHELLE, N.Y., May 1, 1920.

DEAR ATLANTIC,—

Have you not noticed, and been flattered by, the use made of the *Atlantic Monthly* in the movies of late, when it is desired to express the concept of intelligence?

That the quality of the damsel's mind transcends even the promise of its outward seeming is the instant impression given by a close-up of a beauty absorbed in the *Atlantic*.

And how can true worth and manliness be 'registered' in less 'footage' than to show the *Atlantic* prominently with the hero?

Worthy of note, also, is the frequent use of the *Atlantic*, conjointly with owlish spectacles and, possibly, a bit of side-whisker, to indicate the contemptible 'highbrow.'

Thus the *Atlantic* expresses both the sublime and the ridiculous — in a flash; so that he who runs may read.

Yours very truly,

M. R. WELLER.